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POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST AUGUST 8-AUGUST 15 · 1964 25c

G.O.P. CAMPAIGN PREVIEW

NEW NOVEL ABOUT CHICAGO
BY SAUL BELLOW

SUMMER MADNESS:
THE BEATLES ARE BACK

ive drugs to addicts? / A $3 million mystery in the Bahamas / TV's comic cook

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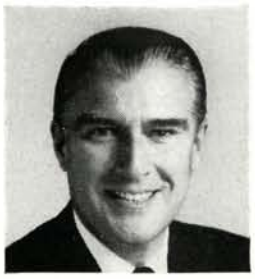
How do husbands react when wives suddenly look years younger?

They're a little puzzled but they love it, say 9½ out of 10 husbands interviewed.



Seems most men don't know anything about the art involved but every man knows what he likes. And that is a wife who stays young and attractive. Not only is it a pleasure to look at her but it reflects nicely on him too.

Because so much of a woman's looks depends on the look and tone of her hair, we suggest you start by knowing exactly how your own hair looks. Take a close look at the part, in back, at the temples. See any new gray? Of course, it's premature but whenever it happens, it does make you seem older than you are. A few years ago, you'd have had to be resigned to that faded, gray look. Today, you can just wash it away. How?

With Loving Care Hair Color Lotion. Loving Care is Clairol's great answer to women who hate gray but hate fussing even more. With Loving Care, you just wash away the gray. Needs no peroxide so there's nothing to mix or add. It just pours on from the bottle and washes through. What could be more simple?

And it won't change your natural hair color. That's part of the Loving Care magic! So if you've held off because of strong feelings about naturalness, you will be glad to know that Loving Care **colors only the gray.** Works gently, so skillfully your real hair color appears unchanged. Though you're rid of gray, all anyone sees is that your hair is beautiful! That you look prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural-looking. This magic quality makes Loving Care the perfect choice for women with a lot of gray who want to go back to their natural shade...as well as for the woman with just a few gray hairs to hide.

Is there a range of colors? Ask your hairdresser. She'll show you the color chart and help you to choose the tone most like your own. Then relax and enjoy it. (Most women agree the luxury and comfort of a salon treatment works wonders for the morale. You might even try a brand new hair-do to complete the transformation.) The colors range from palest blonde to a lustrous new Natural Black. Clairol is particularly proud of this lovely new Natural Black shade. Though gray dulls out all hair colors, it does show up most plainly on black hair...and this is the first time a black shade ever looked so natural without the use of any peroxide or developer.

No other haircoloring like it. Built-in conditioner leaves your hair full of life, easy to manage—with a youthful sheen it hasn't seen in years. That's why "hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair." Just washed in about once a month, Loving Care keeps gray away so you can forget you ever had any. Loving Care won't rub off or brush off. Looks so fresh and natural, makes your husband feel younger too, just to look at you!

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The Websters have a 39-year-old marriage and a 33-year-old Maytag

The Maytag has had 4 repairs... the marriage never needed any

When Glenn Webster of Rochester, Minnesota, bought his wife a new Maytag for Christmas, 1930, she couldn't have been more pleased.

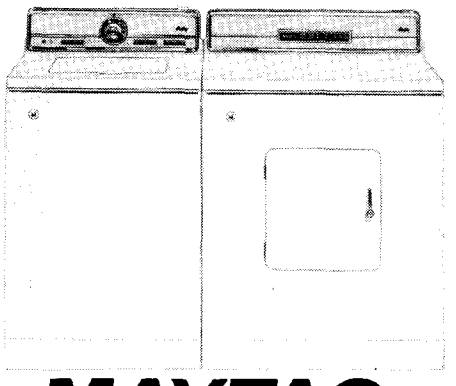
At that time her family included a 3½-year-old daughter. So her new Maytag got a good workout. Four years later, a new son helped increase the pace. But through 33 years Mrs. Webster's Maytag did the family wash, day in, day out with only four very minor repairs.

On December 25, 1963, Mr. Webster did it again. Only this time the Maytag was a new Automatic, with such modern Maytag features as an Automatic Water Level Control, two speeds, Lint Filter Agitator and eight wash cycles.

An unromantic gift? Not really. Christmas Day, 1963, was also the Websters' 39th wedding anniversary.

For Mrs. Webster, marriage and Maytag just go together.

For a complete guide to all Maytag Washers and Dryers, send 10¢ in coin to: The Maytag Company, Dept. 365-P8, Newton, Iowa.



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POST

AUGUST 8–AUGUST 15, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 28

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G.O.P. campaign preview

Conservatives have finally taken over the Republican Party. But can Democrats afford to dismiss Barry Goldwater as a loser? Or have they, like the liberal Republicans, underestimated the senator from Arizona? Four *Post* writers examine the candidates, the issues and the people who have combined to change the image of the G.O.P., and tell how the party hopes to defeat the Democrats in November.

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The authors. *New York Times* correspondent **Charles Mohr** has been following Barry Goldwater around the country ever since the New Hampshire primary. He once joined the senator in some target practice with a high-powered pistol in the driveway of Goldwater's Arizona home. As they were firing at a target, Mrs. Goldwater called from the house, "Barry! Stop that!" Mohr, along with writers **Stewart Alsop, Roger Kahn** and **William Saroyan,** was part of a *Post* team of reporters, editors and photographers covering the Republican Convention in San Francisco. . . . Contributing writer **Alfred G. Aronowitz,** whose first article on the Beatles appeared in *The Post* last March 21, is, among other things, an amateur songwriter. . . . **Trevor Armbrister** first began working on the article about Star Flite Ltd. a year ago, when he received a tip that a smuggling operation was going on in the Bahamas. . . . **William Trombley** conducted one of his interviews with the zoo-keeping Battens while a bush baby, a small African lemur, perched on his writing pad. . . . **Myron Cope,** who recently joined *The Post* as a contributing writer, has long been a baseball fan—but, as a native of Pittsburgh, he is inclined to root only for the Pirates. . . . **Lewis H. Lapham,** who never cooks, was happy to devour four of Julia Child's meals at a Boston television studio while researching the article about her French-cooking class.

The cover photograph of the Beatles preparing to invade the London financial district was taken by contributing photographer **John Launois.**

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LETTERS

Mrs. Murray's war on God

The day the Post *published Robert Liston's account of Madalyn Murray's crusade against organized religion* (MRS. MURRAY'S WAR ON GOD, *July 11–July 18*), *our readers began bombarding us with mail—about 1,000 letters within the first two weeks and more arriving daily. The following is a representative selection:*

• Robert Liston's job on MRS. MURRAY'S WAR ON GOD is the best-balanced and most perceptive portrait of Madalyn Murray I've seen—neither beatnik eulogy nor horrified distaste. Yes, Madalyn is bumptious and loudmouth and prone to excess, often driven to this because of the incredibly vulgar and vicious attacks we "Christians" have inflicted upon her and her children. Baltimore should be ashamed.

BEN W. FUSON
Salina, Kans.

• What has happened to a magazine like yours when it stoops so low as to publish an article on a Communistic, Socialistic, atheistic creature such as Mrs. Murray? She deserves all the derogatory letters she gets, and more!

DAVID DILWORTH
Ardmore, Pa.

• I was shocked to find tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat as I finished reading MRS. MURRAY'S WAR ON GOD. She reminds me of a child in an awful tantrum who tries so hard to be hated while inwardly crying for love—"If I can't get attention by being good, I'll be bad!"

DONNA ROSEN
Lake City, Minn.

• If I ever hear of one of my congregation hurling eggs at Mrs. Murray, or writing filthy letters to her, or, for that matter, partaking in violence in Mississippi in an effort to intimidate the Negro, they had better plan on a pastoral call into their home with a good long session in I Corinthians 13.

REV. RICHARD E. WAGER
Lawndale Emmanuel Baptist Church
Chicago, Ill.

• One may not go along with Mrs. Murray's atheistic views, but in the matter of church taxes the law is on her side. By acquiring ever more property, the churches throw an increasing tax burden on others, which is taxation without representation.

ELIZABETH ROBERTS
Ojai, Calif.

• Reminds me of a story. A Catholic family and a Methodist family lived for years, side by side, constantly embroiled in distrust and feuding. A wise old grandfather living down the street made this observation: "Too bad we can't all be atheists, so we could live together like Christians."

MRS. INA DAVISON
Farwell, Mich.

• I strongly disagree with Mrs. Murray's indictment of Christianity for failing to prevent moral breakdown in this country. Is it not the antiauthoritarian reaction, which she represents, that has led to the erosion of standards and values that gave us strength and virility? Whatever her immediate objective, we fear she will destroy far more than she dreams, if she succeeds.

GERALD H. STEPHENSON
Whitesboro, Tex.

• "Mad" could have saved herself a couple of good brawls with Dad had she known that he was mistaken regarding the Presbyterian belief about infant baptism. Presbyterians do not and have never believed in "infant damnation."

MRS. R. J. LEFAVOUR
Atlanta, Ga.

• Christians! Don't pick on poor "Mad Murray." Can't you see this woman needs help? She may end up killing someone, but, to be sure, it won't be God.

MRS. SALLY DUNCAN
Maumee, Ohio

• I noticed a photograph of Mrs. Murray playing chess with her younger son Garth. Do you know if she has considered abolishing the chess piece called the bishop?

MARILYN C. EDGEWORTH
Denver, Colo.

• Isn't it too bad that Mrs. Murray is not a Christian? With qualifications like hers to fight, if she were moved with the Holy Spirit, she could move mountains!

MRS. EDMOND D'AQUIN JR.
Crowley, La.

• I am deeply shocked within, even though I am only 16. Religion was never really close to me until I read this article. I never realized that someone could speak so of God.

KRIS FABRICIUS
Long Beach, Calif.

• Despite the ill-defined reasons for her belief in atheism, I find her a delightful rebel, and view with abhorrence the harsh treatment she has received. Indeed, the true enemies of religion are those who would curse her in God's name.

JERRY BANNISTER
Fullerton, Calif.

• Religious people need skeptics to hone their faith upon.

DONNA TRELOAR
Kalamazoo, Mich.

• It seems strange to look back and recall that when my grandfather was president of a school board and learned that a fifth-grade schoolteacher was having her room recite a daily prayer, he wasted no time in calling to the attention of the school principal that it was unconstitutional and should be stopped. And it was, without any fuss from anybody. That was at, or before, the turn of the century.

M. HOSKINS
La Grange Park, Ill.

• After reading Mr. Liston's article on Mrs. Madalyn Murray, I was very disgusted and ashamed, not of Mrs. Murray, but of my fellow Christians. I wonder if it ever occurred to any of them to pray for Mrs. Murray instead of condemning her.

RUTH JEFFERSON
Huntington Park, Calif.

• Every time I hear or read of Mrs. Murray, the atheist, I become nauseated. She is a sick woman. Any person is who feels this way toward religion and God. If she wants a Godless country, let's send her to Russia. I'll even contribute toward a one-way ticket if she promises not to return.

JOSEPH R. JANOSTAK
East Chicago, Ind.

• Although the good Christians of America have succeeded in driving her off the continent, Mrs. Murray, standing alone, undoubtedly is the moral and intellectual superior of the entire aggregation of pusillanimous pismires who presume to criticize her.

ROBERT M. SOHN
Superior, Wis.

• Betwixt God and Mrs. Murray
A battle royal rages.
It isn't fair, considering
The difference in their ages!

RALPH M. JONES
Boston, Mass.

• If Mrs. Murray would practice her atheism by herself, she would not be ostracized by society. It is really no concern of hers what the rest of the people in the United States believe. I am sure the people would be happy to let her continue her practice of atheism—alone.

CAROL UPDEGRAFF
Modesto, Calif.

• Mrs. Murray reminds me of the wasted brains in our prisons. Intelligence, educational background, will, courage, perseverance, so much to offer, and all squandered on some fool notion! It would be laughable if it weren't so potentially dangerous.

MAY A. DEMBOWSKI
Batavia, N.Y.

• I agree, the churches should be taxed. They then would be able to control Congress through lobbying and the right of representation. Christians have always grown mightier when persecuted. Hurrah, Mrs. Murray, you are waking Christians out of their long sleep.

MRS. JOANN M. CECIL
Yakima, Wash.

• Mrs. Murray now hopes to get a Supreme Court ruling which she believes will result in taxing the Church out of existence. As a Christian—one who loves the Church, the true Church of Jesus Christ—I hope she succeeds in getting that ruling. Because then, each Christian will have to answer the question: "What does the Church mean to me?"

RUTH J. BECKMANN
Philadelphia, Pa.

• I have a good friend who is a confirmed atheist. He always attends Christmas or Easter Midnight Mass because he loves the pageantry, the glowing candles, the music. He has respect for my beliefs, and, being a gentleman, he would not insult them as Mrs. Murray has done.

STEPHEN J. MILLER
Bridgeport, Conn.

• Some people can sure ask for trouble. What a crazy lady!

LON RYDBERG
Anacortes, Wash.

COMING SOON... in The Post

Battlefield in L.B.J.'s war on poverty:

THE TRAGEDY OF APPALACHIA

SPECTACULAR PREVIEW OF THE AMERICA'S CUP RACE

The unsinkable Debbie Reynolds

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE

Let's abolish alimony

WHY THE COMMUNISTS ARE WINNING IN VIETNAM

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Today, Tommy delivered 82 morning papers.

He swam half a mile, hit a homer, had a fight, pedaled his kid brother to his music lesson.

He needs a sugarless, powerless soft drink like a moose needs a hatrack.

Sugar puts the musclepower in sweetness.

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SUGAR'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES

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Sugar Information, Inc.

For sweetness with energy, get cane or beet sugar

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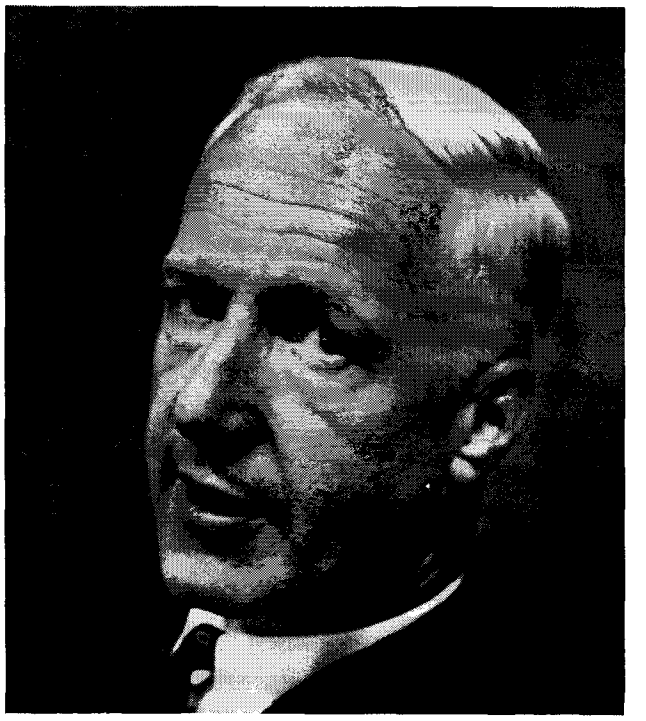
SPEAKING OUT

GIVE DRUGS TO ADDICTS

Instead of jailing narcotics users, says this expert, we should let doctors treat them as ill—but curable.



Nathan Straus, head of the National Association for the Prevention of Addiction to Narcotics, has testified on drug abuse before a House subcommittee and a presidential commission. A graduate of Dartmouth, he is a New York businessman.

By Nathan Straus III

Free drugs for addicts—no plan for coping with the national tragedy of narcotics addiction prompts greater outrage. All manner of "experts," from government officials to heads of citizens' groups, denounce the plan as immoral and dangerous.

"We can't let dope fiends get drugs from clinics and then stalk the streets," the typical argument runs. "They'll prey on women and children—no one will be safe. Addicts will have a 'free-drug ride' through life, and addiction simply will be perpetuated, made acceptable. . . ."

All such objections are shortsighted. Allowing addicts to obtain drugs legally from doctors, instead of from underworld "pushers," is the one step that may end the chaos of drug abuse.

Today, after years of hysteria, neglect and downright cruelty to the addict, we are still woefully ignorant about his disease. We still don't know exactly what addiction is, or what causes it or cures it. We do know that the police method of "treating" addicts—throwing them in jail—does not work. Addicts must not be punished or put away but treated in their own communities, if science is ever to make meaningful discoveries about their shattering sickness.

Even if there are risks, we must try treating addicts in clinics, for all else has failed. In our big cities there are tens of thousands of addicts, perhaps hundreds of thousands. Every year they consume at least $350 million worth of heroin and related opiates. Increasingly, young people are turning to cheaper, addictive "dangerous drugs," amphetamines and barbiturates. (Of the 10 billion barbiturate and amphetamine pills produced annually in the United States, it is estimated that half end up on the illegal market.) The underworld thrives on illicit drug sales to addicts, and addicts themselves are forced to become criminals. Desperate for money to support their habit, they commit millions of thefts annually, and occasionally they murder.

The situation has become uncontrollable. A presidential commission reported recently that 95 percent of the heroin that smugglers bring to the U.S. every year gets past law-enforcement officials. Police freely admit that one addict may commit 500 or 1,000 or even 1,500 crimes before he is apprehended. In New York City alone addicts commit about half the city's crimes, resulting in losses of more than one million dollars per day. And the total is constantly increasing.

Of the addicts jailed or locked in hospital wards to "detoxify," an estimated 90 percent or more soon return to "shooting dope." Many of them resume taking drugs the day they are freed. Their "connections" wait for them outside the jail or hospital walls.

To combat this horror, we must bring addiction out into the open, as we have epilepsy, mental retardation and, to a certain extent, emotional illness. We must regard it as a disease that can be studied, treated and, hopefully, cured. "Actually, the addict is a sick person, not a criminal," says a report of the New York Academy of Medicine. "He needs medical care, not a jail sentence."

Where should we start? The organization of which I am president, the National Association for the Prevention of Addiction to Narcotics, will initiate this year a program with two goals: to help addicts conquer their addiction, and to provide medical and social scientists with sorely needed facts about the fundamental nature of the disease. With the cooperation of law-enforcement officials, N.A.P.A.N. plans to establish two outpatient clinics for addicts, one in New York, the other in California. These are the states with the most serious addiction problems. The program, the first of its kind, will be operated on a strictly scientific, experimental basis.

In these clinics small groups of addicts, carefully selected and closely supervised, will receive drugs in gradually decreasing quantities. And, because addiction is related to emotional distress, the addicts will receive psychiatric treatment, counseling about education and jobs, and other forms of assistance. Only through such a comprehensive assault will we learn how to take the addict off drugs and keep him off.

Why attempt such studies of addiction? Because experience has shown that by studying illness in the "walking patient," science learns things it never learns from patients confined to hospitals. Researchers in heart disease, for example, learned a great deal about anticoagulant drugs by studying their effect on heart patients leading their usual lives in the outside world. We may never find the secrets of addiction unless we study the addict who is out in the world and being tempted to take drugs by forces in his usual environment. The locked hospital ward simply does not permit this kind of searching and practical inquiry.

Through research with these selected addicts, we may learn whether addiction is fundamentally psychological or environmental, or whether it has a physical basis. Why does one person succumb to addiction while his brothers and sisters often do not? Why are teen-agers so susceptible to the disease? And why do some 30- and 40-year-old addicts simply "walk away" from their

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1. FOOD
costs Annette McCarty $180 a month.

2. CLOTHING
costs the McCartys $45 a month.

3. SHELTER
costs Jim McCarty $102 a month.

4. THE FOURTH NECESSITY
guarantees the family the other three,
yet it costs less than any of them.

"Add up those figures," says Jim McCarty. "$327 a month, just for food, clothing and shelter!

"Now, where do you suppose Annette would get that kind of money, if something happened to me?"

Jim McCarty, 32, father of four, sales manager for a Palo Alto, California, concern, thought the problem through... and realized that there actually was a Fourth Necessity: *enough* life insurance to guarantee his family the other three necessities.

"So the *four* necessities cost me $367—but look what the $40 a month for life insurance means. First, if I died, the mortgage would be paid off, so shelter wouldn't be a problem. Second, the insurance would pay Annette $312 a month, for 16 years, to raise the kids on—at our present standard of living.

"But I expect to live; and starting when I'm sixty-five, my life insurance will pay me an income of $110 a month for life."

Your costs for food, clothing and shelter probably differ from the McCartys'. And the Fourth Necessity—*enough* life insurance—is apt to differ, too.

How much is enough for *you?*

Metropolitan's Family Security Check-Up will give you the answer.

This confidential, professional service organizes the facts required to plan a realistic program to meet the future financial needs of your family. Just ask your Metropolitan man. You'll probably find that the Fourth Necessity—*enough* life insurance—will cost you less than any of the other three necessities. Remember, there's no obligation... *except to those you love.*

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addiction? At present we do not have the answers.

Is it unreasonable to hope for a specific, valuable treatment for addiction? I think not. It is just possible, for example, that addiction stems from an abnormality in body chemistry. If this is true—and we'll never know unless we study patients—perhaps we can isolate and neutralize the guilty chemical factor. Then we might be able to prevent addiction altogether, either through medication or by some "immunizing" injection.

Even if research fails to yield quick answers, the very fact that addicts can get drugs from doctors will have one tremendous effect. The addict will be lifted from the cellar of the criminal world to the level of the medical center where, as a sick person, he can be helped. This one measure will do a great deal to rid the addict of the stigma of his disease and to end his degradation. This has happened in England, where the punitive approach to addiction has been abandoned, and with excellent results. There doctors are allowed to treat addicts as exactly what they are—sick people. Most addicts in England are treated in doctors' offices. Only a handful are involved with the underworld. (The English, however, have yet to mount the intensive research effort outlined above.)

It has taken years, but the American Medical Association has finally come round to the conclusion that addiction is basically a medical problem. Recently the A.M.A. conceded for the first time that it would be ethical for physicians to treat addicts on an experimental, out-patient basis. Similar endorsements have come from the New York County Medical Society and from the New York Academy of Medicine. The latter organization has declared that as long as the police approach to addiction prevails, the disease will continue to spread.

What until now has prevented organized medicine and individual doctors from supporting clinical research with addicts? For one thing, police agencies, especially the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, have threatened and intimidated doctors. Federal regulations restrain doctors from treating addicts—even though Supreme Court decisions clearly indicate that doctors are entitled to do so. As the New York Academy of Medicine report states, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics opposes the practice "because it really does not trust doctors." The bureau, says the report, maintains that the only way to treat addicts is by abruptly depriving them of drugs. Its insistence on this harsh and futile method has crippled narcotics control in this country.

Organized medicine, too, has been shamefully timid about addiction. Doctors, like most of the rest of us, have passed the buck to the police, saying in effect, "We aren't interested in this kind of sickness. Lock up the addicts. Keep them away from nice people." Today the climate is changing. More and more doctors and law-enforcement officials are convinced that something new must be attempted—simply because all previous efforts have failed.

What of the bitter objections to outpatient treatment of addicts? For example, will addicts on maintenance doses endanger innocent people? Hardly. An addict becomes desperate only when he has no access to drugs or has no money to buy them. Under the influence of drugs, most addicts are quite harmless.

Will addicts use free drug doses simply as a "convenience"? Critics believe that the addict will not be content with controlled doses but will use them as a starting point for his "kicks." After leaving the clinic, the argument goes, the addict will return to his criminal sources for additional drugs.

This objection is ill-founded. Soon precise new laboratory techniques will let doctors determine exactly how much narcotic is in the blood. If an addict-patient obtains drugs from a criminal pusher, the doctor will know immediately and the addict will have to answer to the police about his criminal sources of supply.

Many opponents of maintenance doses feel the most compelling argument of all is that if addicts are provided drugs, the door will be opened wide to lifetime addiction. As one misguided doctor said to me recently, "Let's not permit doctors to lead the addict down the primrose path."

I must say that this objection, too, is shallow. In the treatment of cancer, heart disease, arthritis and all other illness, we do everything we can to cure the patient. However, if we fail to cure, we then try to control the patient's symptoms, so that he will remain productive and relatively comfortable, physically and emotionally. Perhaps after years of research we will find that some addicts cannot be cured. We may find, however, that by giving these incurables maintenance doses, we can control the symptoms of their disease and enable them to lead productive and relatively normal lives.

In short, it is just possible that some addicts will need continued, reduced doses from the clinic in order to function in society. It is just possible, too, that their addiction itself serves to control a more serious and socially dangerous psychological sickness. Wouldn't it be ironic if we discovered that drugs keep some addicts from becoming murderers, rapists or arsonists?

As hopeless as the narcotics picture may appear, much can be accomplished if we view the addict with compassion, not fear. Fear has led us to punish the addict instead of helping him. But we can no longer afford to indulge ourselves in this barbarity. For, as crime statistics grimly show, when we punish the addict we punish ourselves.

Nath Stern

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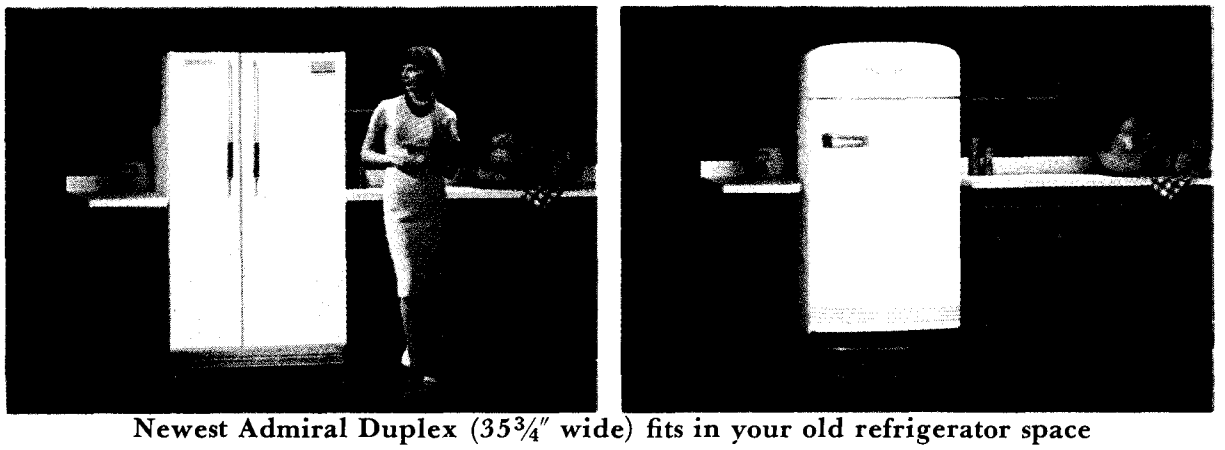

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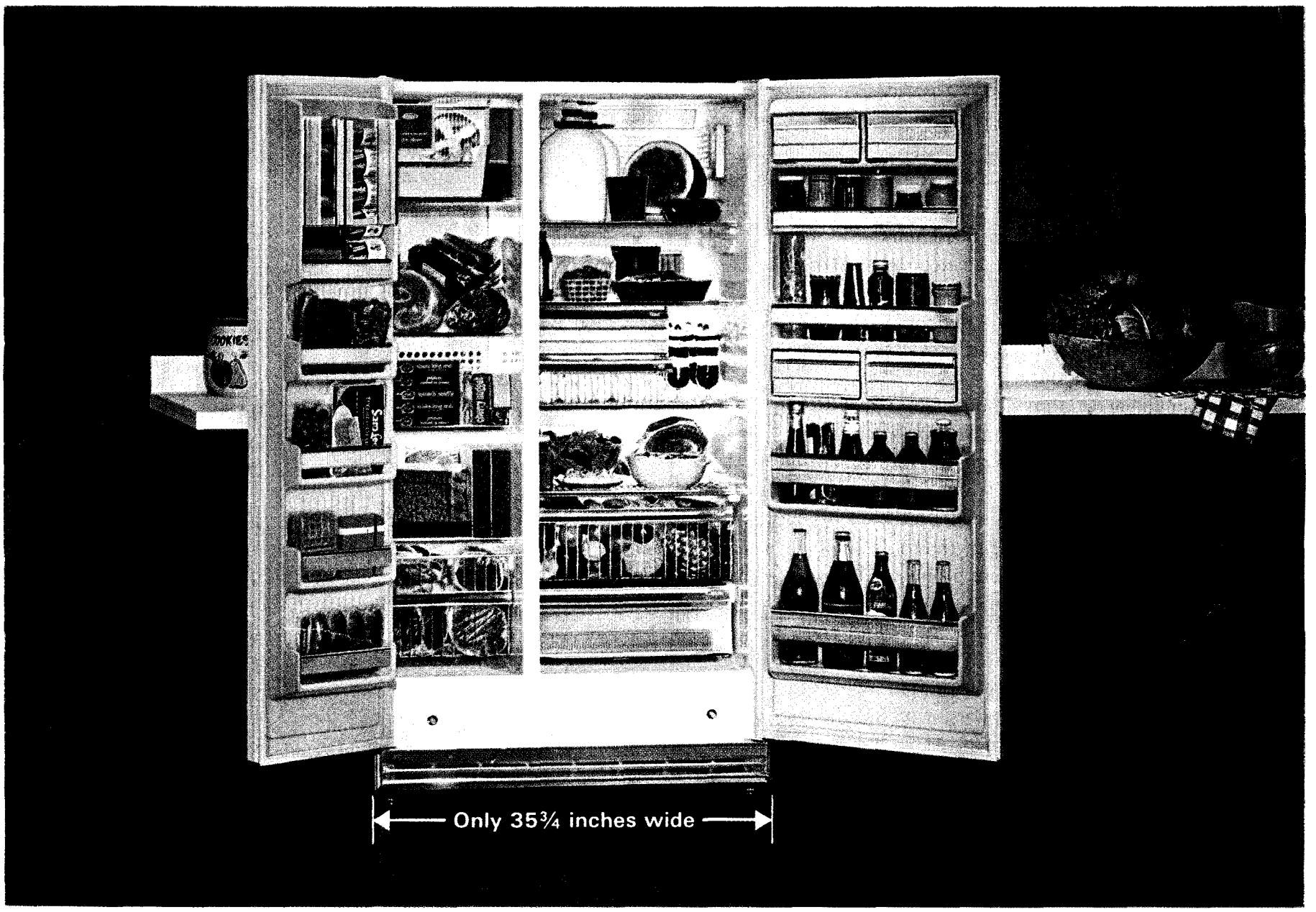

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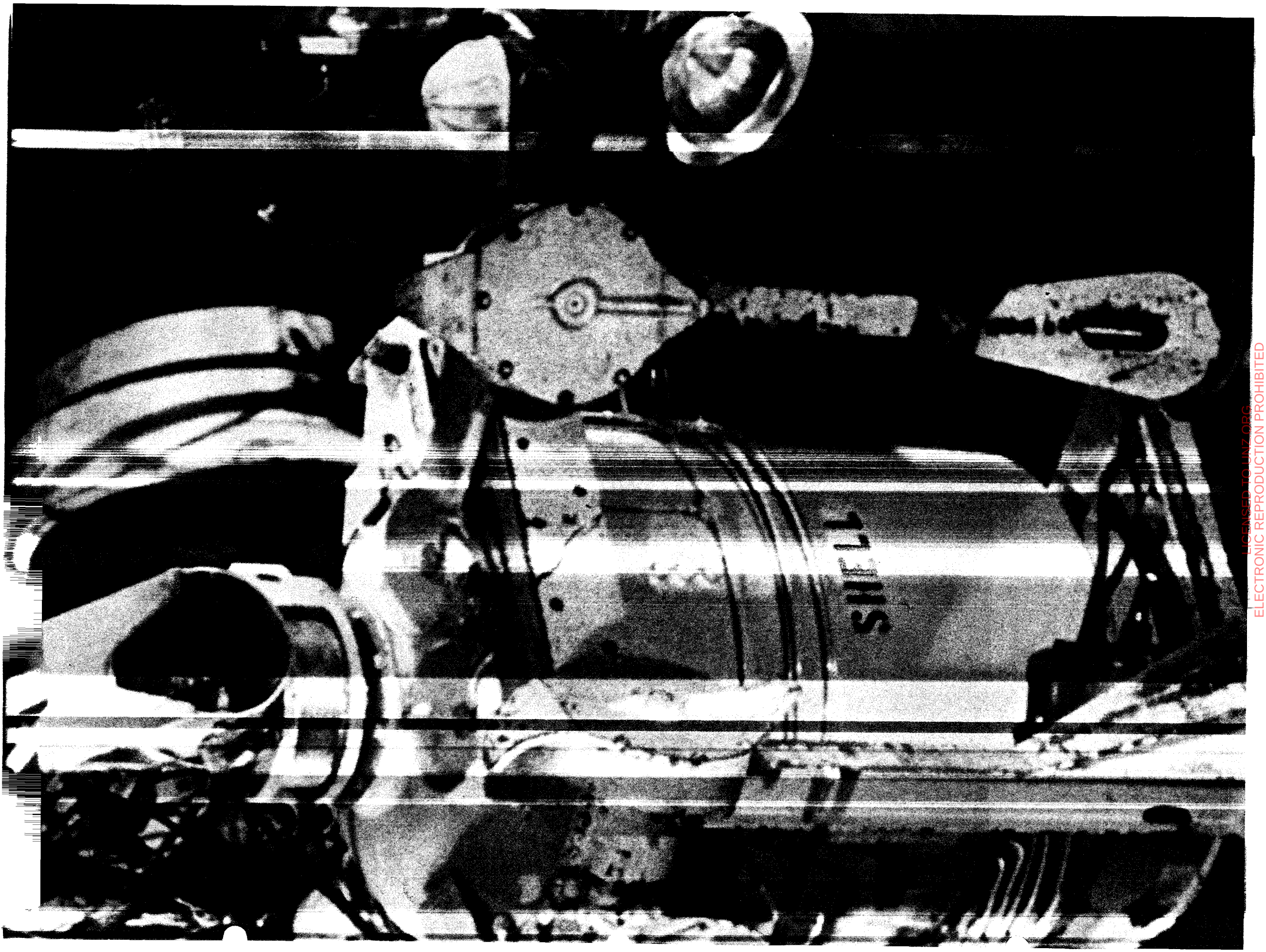

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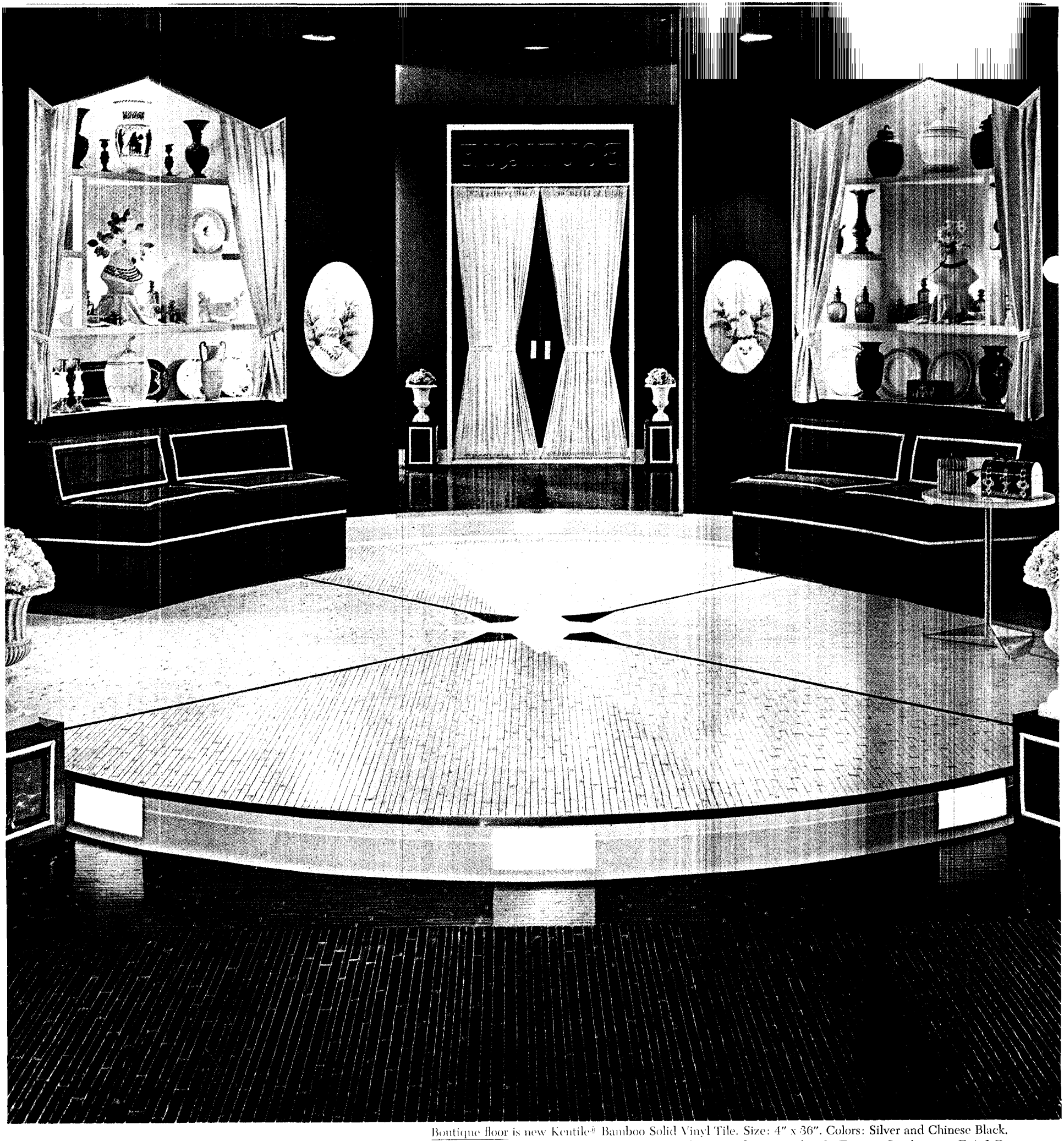

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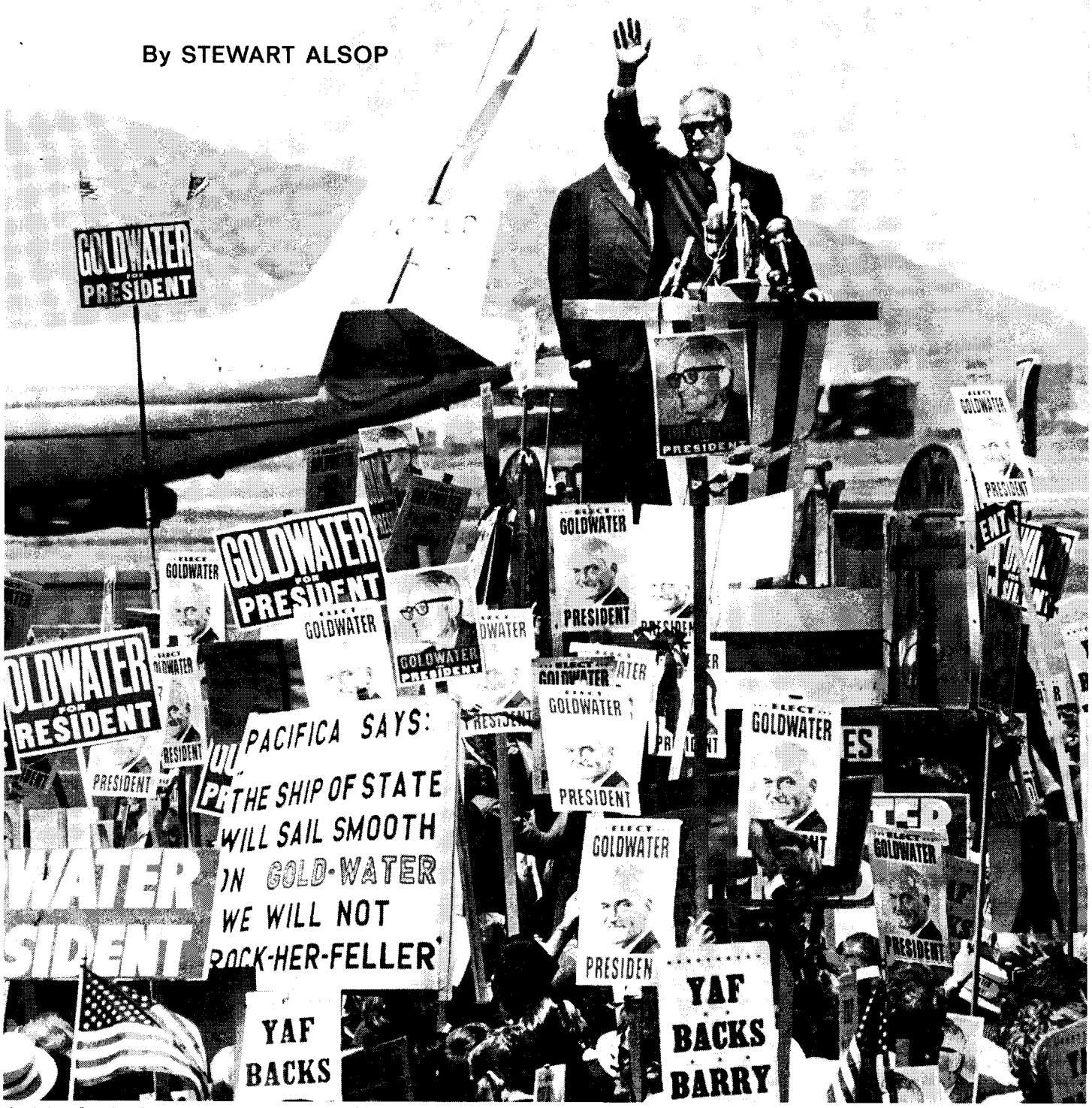
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

CAN GOLDWATER WIN?

Despite the polls and the disbelievers, the Republican nominee has secret strengths that could put him in the White House.

By STEWART ALSOP



Arriving for the slaughter at San Francisco, Goldwater receives the cheers of supporters who share his barely concealed assurance of victory.

Do not underestimate Barry Goldwater. That was the most important lesson of the recent, raucous Republican Convention in the Cow Palace at San Francisco. Like Harry Truman, whom Goldwater admires, Barry Goldwater has been consistently underestimated both by his fellow-politicians and by the press.

It has been easy to underestimate Goldwater. After his dreadful showing in the New Hampshire primary, for example, it was just about impossible to find anyone in Washington, even among his admirers, who would seriously maintain in private that Goldwater had a chance to be nominated.

It is still easy to underestimate Goldwater. No presidential candidate in modern political history, not even Truman in 1948, has entered a campaign with the odds, as measured by the opinion polls, weighted so heavily against him. As a result, it is difficult today—though no longer impossible—to find anyone in Washington who will seriously maintain that Goldwater has a chance to be elected President.

Goldwater himself has said that he could not defeat President Lyndon Johnson "as of today." But he has also predicted a "horse race" in November. And he just might be right. He might be right for three reasons.

First, there is the kind of man Goldwater is. He is a very likable man. Likability should not be a determining factor in the election of a President—personal charm will not solve the problems of the thermonuclear age. But it *is* a determining factor. If Richard Nixon had been just a mite more likable in 1960, he would be President today. The size of Dwight Eisenhower's landslides in 1952 and

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Will Goldwater gain by exploiting white voters' hostility toward Negroes? As the campaign gets hotter, the temptation will grow.

Can Goldwater Win?

1956 was due in part, at least, to his almost hypnotic public charm.

Lyndon Johnson, in this reporter's opinion, is both one of the shrewdest and one of the ablest political leaders of our times. But in public appearances he is not, as the British say, everybody's cup of tea. As one anti-Goldwater Republican remarked of a recent photograph of Johnson slouched on the deck of a motorboat, looking like an overweight Buddha in plaid bathing trunks and white yachting cap, "A couple of more pictures like that could change the course of history."

Goldwater's charm is public as well as private. At his best, he appears on television as very masculine, very much in earnest and very reasonable. "I thought this Goldwater was some kind of nut," a taxi driver remarked in San Francisco. "But I saw him on TV, and he looked to me like a helluva good guy."

Goldwater's past utterances on such matters as the Supreme Court, the income tax, the United Nations, TVA, control of nuclear weapons, and so on, have seemed to many politicians and political writers to rule him out as a serious candidate. But politics is the business of politicians and political writers. Politics is not at all the business of the great majority of the voters, who are much more interested in baseball and television and how to pay off the mortgage.

This is why Goldwater's reputation as "some kind of nut," which certainly in part accounts for his abysmal standing in the polls, may turn out to be a major asset in the end. For when the voters see Goldwater exuding charm and sweet reason on the television screen, they may well conclude that they have been fooled again by "sensation-seeking columnists and commentators," to use a phrase made famous by former President Eisenhower.

There is another reason why Goldwater should not be underestimated. A lot of politically sophisticated people went to the Cow Palace confidently expecting to discover that the hard core of Goldwater's support came from those famous "little old ladies in tennis shoes." Instead, they discovered that the hard core of Goldwater's support consisted of young and younger-middle-aged men with crew cuts and neatly tailored suits. These Goldwaterites were both fanatical and well-disciplined, which accounts for the fact that some people detected at the Convention what California's Democratic governor, Pat Brown, called "the stench of Fascism."

Who are these hard-core Goldwater supporters? Here is the answer of a shrewd California newspaper publisher who has observed the Goldwater movement in his state at close range.

"Take a guy with a family who's earning say, $12,000 or even $15,000 a year. That seems like a lot of money—a thousand bucks or more coming in every month. It used to be a lot of money. But it isn't anymore. With inflation, and after taxes, he's earning maybe the equivalent of $5,000 prewar. This guy is expected to keep up appearances—new car, good house, wife well dressed, parties. He's worried about money—he's worried *all the time*. Who takes his money? The Federal Government. And Barry Goldwater—*only* Barry Goldwater—promises him a return to the old, simple virtues and gives him the feeling of participating in a crusade, in something larger than himself. In our kind of society—rootless and urbanized—that means a lot, a helluva lot."

In his hard-core supporters Barry Goldwater has what no other Republican candidate has had—and perhaps not Lyndon Johnson either. He has a lot of people who are ready, if not to die for him, at least to work themselves half to death for him. To any American political candidate, this kind of support, even if it represents only a minority of a minority, is a pearl of great price.

There is a third reason why Goldwater should not be underestimated. At the Cow Palace all the old rules were broken, and when the old rules are broken, prognosticators must beware.

Some of the old rules were good rules, like the rule that "politics stops at the water's edge." That rule was first fully broken in the congressional elections of 1950, when the Republicans ran against "Truman's war" in Korea. Some of the rules were bad rules, like the rules against a Catholic or a man of Jewish ancestry at the head of the ticket. But at the Cow Palace the *basic* rule of American political life was broken, a rule which for almost 100 years has averted in this country the bitter, class-conscious ideological political struggles which in Europe have often been the prelude to dictatorship.

Barry Goldwater likes to talk about the "Eastern Establishment." The Establishment, he has said, generally controls both parties for its own financial benefit—a sentiment strongly shared by the editors of *Pravda*. In fact, there *is* a kind of American political establishment, although it is not the all-powerful "Eastern Establishment" of the conservative mythology.

The Establishment has for a long time established the basic ground rules of American political contest. The underlying rule heretofore has been the Something-For-Everybody Rule. Both parties should go after the votes of *everybody*—rich and poor, East and West, business and labor, liberal and conservative, black and white, every minority, every class, every sectional interest group. Sometimes the rule has been observed rather pallidly. The Republican effort in the South was very limited until recently, and in the New Deal years the "Businessmen-for-Roosevelt" committees were hardly more than a pretense. But at least appearances were maintained, and the Something-For-Everybody Rule was formally observed by both parties.

The Republican platform of 1960, which Barry Goldwater fought unsuccessfully, was a fine example of the Something-For-Everybody Rule. It had a very strong civil-rights plank, and there was a tidbit for the liberals in a plank favoring federal aid to education, and a tidbit for labor in a plank against right-to-work laws. Both tidbits were knocked out of the 1964 platform. The 1964 platform is in essence a Something-For-Everybody-Who-Agrees-With-Goldwater platform. The beating down of the rather mild civil-rights plank offered by the liberal minority was a key event of the convention.

A corollary of the Something-For-Everybody Rule is that racial and ethnic differences must under no circumstances become an issue in a presidential election. Every American, after all—Barry Goldwater is a conspicuous example—is a living mixture of minority groups. Therefore the race problem is the most divisive and explosive of all national problems.

Race will be an issue this year. Barry Goldwater's vote against the civil-rights bill, on the grounds that it was a "police state" bill, followed by the crushing of the civil-rights platform revolt at the convention, made that inevitable. The Republicans, Barry Goldwater has often said, ought to "go hunting where the ducks are." Since the Cow Palace, it is more than ever obvious where Goldwater's strategists expect to find their ducks—in the electoral votes of the South, and among the Negro-fearing voters of the North. Black ducks are out of season.

The rush and roar of a convention soon dim in the mind, leaving only a few small, still vivid, remembered episodes. This reporter still vividly remembers, for example, the sad look that came over Gov. Pat Brown's cheerful, expressive face. I ran into Brown during convention week and asked him the obvious question: "Is there any chance at all that Barry Goldwater might carry this state?"

"No. Absolutely no chance at all," Brown boomed confidently. Then his rather cherubic face clouded over. "Except for this race business. I just can't figure that."

"This race business" *is* hard to figure. I remember, too, the graffiti on a marble wall in the San Francisco airport. Someone had scribbled DOWN WITH THE NIGGERS. ELECT GOLDWATER. Others had written OK, RIGHT, and I AGREE. The "race issue" might be an enormously effective issue. As anyone can learn by ringing doorbells and talking to the voters, especially in areas where the Negroes are moving in, there are plenty of people who agree with the airport wall-scribblers. With an assist from the more irresponsible civil-rights leaders, there may be enough such people to help the first part-Jewish presidential candidate in American history to defeat the first genuine Southern President since the Civil War.

Racism isn't "decent"

There is irony in this, and perhaps tragedy also. Barry Goldwater is an honorable as well as a likable man, and he did not join the Urban League and the N.A.A.C.P. solely for political reasons. I remember Goldwater showing me a picture on the front page of a newspaper when I sat beside him on an airplane some months ago. The picture showed grinning white men kicking a Negro, who was groveling on the floor of a restaurant in Mississippi.

"Kicking a man who's down, and those guys smiling," Goldwater said. "White or black, it makes no difference. Decent people won't take that." The boiling indignation in his voice was not put on for a reporter's benefit.

Yet the pressures on a presidential candidate, especially a candidate who just might win, are very terrible, for the stakes are very high. In all likelihood, the time is coming when it will seem that Barry Goldwater just might win. In this sense, Goldwater's low standing in the polls may be an asset also. His standing has to improve. Headlines reading GOLDWATER GAINS ON JOHNSON are thus predictable. And with the headlines, the pressure to exploit the "white backlash" will steadily mount.

Most of the Goldwater's strategists—who share Goldwater's remarkable candor—make no bones in private about the fact that they expect the margin of victory to come from voters, North as well as South, who hate or fear the Negroes. Indeed, the process of exploiting the white backlash was well started even before the convention. The final, sharp nail in Gov. William Scranton's political coffin was driven in by Gov. James Rhodes of Ohio, when Rhodes withdrew as a favorite son and opened the floodgates to Goldwater's nomination. Though Rhodes is no ardent backer of Goldwater, the Rhodes managers said that Rhodes had become convinced that white resentment of Negro pressures might carry normally Democratic industrial areas in Ohio for the Republicans. And the importance of the race issue is just this—that it permits Goldwater to reach *across* party lines for votes in areas normally heavily Democratic.

Obviously, the odds against Goldwater are very heavy—in California, in Ohio or in any of the other big industrial states that determine the outcome of any election. One reason they are so heavy is that there are a great many Republicans—an absolutely unprecedented number of Republicans—who intend to vote for Lyndon Johnson in November.

One revealing episode of the convention occurred when House Minority Leader Charles Halleck, a Goldwater man, bustled up to one of the elder statesmen of the Republican Party, a man who has served his country and his party faithfully and well. The elder statesman was a member of the moderate group that was trying desperately to modify the platform.

"Can't you see," said Halleck, his face even more puce than usual, "that all you're doing is electing Johnson in November?"

"Yes, I can see," said the elder statesman. He smiled thinly and turned away.

There are many other factors working against Goldwater—Lyndon Johnson's political genius, fear of an itchy finger on the nuclear trigger, the tendency of Goldwater's tongue to wag too freely, a monolithic Negro vote for Johnson, to name a few. But Barry Goldwater should not be underestimated, all the same. Personal charm, a hard core of do-or-die supporters and "this race business" just might make this election a "horse race" in November.

The Goldwaters on the podium of the Cow Palace, just before his acceptance speech.

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GOLDWATER:
A CLOSE LOOK AT A "DAMNED COWBOY"

Impulsive, intuitive, indifferent to advice, capable of both great charm and great rudeness, the G.O.P. nominee introduces a new political style.

By CHARLES MOHR

Even at 7:45 in the evening the thermometer in Phoenix, Ariz., stood at 105 degrees and the heat was a heavy, tangible thing. "It's wonderful to breathe this warm, clear air," said Barry Goldwater as he stepped off a plane from San Francisco, the new Republican presidential nominee.

He climbed onto a flatbed trailer to address several thousands of his hometown neighbors. In what could have been a slip of the tongue or a deeply significant glimmer from the subconscious he said that Americans were feeling a sense of revulsion against the idea "that patriotism for some reason is wrong today when it wasn't in the days when this country *was* great."

He had come full circle. He had returned both physically and philosophically to where he had started 12 years ago. "I would never be where I am today," said Goldwater, "if it had not been for my mother, my family, my wife—and equally as important, my wonderful environment." As he spoke of the West he expressed its growing feeling, which can be both sensitive and pugnacious, that it has become a sort of national park where are preserved American virtues extinct in the liberal East.

Barry Goldwater, chief ranger of this sacred preserve. has served in the Senate 12 years. He has influenced little legislation. He has never tried to lead even a splinter minority in Congress. He has been a dissenter, a voice of protest against the century as it is, against the burdens of government and the frustrations of an international stalemate. Goldwater voted against the tax-cut bill, against the civil-rights bill and against his own party's leadership on most major issues. He scorned the acquired caution of a nuclear age to tell audiences that "that word 'brinkmanship' is a great word."

In doing this he did not destroy himself but gathered behind him an army which may well be a minority but which was strong enough to capture the Republican Party. That capture was greeted with a widespread indignation which, ironically, our conservative, Victorian forefathers reserved for dangerous radicals. At the beginning of this century, for example, the late Ohio political boss, Mark Hanna, called the rebelliously independent Theodore Roosevelt "that damned cowboy." Goldwater is the new damned cowboy of American politics.

It's not just that Goldwater rides a horse (a 23-year-old palomino named Sunny). It is that Goldwater has about as much respect for the generally accepted rules of politics as a cowpoke on Saturday night has for a $500 mirror on a barroom wall.

Nothing showed this more startlingly than when Goldwater stood in San Francisco's Cow Palace, under a shower of red, white and blue balloons, and gave his acceptance speech. He was at the apex of his political career, and he had much to gain by caution. Instead he gave an aggressive defense of what most alarms his critics. "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice," he said, "and let me remind you that moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue."

Goldwater's words may turn out to be another "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" incident—an irretrievable statement which gives away an election. But the election must be fought out and Goldwater will not die easily.

He plans a campaign full of technical and ideological innovations. He will rely heavily on television, a political medium in which he is naturally gifted. The idea will be to use formats which stress his informality and his ability to be natural—such as question-and-answer sessions, or simple chats, or combinations of film clips of Goldwater on the campaign trail and brief studio speeches.

"I'm not going to kill myself trying to make five or six major speeches a day," Goldwater says. Instead he will probably follow the pattern of his campaign in the California primary. In that election he violated a political rule, which is to shake every possible hand, give every possible interview and find every possible audience. Instead Goldwater tried to avoid what he calls "overexposure." He gave one or two speeches a day before big audiences. The rest of the time he did not look for voters on street corners but gave pep talks to his devotedly loyal precinct workers. No candidate can inspire more loyalty among volunteer workers, and no candidate is more willing to delegate important politicking to them.

"It's up to the precinct workers to do the selling job and to explain misunderstandings about my positions," says Goldwater.

"Where the ducks are"

The senator says he will not try to visit all 50 states, and that he will concentrate his efforts "where the ducks are"—in big cities and heavy population centers, even though he is a candidate of rural and small-town America.

He will run his campaign through the Republican National Committee, which he now controls, and will try to strengthen that organization and to flatter and elevate the veteran professionals in the party.

Goldwater says he will campaign on the same issues on which he campaigned in the primaries. He will attack Democratic foreign policy for a lack of "firmness" and clarity. He will insist that "we make a decision to win" in South Vietnam, and that "the cancer of Communism" in Cuba "has got to go and the sooner the cheaper."

But Goldwater has also decided to introduce a somewhat new issue into his campaign—what he calls "law and order." He will string together a wide variety of arguments. He will attack Lyndon Johnson over the Bobby Baker case, the Billie Sol Estes case and the TFX fighter-plane controversy. And he will deplore the "slaughter in our streets" and a growing crime rate. To all this he will link "disrespect" for law as shown by the civil disobedience of civil-rights groups. Whatever his intention, the effect will be to capitalize subtly on the "white backlash" against the rights movement.

But Goldwater's campaign cannot be predicted precisely because the man cannot resist improvisation. His defense of extremism has already pushed his campaign down one path which no one, including Goldwater, would have predicted 24 hours before he made his acceptance speech.

Republican leaders will find Goldwater harder to control than Mark Hanna found Teddy Roosevelt, much more of a maverick. A courteous man who is receptive to ideas, Goldwater can, nonetheless, be almost totally impervious to advice. If it is true that the soul of politics is compromise, then Goldwater by definition must be an unusual politician. He is unaccustomed to the practice of compromise. He wears his lost causes—his "no" votes in the Senate against overwhelming majorities—like merit badges.

More important, Goldwater is almost completely opposed to the social and political order of the day, the broad consensus of American policy which has evolved over three decades of depression, war and United States world leadership under essentially bipartisan government. Barry Goldwater not only wants change, he wants drastic change. The new course on which he would like to set the country is as major a departure, in its way, as was that wrought by Franklin D. Roosevelt. If any of the 883 delegates to the Republican National Convention who voted to nominate him for President on the first ballot did not realize this, they had little excuse. Few candidates in history have ever *said* so much that was startling about so many subjects as has the junior senator from Arizona. Much of what he

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said is politically inflammatory. It can hurt him, and if the poll takers are to be believed, it has hurt him.

In volume the public record of Goldwater's opinions is nearly unprecedented. In structure it lacks perfect clearness. It is easy to comb the records and find a quotation which flatly advocates a controversial course of action. It is just as easy to find a quotation which then denies he ever made such a suggestion. And it is possible to find quotations which, lying in the middle, attempt to give the proposal a more palatable, qualified and politically acceptable face.

It may be pointless to offer an explanation for such inconsistencies. Those who despise Goldwater will not listen. Those who love him show that they do not care.

A few days before the California presidential-primary election on June 2, Goldwater appeared in Los Angeles' Cocoanut Grove nightclub—which looked sadly drab and tinselly in the light of morning—for a breakfast with his precinct workers. One after another they arose, cast malevolent glances at the press table, and questioned the senator about the news coverage which had been given to him. Was he not misquoted, one person asked, about advocating withdrawal of diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Union? Was it not inaccurate to report that he had advocated sending Marines to turn on the water at Guantanamo naval base? asked another.

Repeatedly, Goldwater said, "Well, that is not exactly a misquotation," and then went on to confirm that he *had* said such things. The precinct workers sat down, a briefly and faintly puzzled look on their faces, but with their political loyalty to Barry Goldwater undimmed.

But, despite inconsistencies, there is a basic, unmistakable and distinctive Goldwater conservatism, which has evolved over the years, and which has then been softened somewhat in the primary-election campaigns this spring. It is clear enough as a political philosophy. Summarized, here is Goldwater conservatism:

FOREIGN POLICY. Goldwater stands for "victory" in the Cold War, which he defines as "the reduction of Communist power to a level from which it cannot threaten the security of our nation, our allies or the peace of the world." He says the free world should be mobilized to "undermine the power now held by the Communists and to encourage their eviction from positions of control." He has suggested a bold application of "brinkmanship," the strengthening of the NATO alliance and the restoration of American "respect" and "honor" abroad as steps toward the goal.

But to Goldwater the first decision is to make a decision to "win," to create a climate from which specific decisions might flow. He believes that a continued preponderance of American strength is vital but that even more important is the will to use it. He feels that to risk war may be to avoid war. He believes that the *détente* diplomacy aimed at alleviating tensions between the Soviet Union and the United States—which began when Dwight Eisenhower initiated negotiations for a test-ban treaty—is foolhardy, wrong and doomed to failure.

DOMESTIC POLICY. Goldwater believes that the Federal Government can and may act to cope with social problems and to stimulate or to regulate the economy. But he believes that before the Federal Government acts on a problem it must be shown that the money, authority and the will to solve it cannot be found at the state or local level. If it can be called a policy, it is Goldwater's policy that "Americans be allowed to live their own lives." He seems to speak for middle-class resentment of benevolent government when he calls the war on poverty "serfdom by inflation," and says it will make people "permanent wards of the Government." He has said, "We must not prostitute humanitarianism by creating a caste system in America." He believes that state and local governments deserve not only freedom to act but freedom not to act. If Phoenix, Ariz., wants sewers instead of classrooms, it probably knows best which is needed, he believes. But even if it does not know best, Goldwater feels it is to be trusted to make its choice.

CIVIL RIGHTS. Goldwater says that segregation is "not only morally wrong but in some instances constitutionally wrong," and he thinks voting-rights legislation should be enforced much more stringently than it has been. But he says that employment and accommodations laws are a grave threat to the republic. Basically he believes that the great Negro revolt must be solved by essentially voluntary accommodations of the white community to Negro demands.

To argue whether such opinions are respectable is unnecessary. They are, although they certainly do not conform to the policies that men saddled with the responsibility of government have found almost inescapable.

When Goldwater stood on the patio of his beautiful, modernistic red-stone house in Phoenix on January 3 and announced his entry into the presidential race, he said he was running to give the American people "a clear choice, not an echo." But will the campaign be decided on such questions? Will the voters make a reasoned choice between Goldwater conservatism and the more pragmatic, often humane, but admittedly expensive policies of recent administrations? Probably not. There are reasons why it is doubtful that the election will be a test of conservatism versus liberalism.

One reason is that so far, at least, Goldwater may have offered the voters a choice but not always a "clear" one. His campaign has been repeatedly led into blind alleys and trivialities. Much of this has been the work of his opponents. Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, for instance, relentlessly tried to make a major issue out of the California primary-election charge that if Goldwater won it would be a victory for the John Birch Society.

But some of the problem has been the work of Barry Goldwater himself. In rephrasing his opinions from day to day, he has confused some voters. He has sometimes expounded a sort of country-club locker-room conservatism which does not stimulate great national debate.

Critics of Goldwater have attempted to hang him with his own words. They have diligently researched the newspapers and his own books to find his most "outrageous" remarks. Such criticism, however, illuminates a more basic objection to Goldwater's candidacy. And this is an objection to the man himself.

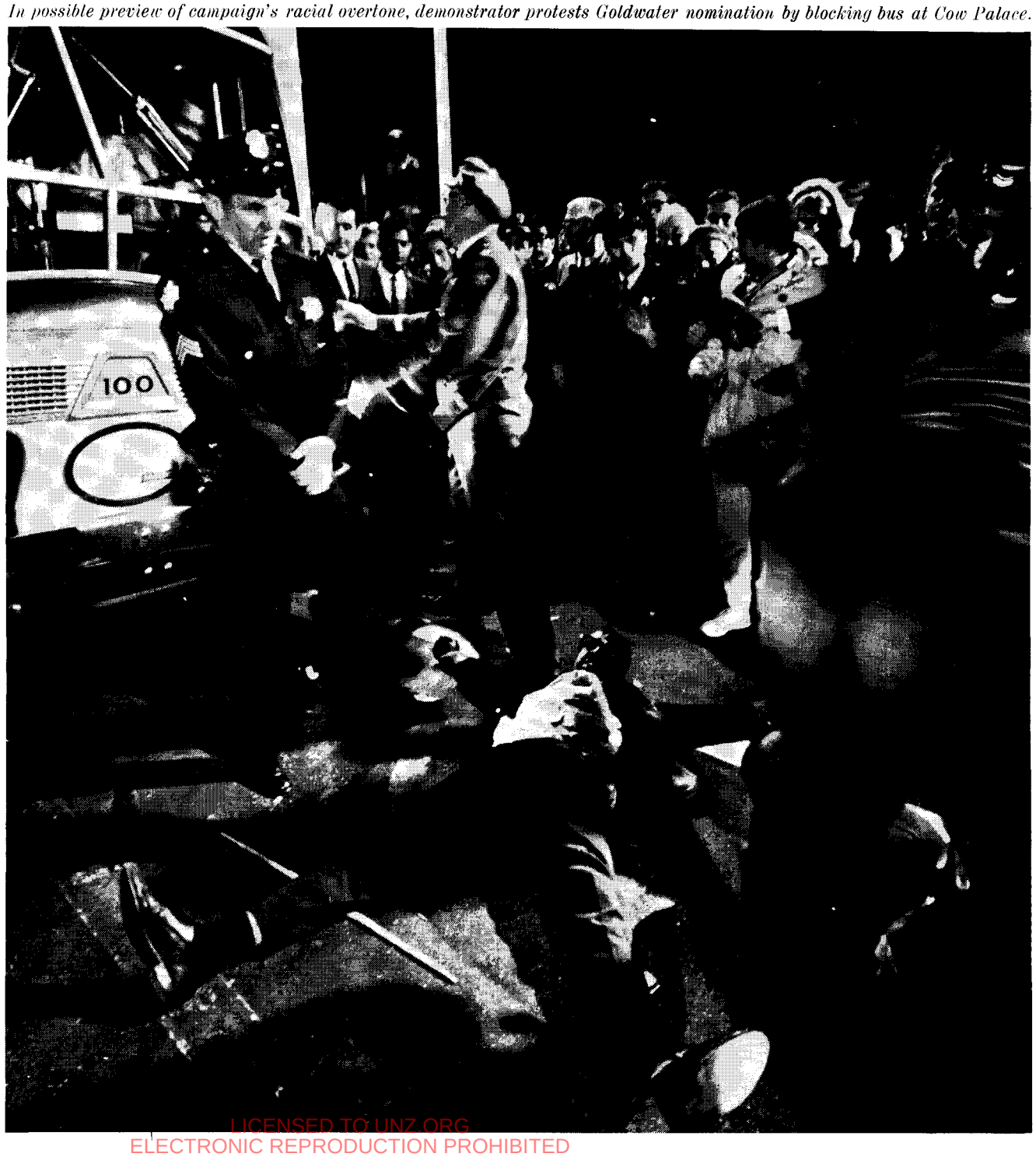
For much of the year such criticism has remained muted. But when Henry Cabot Lodge returned from South Vietnam, he said pointedly that both political parties must nominate men who are "prudent and not impulsive," men able to cope with the awful responsibilities of commanding a nuclear force. Pennsylvania's Gov. William W. Scranton said that since Goldwater was not a man of malice his domestic opinions must be explained by "ignorance," and former President Eisenhower is reported to have said that his real worry about Goldwater was not his conservatism, but that he "might take this country into war."

The question raised in these remarks, implicit or direct, is whether Barry Goldwater is personally fit to serve as President; whether he is "the man for the job."

What kind of man is he?

A series of injuries and illnesses have given his walk a sort of stiff shuffle. (He walks rather like a cowboy.) He suffered two nervous breakdowns in the late 1930's because of overwork in the family department store. "His nerves broke completely," his wife, Margaret, was quoted as saying in the May issue of *Good Housekeeping*. Rest restored his health, and he

In possible preview of campaign's racial overtone, demonstrator protests Goldwater nomination by blocking bus at Cow Palace.



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He is vague about statistics—even his daughter's age came out wrong.

was later accepted for military service. At 55 he retains a virile, almost boyish vitality.

He is a man of nearly irresistible charm. Liberals and Democrats may feel it more than Barry's conservative followers, whose emotions are influenced by strong political loyalty. Those who disagree with him feel the warm strength of his personality directly and unfiltered by rose-colored glasses.

Goldwater does very little to achieve this charm. He is strangely shy. During the New Hampshire primary-election campaign he found it very difficult even to try to match Nelson Rockefeller in the art of sidewalk handshaking tours. It seemed a very doubtful proposition to Goldwater that a sane, normal voter would *want* to shake hands. One day his manager dragged him into a restaurant in Concord to shake hands during the lunch hour. Goldwater looked terribly embarrassed. "If somebody walked up to me while I was eating lunch and stuck out his hand, I'd put a hamburger right in his palm," Goldwater remarked. He once told me that he hated to sign autographs, because he couldn't believe anyone really meant to save "the damn things."

He will not court people. And Goldwater can be very rude—for a politician, almost unbelievably so. He will make dates for public appearances and then cancel them at the last minute for no apparent reason except that he is tired and the engagement bores him. He leaves it to campaign manager Denison Kitchel or some other aide to pick up the pieces.

He will sometimes flee from a reception line and leave hundreds of hands unshaken. One day in Minneapolis he kept cutting each of his engagements so short that he wound up at a college more than a half hour before he was scheduled to speak. The crowd was only beginning to drift in, but Goldwater would not wait. As far as he was concerned *he* was ready to speak and he began.

Most politicians feed on the adulation of crowds like addicts on narcotics. Goldwater is an exception. Perhaps it is only that his usual diet of adulation is too rich for any man. Goldwater is the hero of such conservative organizations as the Young Americans for Freedom, the Young Republicans and the Texas Republican Party. In their minds they have created a mythical, heroically proportioned Barry Goldwater, and they have clothed him with their own opinions and prejudices, many of which he does not hold. When he appears at a major rally, the crowd greets him with an almost frightening almost animal intensity of shrieks, rebel yells and incoherent yahoos. Sometimes Goldwater looks pleased. At other times he looks as if his mind were elsewhere, or as if he wondered what has got into these people.

Goldwater is probably the only politician of his day who can get angry because an unscheduled, spontaneous crowd shows up to cheer him. One night this spring he flew into Atlanta, where he was to address the Republican state convention the next day. As the chartered DC-3 taxied to a halt, an unplanned, unexpected crowd of several hundred fans surged forward. Goldwater took a horrified look out the window and blew up.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded angrily.

That night he also canceled an *intime* drink with a group of financial contributors, whom he referred to as "fat cats."

"The hell with it," said Barry.

Goldwater's great likability survives these outbursts because his shyness and rudeness stem from the same source: a firm and unusual naturalness. It strips him of artificiality, which leaves him lovable one moment and callously indifferent to others the next.

In contrast to the solemnity of many conservatives, Goldwater is an irreverent man, and he is often most irreverent about himself. Once this year he and 11 other persons got stuck between floors in an elevator at the CBS radio studios in Hollywood. Various attempts at humor, most of them labored, were made. Then one reporter looked at the elevator's certificate of inspection and joked: "H'm'm, last inspected in 1889."

"That was in my administration," said Goldwater with a grin.

One of the most important facets of the man is his immense love of life, his capacity for enjoyment.

He is an incredible hobbyist. He has ham-radio transmitters in his Phoenix house, his Washington apartment and in his sports car. He is an unusually gifted and sensitive amateur photographer. He loves the Arizona desert and exploring it; he was the first white man to see a certain Arizona natural bridge, and he named it after his wife, Margaret. He collects guns. He has a collection of hundreds of kachina dolls, the dolls of the Hopi Indians. On the heel of his left hand are tattooed four dots, the sign of membership in an Arizona club which annually dances the traditional Indian dances. He has been flying private planes since he was a young man. He has shot the rapids of the turbulent Colorado River. He has a large library of books on Arizona and Western history. He likes to sprawl on a chaise and sun himself by his swimming pool. He often dons a face mask equipped with an air hose and dives to the bottom of the pool to relax—and even sleep He has stayed at the bottom, weighted by a lead ball, for three hours at a time without surfacing.

Goldwater has surrounded himself with advisers he can be at home with—the unknown and relatively amateur friends who helped pull off his nomination. Of these, three are key men:

His campaign manager is a 56-year-old Phoenix corporation lawyer, Denison Kitchel. A short, self-effacing man. Kitchel is almost totally unlike Goldwater. He does not like politics or politicians. He is judicious and meticulously slow in selecting words or making decisions. When Goldwater is in the mood to take advice, Kitchel's is the advice most likely to be taken.

Dean Burch, the 36-year-old Tucson, Ariz., lawyer whom Goldwater selected to be the new chairman of the Republican National Committee, is a combination idea man and administrator. He will handle everything from campaign schedules to logistics to patting the hands of politicians with hurt feelings.

F. Clifton White, a New York political-public-relations man who is a master at organization (he put together the Draft Goldwater committee in 1963) will be available to help marshal what Richard Nixon predicted would be the greatest army of political volunteers in the history of a presidential election.

Those who fear that Goldwater is controlled by reactionary, semifascist political fringe groups are wrong. The arresting fact about Goldwater is that he is controlled by no one. His advisers have not shaped his "philosophy." On the contrary, they had to adapt their own thinking, which is often more sophisticated, to his. Much of their mental effort is bent toward constructing rationalizations of instinctive Goldwater opinions.

"An incomplete education"

For instance the one single issue which most excites and binds many conservatives bores Goldwater. This is the issue of internal subversion, of the "Communist menace" within the United States. If a man set out deliberately to capture the hearts of right wingers he would almost certainly exploit their fears, their insistent demands for "an investigation of the State Department." In six months of campaigning, Goldwater has never once mentioned this issue in a speech.

Nor does Goldwater show the isolationist streak which distinguishes much of the right wing. He has been critical, sometimes savagely so, of the United Nations and of the neutral nations. But he has called NATO "the greatest instrument for peace ever devised" and has called for strengthening our alliances.

Dr. Robert Strausz-Hupé, the conservative political scientist who has advised Goldwater on foreign policy, says that the senator is very "sensitive to ideas."

"He has the one quality which could make him an intellectual—humility," says Strausz-Hupé. "If he thinks a man has something intelligent to say, he listens." But Strausz-Hupé adds that the senator shows the signs of "an incomplete education."

Goldwater quit the University of Arizona after a year to go into the family department store. (Last year he and his brothers sold their interest in "Goldwaters" to the Associated Dry Goods Corporation.) He shows a great aptitude for technical subjects, and his mind is a storehouse of assorted facts.

However, the senator can display a kind of happy rebelliousness against the things held dear by the orderly mind.

He has a limited conception of precision in statistics or figures. When he begins to use a statistic in a speech, it may come out in five different (if admittedly minor) variations in five speeches. Some persons thought it typical that even the age of his daughter, Margaret Ann, who was then 19, was misreported as 20 in press releases about her wedding in the month of June.

Goldwater can fall into logical inconsistencies which are sometimes disturbing. Nowhere is this more evident than in the field of civil rights. For most of the year Goldwater denounced the public-accommodations clause and the fair-employment-practices clause of the civil-rights bill on the grounds that they would violate "our most sacred right," that of property. He said the public-accommodations clause would "force you to admit drunks, known murderers and rapists into your place of business." After making these chilling predictions, he said on several occasions that if the states or cities wanted to pass public-accommodations laws it would be "perfectly all right." To some of the people following his steps, it seemed that such legislation either does or does not grossly violate the rights of private property—and that the body which enacts the legislation would not change the effect on a barber-shop owner.

Goldwater appeared to recognize this when, in explaining to the Senate why he would vote against the civil-rights bill, he based his primary objections on constitutional grounds. But even there he made a surprising omission. He did not explain, except in the most general terms, what his constitutional objections were. It was known that he thought that the commerce clause of the Constitution has been stretched too far as a justification for giving the Federal Government power to regulate businesses such as restaurants and motels. But he did not say so.

A few days later he remarked that he would enforce the bill strongly if he were elected President. But he added that he would not like to use the "criminal" sanctions in the public-accommodations and FEPC clauses. There are, in fact, no provisions for criminal enforcement in the clauses; Negroes must obtain compliance through the filing of civil suits. It is possible that violators might face criminal-contempt charges, but the federal courts will deal with this question. The White House will not.

The serious importance of these vagaries is that they make it harder for Goldwater to offer the voters a clear, coherent version of his conservatism, on which a real choice can be made.

The really celebrated question of the campaign is whether Goldwater is too impulsive and impetuous, whether he is too quick to "shoot from the hip." Goldwater replies that one should look for "the hole in the target." "It doesn't make much difference," he has said, if a remark is hastily formed, if it is accurate. This, of course, is true. But Goldwater's own willingness to admit that he is a "rather impetuous person at times" will worry some voters.

It is possible in the coming campaign against Lyndon B. Johnson that such questions will hold so large a place as to obscure the real significance of the Goldwater campaign.

Goldwater's campaign techniques have changed noticeably in the six months since he began to run. From January through the New Hampshire primary on March 10, the Goldwater campaign was one of the most refreshing, improvised, unplanned and amazingly candid political demonstrations in memory. Near the end of the New Hampshire campaign he said, "I have laid myself bare," and his words were true.

His loss in New Hampshire to the absent Henry Cabot Lodge changed Goldwater's attitude. He became much more cautious. His general election campaign will probably also be cautious, although Goldwater is so unpredictable that it is always a bit dangerous to say. Denison Kitchel only announces, "It will not be another New Hampshire—we are not going to get into that kind of thing again."

Today Goldwater no longer engages in ad-lib question-and-answer sessions with

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voters, and he is more likely to walk past a microphone than to say anything into it. He views press conferences warily. He speaks almost always from prepared texts.

Goldwater will not begin to campaign at full speed until about Labor Day. Before then he hopes to hold a "summit conference" with other Republican leaders to attempt to heal the wounds which the bitter fight for the nomination opened.

In private, Goldwater has said with as much feeling as he can muster that he will not exploit or even mention the "white backlash" issue which grows out of the Negroes' drive for civil rights. But it is bound to be a major, if subtle, consideration in the minds of many voters, a fact which could also cloud Goldwater's hopes to see the basic tenets of conservatism tested at the polls.

The thing that could most hurt Goldwater is to let "locker-room" conservatism become the major issue. In a speech early this year to the Economic Club of New York, Goldwater attacked the war on poverty as an economic misconception and said: "I do not believe that the mere fact of having little money entitles everybody, regardless of circumstances, to be permanently maintained by the taxpayers at an average or comfortable standard of living." A few weeks later he said in New Hampshire that an investigation was needed to see "Why Johnny won't work."

Goldwater is one of the warmest of politicians. When he leaves himself open to charges of heartlessness, he makes it difficult for confused voters to hear, above the din of denunciation of Goldwater, the real themes of his thought.

The Democrats have, unquestionably, dominated American political thought and political development for more than 30 years. The Republicans have attempted to denounce these developments on the one hand, and to embrace them on the other. There is a strong argument that this was wise, an impulse toward self-preservation.

But many Republicans haven't liked it—even when they thought it was politically wise. Goldwater will make this an interesting campaign because he won't play that way. The significance of his nomination may be, as James Reston of *The New York Times* has written, that the Republicans have at long last decided to gamble on a man who "has the courage of their prejudices"—even if they themselves haven't had that courage.

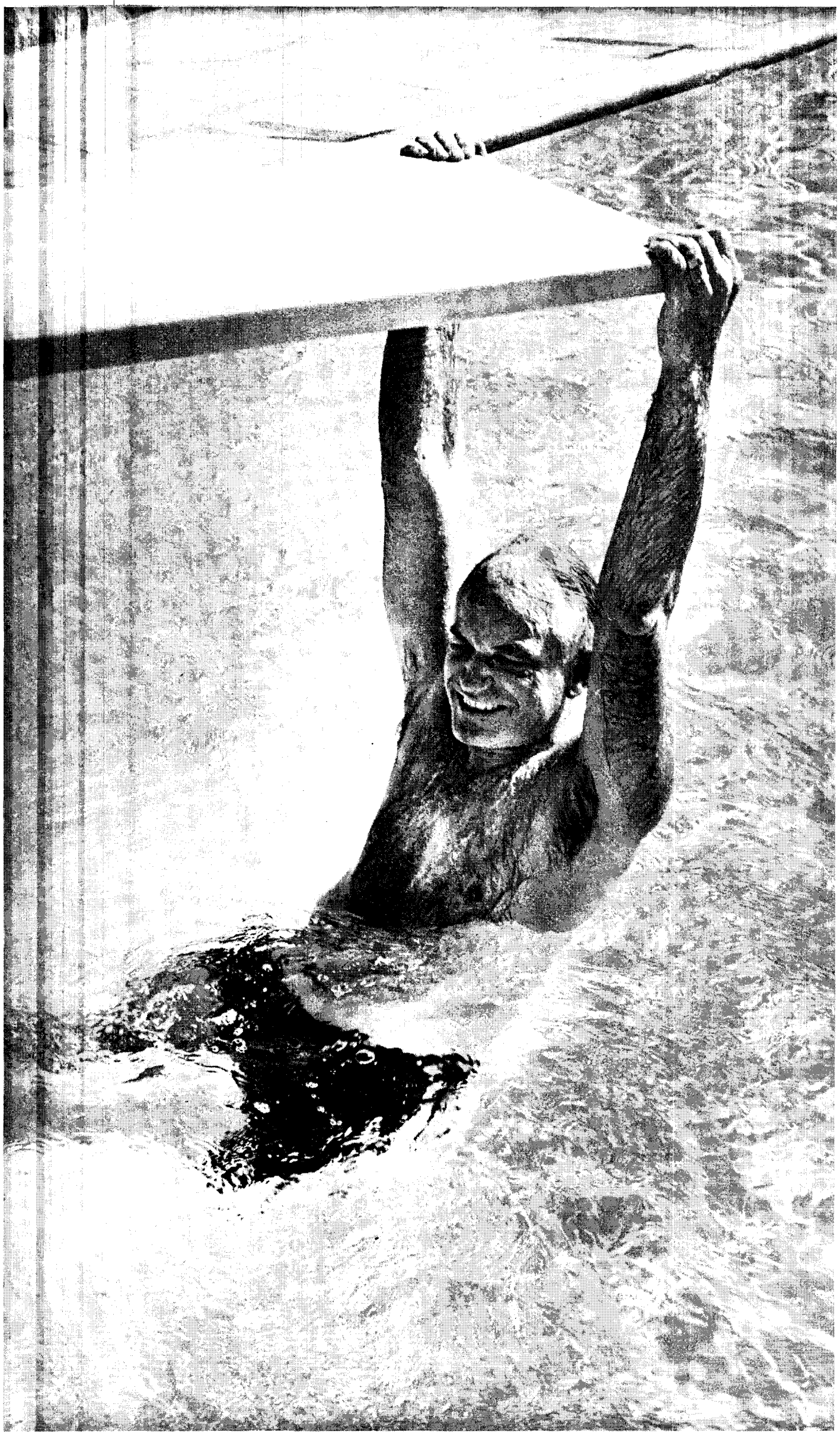
He is aggressively willing to stand on the fact that he voted against the tax-cut bill, against the civil-rights bill and against the war-on-poverty legislation. Most political observers think that he will lose in one of the worst election disasters in history.

Maybe. The truth of that assertion had better await the outcome of the election.

One thing is certain. Even if he loses, he will tend to dominate the campaign, just as he has dominated American politics all year. Lyndon Johnson, a man of considerable political ego, may find it annoying, but most voters will be deciding whether they despise or love Barry Goldwater, whether his election would be a rebirth of native American virtue or the worst calamity since prohibition.

He will give the voters surprises, hot flushes, and a certain sense of suspense. You never know when he may throw a bottle at that $500 mirror. THE END

G.O.P. Campaign Preview is continued on page 81.



Goldwater unwinds after nomination; he frequently uses a breathing device that allows him to nap for hours at bottom of pool.

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EVERYONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH JULIA

She may lose the butter or even drop the turkey in the sink, but Julia Child has won a devoted TV following by combining classic cookery with comedy.

By Lewis H. Lapham

To many American housewives the art of French cooking seems an impenetrable riddle, as mysterious as Einstein's theory of relativity and just about as practical. Intimidated by the condescending waiters in first-class French restaurants, they meekly accept the management's insinuation that such things as timbales *d'asperges* or *tournedos Rossini* must remain forever beyond their understanding. Within the last 18 months, however, the more courageous housewives have roused themselves from their habit of self-effacement and followed the vigorous example of Julia Child.

A tall and determined woman, cheerful, steadfast and pure in heart, Mrs. Child appears as *The French Chef* on a weekly television show that is as funny as it is instructive. Although an excellent cook, she possesses none of the pretentious mannerisms so often associated with practitioners of *haute cuisine*. She moves around in front of the camera utterly preoccupied with the problem at hand, addressing the television audience as if she were talking to herself or to a trusted friend.

Each of her cooking lessons has about it the uncertainty of a reckless adventure. She has a way of losing things—either the butter, or the carrots she so carefully chopped into small cubes or, on one memorable occasion, a pot of cauliflower. Sometimes she forgets to put the seasoning in the ragout; sometimes she drops a turkey in the sink.

But to Mrs. Child these slight misfortunes are of no importance, merely the expected hazards of a long and dirty war. Smiling and undismayed, secure in the knowledge that her cause is just, she bashes on, perhaps pausing to remark, as she did once of a potato pancake spilled on a sideboard, "If this happens, just scoop it back into the pan; remember that you are alone in the kitchen and nobody can see you."

When, at the end of the program, she at last brings the finished dish to the table, she does so with an air of delighted surprise, pleased to announce that once again the forces of art and reason have triumphed over primeval chaos.

Her sense of theater endears her to the most fiercely devoted and most unlikely audience ever to write fan letters to a television cook. Beginning in 1963 as a casual experiment scheduled at miscellaneous hours by WGBH, the educational-television station in Cambridge, Mass., *The French Chef* soon occupied prime evening time on educational stations in 16 cities, among them San Francisco, Washington, Philadelphia and New York. Next month stations in 17 other cities will start carrying the program.

As might be expected, the bulk of Mrs. Child's 400 letters a week come from grateful housewives who see in her a woman like themselves, harried by the same accidents of nature and subject to the same budget. (For the purposes of demonstration, Mrs. Child uses only those vegetables or cuts of meat available at reasonable prices in any market.)

A surprising number of letters, however, arrive from people who know or care nothing about food but prize Mrs. Child chiefly for her ingenuous wit. In New York's Greenwich Village, for instance, a coterie of avant-garde painters and musicians gathers each week in a loft to watch *The French Chef*, convinced that Mrs. Child is far more diverting than any professional comedian.

At first they assumed that she was doing a parody of the traditional cooking program, but even the discovery that she was playing it straight failed to dull their enthusiasm. In the garrets around Washington Square the introduction to the lesson on artichokes stands as the authoritative example of Mrs. Child's humor and style.

The scene opened on an artichoke boiling in a pot of water and shrouded by a piece of cheesecloth. Mrs. Child, looming suddenly into view, lifted the cheesecloth with heavy tweezers and inquired, "What's cooking under this gossamer veil? Why here's a great big, bad artichoke, and some people are afraid of it."

Of the other two remarks still quoted in the coffeehouses, the first concerned a chicken in a frying pan. "We just leave it there," said Mrs. Child, "letting it make simple little cooking noises." The second had to do with crepes suzette. As she put a match to it, she said, "You must be careful not to set your hair on fire."

In the less-threatening circumstances of her own home in Cambridge, Mrs. Child reveals herself as an even more engaging woman than she seems on television. She stands over six feet tall (her dress size she describes as "stately"), her eyes are grayish green, her hair brown and her complexion freckled.

With her husband, Paul Child, she lives in a clapboard house, three stories high and 12 minutes' walk from the Harvard campus. The walls in her kitchen glitter with enough pots and pans to equip a small restaurant.

Sitting in her garden one day recently, with a tossed salad and a *terrine de dinde* (pâté stuffed with the white meat of a turkey), she confessed that as a young girl she seldom even fried an egg. "The kitchen seemed a dismal bother; I had no reason to go there."

Born in Pasadena, Calif., in 1912, she graduated from Smith College and thereafter "lived a lovely butterfly life," until, at the outbreak of World War II, she volunteered for the OSS. She hoped to become a spy but was sent instead to Ceylon as a file clerk. There in 1943 she met her husband, a painter who had been turned into a map maker by the OSS.

Equally accomplished as a photographer, a violinist and a judo expert, Paul Child had lived in Paris in the 1920's, carving copies of antique French furniture and selling them to tourists. He married Julia after the war and returned to France as an officer of the U.S. Information Agency. Familiar with the language and the better restaurants, he introduced his wife to French cooking. "An intoxicating revelation," she recalls. "I was bilious for two months."

Her indigestion soon passed and, not having any children to care for, she enrolled at the Cordon Bleu, the celebrated French cooking school. She studied with a disciple of the immortal Auguste Escoffier and within six months had learned enough to enter *Le Cercle des Gourmettes*, a group of trusting Frenchwomen who met twice a month to try out their experiments on one another.

Practiced on students

Together with two other women in the group, Simone Beck and Louisette Bertholle, she then established her own cooking school in Paris and began working on her book, *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*. "We were fortunate," Mrs. Child says, "in having our students to practice on."

The book took 12 years to write, the Childs meanwhile moving around Europe as Paul worked at U.S. consulates in Marseilles, Bonn and Oslo. They settled in Cambridge in 1961, the year that Paul retired from government service and Julia's book was published.

Now in its fifth printing, the book has already sold over 100,000 copies at $10 a copy. The critics thought it definitive.

Mrs. Child's premise is that French cooking is "neither so long, so rich nor so complicated" that it cannot be accomplished by anybody willing to take the necessary trouble. "It doesn't have to be fancy," she says, "but you have to care about what you buy; squeeze the tomatoes, shun the bottled salad dressing—that sort of thing."

Although she admits to a weakness for frozen Lima beans and canned beets, Mrs. Child otherwise orders fresh vegetables. She also cuts her own meat. Her breakfast consists of fruit and tea; her lunch of a cold dish and a salad. Even at dinner, the principal meal of the day, both she and Paul eat sparingly, fearful that if they once gave way to temptation, they both would gain 20 pounds.

Mrs. Child's introduction to television occurred within a year of her arrival in Cambridge. A friend at WGBH invited her to discuss her newly published book in an interview, but before she could do so, the station burned to the ground. Several months later, as a gesture of commiseration, in a makeshift studio in a warehouse, she offered to demonstrate the making of an omelet.

Remembering that first sight of Mrs. Child, Russell Morash, now the producer and director of *The French Chef*, said, "I thought to myself, Who is this madwoman cooking an omelet on a book-review program?" Exuberantly smashing eggs, gossiping about the merits of copper pans, Mrs. Child enthralled all those who saw her. She proved to be, in the words of her husband, "a natural clown." The station promptly engaged her for a series of 26 demonstration films and for each show she received a fee of about $50.

The filming takes place in a model kitchen on the second floor of a gas-and-electric company's plant. A mirror dangles from two chains in the ceiling above the stove, thus allowing the cameraman to photograph the food in the pots.

On one recent and typical rehearsal day, Mrs. Child arrived at the gas plant at nine A.M. She wore her customary costume: a khaki blouse, a blue denim apron and tattersall sneakers. Half an hour later the production crew appeared, lugging their lights and cameras up a fire escape on the rear of the building. Twenty minutes before the cameras rolled, Mrs. Child checked a list of ingredients and utensils with Ruth Lockwood, assistant producer of the show.

"Wooden spoon," said Mrs. Lockwood.

"Wooden spoon," repeated Mrs. Child.

"Parsley sprigs," said Mrs. Lockwood.

"Check," said Mrs. Child.

And so forth, through a list that included olive oil, macaroons, butcher knives, scallions, squares of wax paper, vermouth, cucumbers and 74 other items.

Mrs. Child and Mrs. Lockwood (who has gained 15 pounds since coming to the show) then rehearsed the entire program, blocking out stage movements and timing each part of the cooking process. If the lesson deals with a volatile substance (pastry, hollandaise sauce, etc.) they provide at least two sets of all the important ingredients to insure themselves against catastrophe. In the 68 shows that Mrs. Child has so far filmed, the cameras have stopped on only six occasions, the most spectacular of these being the times when a soufflé fell and when a kidney flambé failed to catch fire.

The morning after that rehearsal, Mrs. Child turned up at the studio once again for the actual filming of a show on lamb stew. "I'm Julia Child," she said into the camera, "and today we're going to prove that lamb stew can be French too." She began with a finished stew in the oven, a

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"Most of the food in this country is frightful," Mrs. Child declares. "It's because people don't care enough."

half-done stew simmering in a pot on the stove and the materials for a third stew arranged before her on cutting boards. The demonstration was distinguished by only one minor error. At the moment when Mrs. Child proudly picked up the stew and said with a flourish, "And now we put it in the refrigerator," Mrs. Lockwood flapped her hands excitedly. "Of course I don't mean the refrigerator," said Mrs. Child, unperturbed, "I mean we put it in the oven."

Her husband, watching from behind the cameras, smiled indulgently. Throughout the filming he busied himself with the mixing of beef extract and water in a wine bottle. Although Mrs. Child uses real wine for her cooking, the synthetic wine is placed on the table setting at the end of the program to save money. ("You don't have to use liquor," she once informed her audience, "but it'll taste more French if you do.")

Immediately after Mrs. Child finished her demonstration, the set filled with a crowd of hungry cameramen, secretaries, technicians, assistants and unidentified persons introducing themselves simply as "friends of WGBH." Morash walked in off the fire escape and peered into the pots on the stove. "The best lunch in town," he said, "certainly the best free lunch." While 18 people feasted on the day's lesson, Mrs. Child watched from a polite distance. "Most of the food in this country is frightful," she said. "It's because people don't care enough, just a matter of bad habits."

Living always in the hope of correcting those bad habits, Mrs. Child thinks of herself as a missionary instructing a noble but savage race in a civilized art. The result of her teaching first manifests itself in markets and hardware stores.

The morning after her show, grocers find themselves surrounded by women clamoring for whatever Mrs. Child discussed the night before. The requests vary from city to city, because the different stations broadcast her films on different schedules. Thus a lady in San Francisco could be demanding fish heads on the same morning that a lady in New York asks for chicken livers.

Mrs. Child's own butcher, Jack Savenor, offers similar evidence. He reports that after she cooked a goose on TV, he had a big run on geese. "I mean, how many geese do you think a guy could sell in a year?" he says. "Maybe six, maybe seven. But the week after she works on the goose, I sell sixty-five."

Mrs. Child's photograph, clipped from a newspaper, decorates Savenor's meat scale. And he takes great pride in her patronage. "She does such justice to the meat," he says. "She gives us honor; she gives us profit." THE END

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AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND FLIPPED, THEIR NATIVE LIVERPOOL RIOTED; NOW THE U.S. BRACES FOR:

THE RETURN OF THE BEATLES

By ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ
Photographs by
JOHN LAUNOIS

In their new movie the Beatles enact a typical triumphal welcome. John and Paul stand behind Ringo and George.

When the Beatles stepped from the plane, 1,500 people shrieked a welcome from the roof of Liverpool Airport. This was only the vanguard of the 150,000 who lined the 10-mile route to the town hall. On the drive to the city the Beatles had an eight-motorcycle escort. The mobs kept breaking through the police lines to claw at their car, while the police motorcycles raced down both gutters, making spectators jump hotfootedly back onto the curbs. Along the way the motorcycle police heard radio reports that there was rioting at town hall.

The Beatles—Ringo Starr, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison—were home. They were back in Liverpool for the opening of their first movie, *A Hard Day's Night*.

At the Liverpool town hall the first of the 400 persons hurt that day were being carried on stretchers from the crowds surging and screaming behind the barricades. The Beatles were rushed into the office of the Lord Mayor, a small moustached man named Louis Caplan. He was wearing white tie and tails and something called the Lord Mayor's evening jewel, a cameo which hung from his neck by a blue ribbon and was decorated by the Liverpool coat of arms surrounded by diamonds, emeralds and rubies. The first thing that John did was to press his nose against the jewel. "All right," said the Lord Mayor as he waved an envelope bearing a British Columbia postmark. "Now, John. Which one of you is John? There's a letter here for you from Victoria."

"Queen Victoria?" asked John.

"All right," said the Lord Mayor, "now Ringo. Which one of you is Ringo? They've got a desk, and they've identified it as Ringo's desk at your old school. . . ."

In the town-hall plaza some 20,000 people were screaming for the Beatles. The Lord Mayor, up for reelection next year, announced he was taking the Beatles to the town-hall ballroom. As he led them up the grand staircase, a police band, concealed below, broke into a Beatle hit, *You Can't Buy Me Love*. Ringo danced all the way upstairs. In the second-floor ballroom a noisy crowd of 700 invited guests joined with 400 uninvited guests in storming a long, linen-covered table laden with canapés, cakes and whiskey. When the Beatles entered, accompanied by a single constable, the mob changed direction and attacked them. The Beatles

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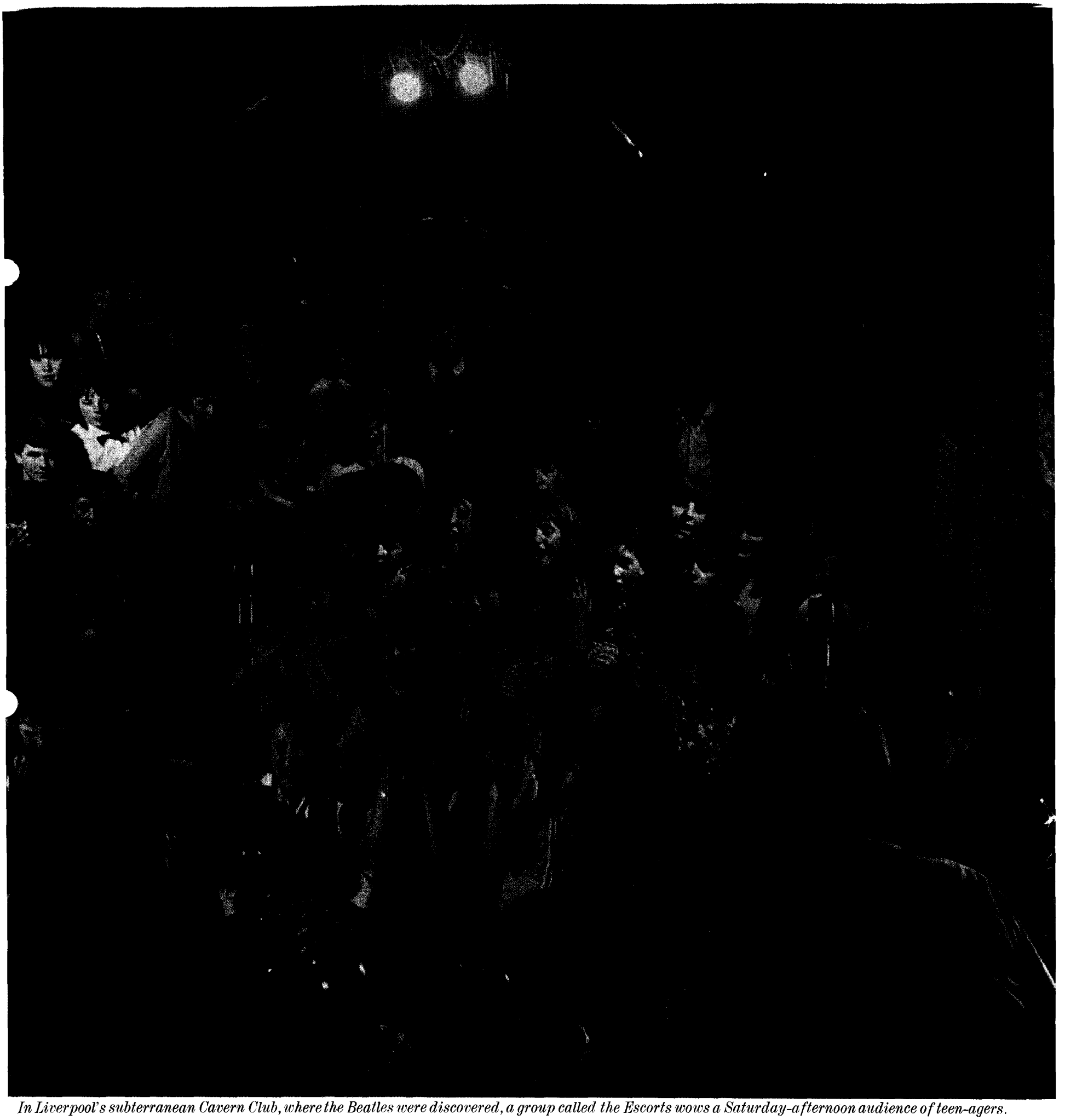

In Liverpool's subterranean Cavern Club, where the Beatles were discovered, a group called the Escorts wows a Saturday-afternoon audience of teen-agers.

were crushed against the table by the stampede of well-wishers. While they stood there gasping, officials on the other side of the table showed them a giant cake decorated with a map of the world and the routes they had taken over it outlined in red. They were finally rescued by the constable and one of their road managers, who had his watch lifted in the struggle.

From the town hall the Beatles drove through another cheering mob of 20,000 to the Odeon Theater for the local premiere of their film. On the stage of the theater a telegram of congratulations from Prince Philip was read. Offstage, Lord Derby placed a request from Queen Elizabeth for six autographed souvenir programs.

Then the Beatles rode back to the airport. It was dark and it was raining, but scattered clumps of people on street corners shouted greetings. At the airport the Beatles were ushered into an executive's office where officials served Scotch and sandwiches wrapped in cellophane.

"I wouldn't eat those sandwiches," said John. "I used to wrap them. I used to work here at the airport, and I used to spit in them and wipe them in dirt."

The Lord Mayor was there to say good-bye to the boys. He also had a sheaf of papers to be autographed.

"Here," he told Paul, "you'd better sign this."

"Yes, Your Worship," said Paul, "I'd better sign this." Then Paul turned to John. "John," he said, "you'd better sign this for His Worship." The Lord Mayor produced another sheaf of papers. "Here," he said to Paul. "You'd better sign this too." "Yes, Your Worship, Your Holiness," said Paul. "I'll sign it right away." John, meanwhile, was fondling the Lord Mayor's evening jewel. "Looie," he told the Lord Mayor. "I saw people in that crowd today without any teeth. When are you going to get them teeth?"

There were about 1,000 people standing in the rain on the observation roof when the Beatles boarded the plane back to London.

It was a frantic day, but wholly typical. Since their visit to America last February, the Beatles have lived at jet speed. They visited the South Seas and the West

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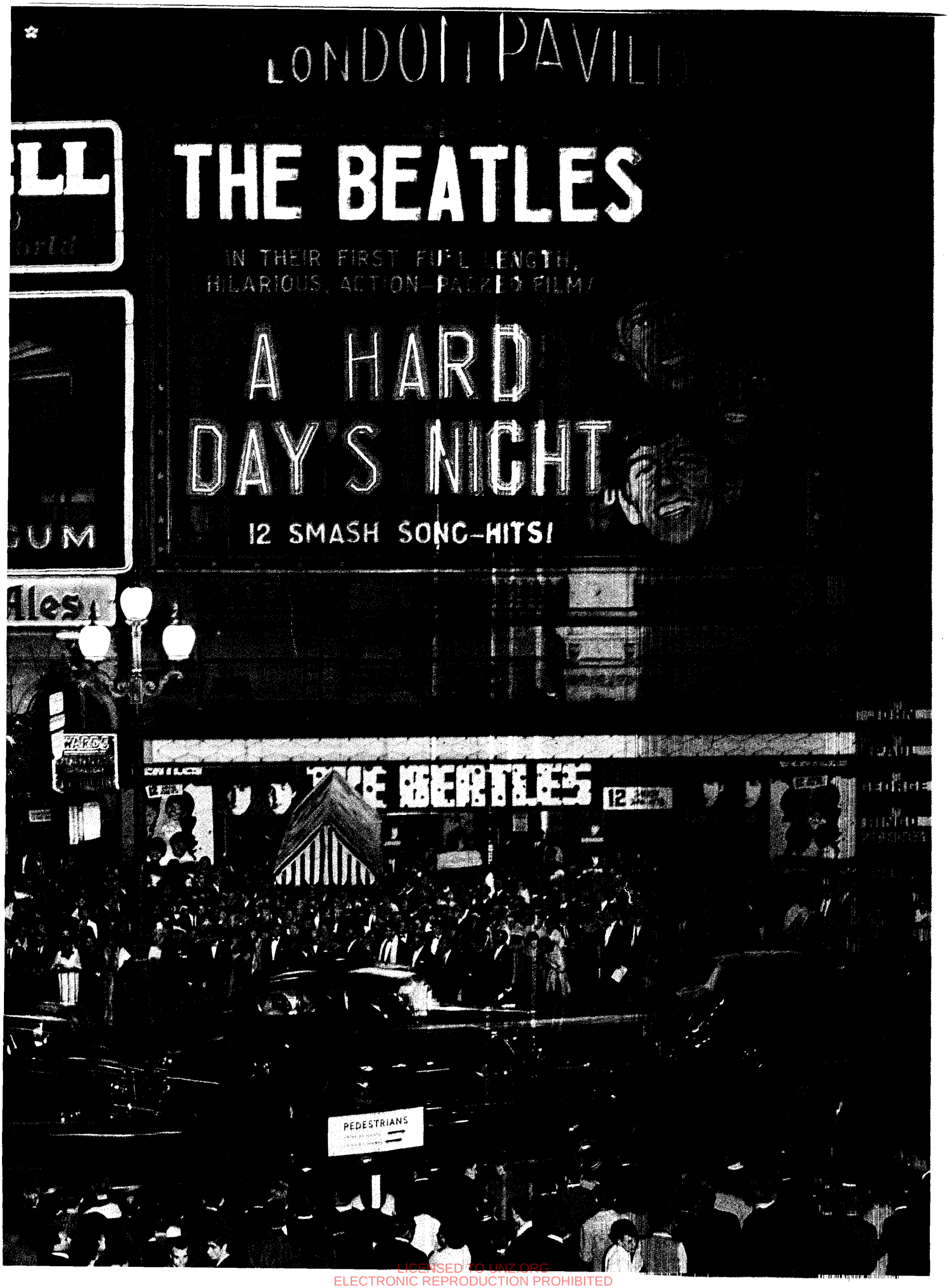

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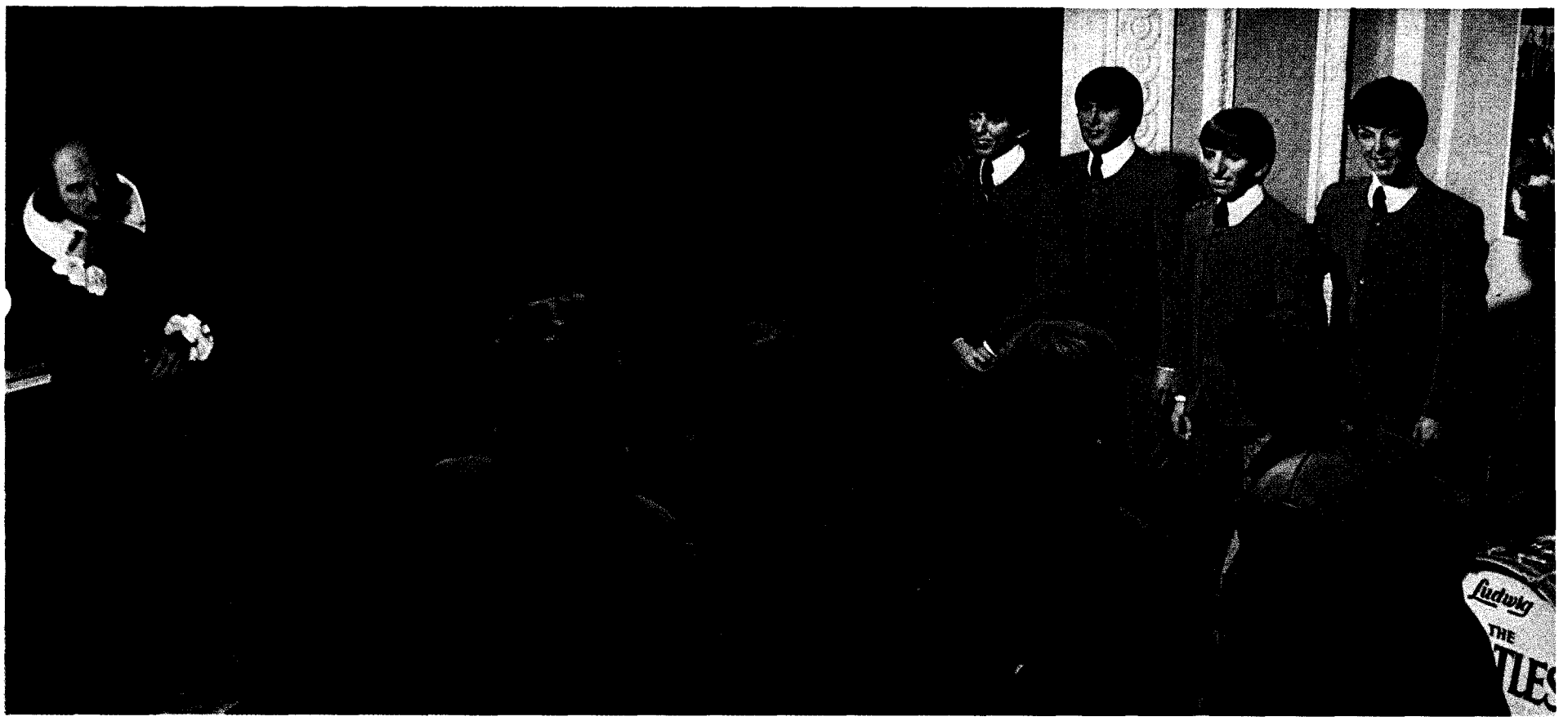

Statue of Shakespeare looks incredulous as mophead fans gather to view the figures of the Beatles at Madame Tussaud's London wax museum.

ONE OF THE FAVORITE PASTIMES OF LIVERPUDLIANS IS BRAWLING.

Beatles' Return

Indies where, the British press reported with gleeful cattiness, Beatles Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr were accompanied by Paul's 18-year-old girl friend, actress Jane Asher, and Ringo's 17-year-old secretary-to-be, hairdresser Maureen Cox. The Beatles also completed *A Hard Day's Night*, a low-budget movie which Brian Epstein, the Beatles' 29-year-old manager, blithely predicted would earn the largest profit in film history. They toured New Zealand and Australia, where as many as 300,000 people not only howled greetings but sometimes trampled one another underfoot. In Australia the Beatles left behind an estimated 1,000 casualties. One girl burst a blood vessel in her throat from screaming. About a dozen fans were kicked by police horses. Another girl suffered carbon-monoxide poisoning when she was knocked down near the exhaust pipe of an automobile hemmed in by the mob. When she tried to get up, she was pinned there by several other girls, who had climbed on her back to get a view of the Beatles.

In early July the Beatles were back in London for the royal premiere of their movie. Princess Margaret and her husband, Lord Snowden, attended along with all the rest of the British aristocracy who wanted to be seen with the royal couple. It was the social event of the season, and scalpers charged as much as $150 a seat. On August 19 the Beatles will storm the U.S. for the second time, beginning a five-week tour of 25 cities.

Amazingly, it has been little more than a year since the last zippered leather boot of the Beatles climbed the winding dungeon steps out of Liverpool's Cavern Club, leaving behind the distinctive local delirium which they created and which created them.

Throngs await Princess Margaret at the royal premiere of the Beatles' first movie.

A city of 750,000 persons, Liverpool has played a disproportionately large role in the musical life of Britain since the emergence of the Beatles. It is a gray city, its stone houses mirroring the almost constantly overcast skies. Its people are small, tough and wiry, attenuated by the spare diets and frequent malnutrition that result from the meager factory wages in northern England. It has one of the highest unemployment rates in England, a fact that helps account for the feeling among Liverpudlians that they aren't a part of England at all.

There was a time when Liverpool, a seaport on the slimy mouth of the Mersey River, even issued its own money. There are still iron rings on the docks where slaves were chained before shipment to the colonies, in open defiance of the crown. The big colonnaded stone mansions on Upper Parliament Street and Gambia Terrace were built by profits from the slave trade. But, as John Lennon remarks, "It's the coloreds who won out in the end, isn't it? Now it's them that live on Upper Parliament Street."

The mansions have been broken down into the tiny flats of Liverpool's Harlem, and Lennon himself used to live in one of them on Gambia Terrace when he was a student at the Liverpool Art Institute across the street. His friends still talk about the winter he chopped up the furniture to heat the flat, and about the time a London newspaper sent a photographer to take pictures of it for an article on England's beat generation. Lennon threw the photographer out.

To British intellectuals the Beatles are carrying the banner of the British beat generation, and their success represents a breakthrough for the social rebellion the Beatles represent. Perhaps they're right. Since the advent of the Beatles, rock 'n' roll music has begun to overturn the caste system in other English cities. Hardly a day goes by without a front-page story about some group's exploits. The BBC has been forced to increase its pop-music programming, and youngsters wait eagerly each week for the latest pop-record charts. Whoever has the No. 1 record also has at least seven days of acclaim as a national hero.

It could only have started in Liverpool, where the football fans are barred from British railways because of a Liverpudlian tendency to rip seats apart in celebration of either victory or defeat.

Lately it has been victory. Liverpool, the slum of England, has the championship football team of the United Kingdom. It also boasts Harold Wilson, the probable next prime minister; Miss Brenda Blackler, Miss England of 1964; and, of course, the Beatles.

The rot has set in

Thanks to them, one out of every 15 Liverpudlians between the ages of 15 and 24 now belongs to a rock 'n' roll group. Some of them work for as little as five dollars a night, some for nothing, but most don't work at all. There are in Liverpool some 350 music groups, among them such units as the Hideaways, the Swinging Blue Jeans and the Mersey Monsters. The Monsters perform in costumes dreamed up in some nightmare; they wear faces that look like rubber Halloween masks. According to some local music critics they sound as horrible as they look. There are also the Blackwells, who wear their hair down to their shoulders and bleach it, and the Undertakers, who perform in top hats and frock coats and ride to their performances on motor scooters. The best of the Liverpool groups rarely play the Cavern or the Iron Door or the Mardi Gras or the Peppermint Lounge or any of Liverpool's other two dozen beat-music clubs anymore. "The rot has set in," says William Harry, 26-year-old editor of the *Mersey Beat*, a weekly newspaper for beat musicians and their followers. "Success has turned the scene rotten. It has sapped the energy and made a happy scene a rat race."

But the scene is still a lively one at the Cavern Club. At the bottom of the steps, in a vaulted subterranean caldron, the same human stew that was once stirred by the Beatles now bubbles to the heated, thumping beat of lesser chefs.

Onstage in place of the Beatles there now are such unknown performers as Earl Preston and his Realms or the Red Caps or even an American import such as Inez Foxx. Nevertheless the broth continues to simmer with an official capacity of 750 churning bodies and perhaps an unofficial 250 or more. Appropriately enough, the Cavern Club used to be a vegetable warehouse.

The Cavern Club isn't a place for sissies. One of the favorite pastimes of Liverpudlians is brawling. On one recent night a group of youths somehow managed to find room in the crush to start a fight. Immediately another platoon of youths rushed to a cache of empty pop bottles and grabbed them, one by one, like soldiers taking rifles off a waiting stack. An instant later there was the murderous splash of breaking glass on the walls of the room. But the fight didn't last long. The Cavern Club bouncers leaped into the center of the brawl within seconds and emerged dragging two boys by their arms across the floor and then up the stairs, bouncing them along on the stone steps as if they were rubber balls. Through it all, the group

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WHILE THE BAND PLAYED, JOHN SANG "GOD S-A-A-A-VE THE CREAM."

Beatles' Return

onstage—two guitarists, a drummer and a singer—never missed a beat, and couples continued necking busily on the wall benches under cover of the thick, hot, wet, nicotine fog. Overhead bare red light bulbs burned dimly like dying embers. The boys, with hair brushed neatly, sometimes to their shoulders, were distinguishable from the girls only by their trousers, stiletto-thin in the style of the Beatles. Most of the girls wore three-quarter-length black-leather coats and had long, straight hair. On the floor the club's inhabitants twitched through wild, nameless dances, their bodies controllet like puppets by the guitar strings. They danced in twos, threes, fours and singly. The steam of cigarettes and heat covered everything. It crept up the stairway and billowed through the narrow, unadvertised Cavern Club door into Mathew Street, turning into white clouds in the cool air outside. More than once fire engines had to rush to Mathew Street when passersby, noticing the smoke, thought the Cavern was burning.

Taxicab drivers refuse to enter Mathew Street, a canyoned gantlet of broken glass, miniature vans parked helter-skelter, and gangs of 15-year-olds with collarless jackets, no ties and no restraint on their Liverpool language, known as "Scouse." On one night this summer in Mathew Street one of the gangs was hurling words and kicks against a tiny car, while the occupants, a group of musicians who had just finished playing the Cavern, shouted back through closed windows. When the car finally drove off, the gang surrounded a tourist and asked for cigarettes, while one gang member elegantly cleaned his nails with an open penknife. "The Beatles," one of them said in the upward tilt of the Scouse dialect that makes every sentence sound like an unasked question. "Ahhh, the Beatles are finished in Liverpool. It's the Rolling Stones you want to hear."

"Except," says 34-year-old Alan Williams, the short but ready-fisted owner of Liverpool's nightclub, the Blue Angel, "the Beatles don't belong to Liverpool anymore, they belong to the world. You know, I used to be manager of the Beatles. It was all done on a handshake. One bloody nasty paper said I now cry myself to sleep. That's ridiculous. I couldn't have done what their present manager, Brian Epstein, did for them."

What Epstein has done for them was demonstrated graphically at the London premiere of the Beatles' new movie which took place only a couple of nights before the hoopla in their hometown. There were 12,000 people in Piccadilly Circus. The Beatles' giant faces smiled down nuttily at the originals from the façade of London's Pavilion Theater. Two hundred policemen held the crowd back while the girls chanted "Beatles! Beatles! Beatles!" Several fights broke out. The crowd also sang *Happy Birthday* to Ringo, who was celebrating his 24th the next day. When the Beatles arrived, there was an immense throaty roar. Afterward the theater manager rolled out a newly cleaned red carpet for Princess Margaret. She walked in, tiny and smiling, with her husband, Lord Snowden, trailing behind. The theater was worn and smoky. A detachment of trumpeters blew a tinny fanfare from the stage, and the metropolitan police band played *God Save the Queen*. Then the theater darkened, and a short preliminary film colored the screen. It was a travelogue of New Zealand, and the Beatles snickered knowingly. "New Zealand," John said afterward, "is a drag." After that the Beatles were introduced and *A Hard Day's Night* flickered on screen. Later on, when they were presented to the princess, she asked Paul what he thought of the film. "I don't think we are very good, Ma'am," Paul answered, "but we had a very good producer."

There was a party afterward in the Dorchester Hotel, and the princess came. So did Brian Jones and Keith Richards, two members of the popular new quintet called the Rolling Stones. The party was formal, with gowns and black ties, but Jones and Richards were wearing turtleneck shirts. "Isn't this the greatest party crash of all time?" said Jones. The Rolling Stones' latest record, *It's All Over Now*, had just hit the top of the British pop-record charts, and the Beatles came over to congratulate them with glasses of champagne. A society orchestra was trying to play rock 'n' roll, but not even the dancers were listening to its eviscerated beat. An elderly woman came up to John and said, "You're simply darling."

"Can't say the same for you, Luv," John replied. Later, as the party broke up, he told her, "Good night, Mrs. Haitch. We'll dance again some Somerset Maugham." Meanwhile a crowd of begowned autograph hunters were besieging the Rolling Stones. Brian Jones was still signing his name when the orchestra began playing *God Save the Queen*. "Stop it," a diamond-necklaced woman at his table commanded sternly. He kept on signing. "Stop it!" she commanded again, this time with the fury of the empire in her voice. Jones stopped signing and picked up a woman's scarf which was lying on the table in front of him. Slowly, to the solemn tones of the music, he wrapped it around his neck. When the orchestra came to the final verse, an off-key voice at the front of the ballroom shrieked out the word "save" from *God Save the Queen*. It was John Lennon, and what he actually had sung was, "God s-a-a-a-ve the cream."

After the party John, Paul and Ringo went to the Ad Lib, an after-hours club. Paul left early. Ringo was the next to go. "I stayed up till the papers came out so I could read the reviews," Ringo said later. "I got all the papers at four in the morning, drunk out of my mind trying to read them. But I couldn't focus."

What the papers were saying was that Ringo Starr was a movie star as well as a drummer. Not one of the normally dyspeptic London critics could belch up an unkind word about the film. ANOTHER BEATLE SUCCESS was the headline in the conservative *Daily Telegraph*. "Ringo," wrote the *Observer*, "emerges as a born actor." And the *Daily Mail* compared the Beatles with the Marx Brothers. Oblivious to the praise, John continued drinking Scotch and Coke at the Ad Lib Club. His hand gripped his glass as if he were trying to crush it. His eyes seemed hard, sharp and unsmiling. His upper lip sometimes curled as he talked, displaying hard white teeth. "I love you," he told Brian Jones and Keith Richards of the Rolling Stones. "I loved you the first time I heard you. But there's something wrong with you, isn't there? There's one of you in the group that isn't as good as the others. Find out who he is and get rid of 'im."

For a while they argued about music. The Rolling Stones, who come from London, play American Negro rhythm-and-blues. The Beatles, they said, were playing white commercial rock 'n' roll. For another while they argued about hair styles. "Your hair makes it," John told Brian Jones. "Your hair makes it," he said to Keith Richards. "But Mick Jagger," he said, referring to another Rolling Stone, "you know as well as I do that his hair doesn't make it."

"It's harder for us than it was for you," said Brian Jones, "because we have to contend with you and America. You only had to contend with America."

"Ahhh," said John, "in another year I'll have me money and I'll be out of it."

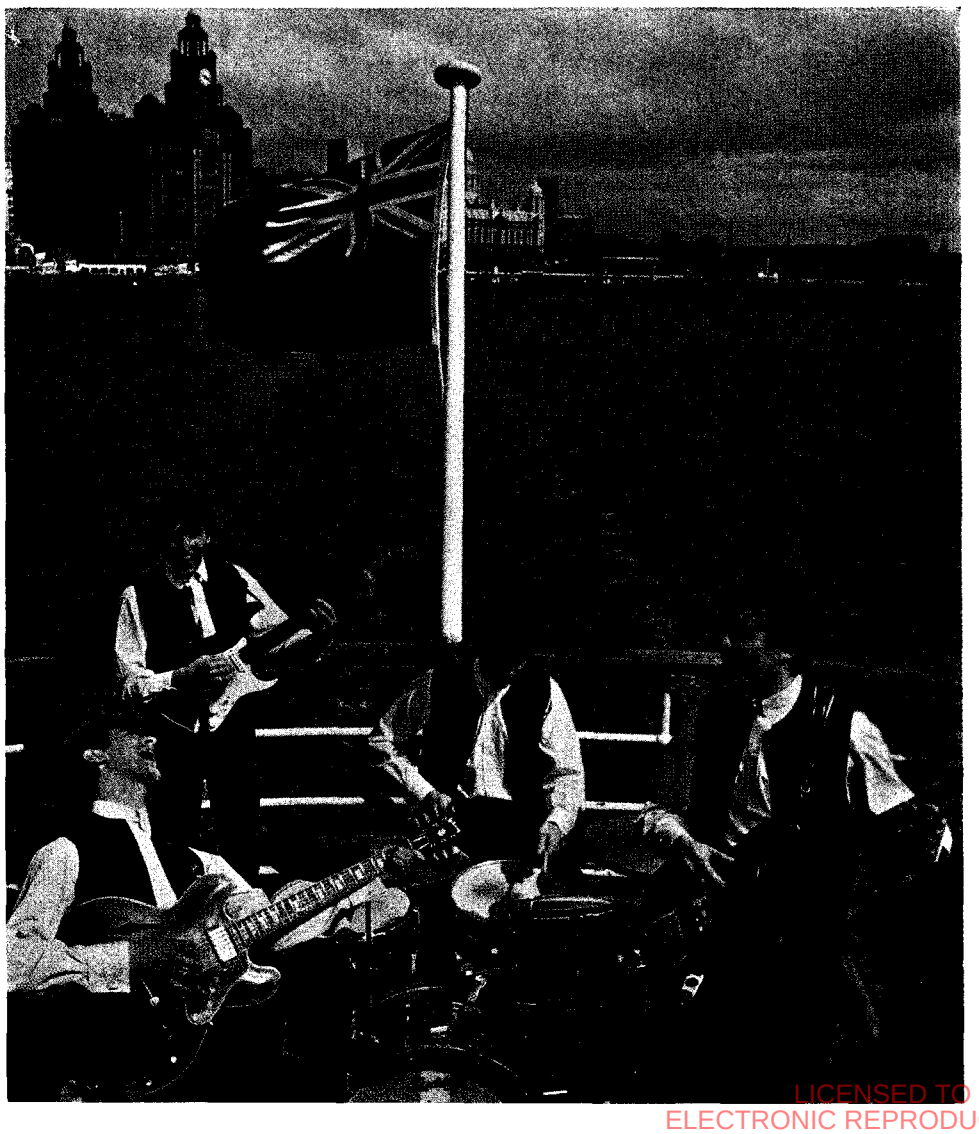
"In another year," said Brian Jones, "we'll be there."

John took a drag on his cigarette. "Yeah," he said, "but what's there?"

What *is* there? The question bothers Paul, too. "Have there been any changes

The trademark gimmick of the Blackwells is the Beatle hairdo—dyed platinum blond.

Swinging Blue Jeans—soon to play U.S.—perform on ferry across Mersey River.



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Piling on greasepaint, the Mersey Monsters transform themselves into apparitions out of old horror movies in the belief that this attracts male as well as female admirers.

The Undertakers base their fetching image on their costume—reminiscent of old-time American morticians' rig—and the practice of traveling to engagements on motor bikes.

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"IT'S AS IF THEY HAD FOUNDED A NEW RELIGION."

Beatles' Return

in us?" says Paul. "The main thing is the cash. Isn't it? The cash is the big change. And the cash changes you. But it can't change you really inside, because to go bigheaded, you got to be bigheaded anyway—I think." For his father's 62nd birthday, five days before, he had bought a racehorse named Drake's Drum. It had cost $4,500, and on its first time out, it had run second in a photo finish, paying six-to-one. "We think, obviously, that we've got something, because we'd be idiots if we didn't. The danger is in narrow-minded people, soft people, who will say, 'Ah, it's gone to their heads and they're bigheaded.' But I think we've always had some kind of faith in ourselves—which you need to do anything in show business.

"You know," he says, "we're all more confident in ourselves now than we were. Ringo especially. He was always more of an introvert than he is now. Like that thing about us telling him he'd be nowhere without the rest of us. To anybody writing or printing it, we're the biggest gang of conceited swellheads going. You know, people used to have the idea, and one or two still do, that we pick on Ringo. But it's because of this that we do pick on him privately as a joke, because it *is* so ridiculous."

The Beatles wonder about themselves and draw no answers. "It's incredible, absolutely incredible," says Derek Taylor, the Beatles' press officer. "Here are these four boys from Liverpool. They're rude, they're profane, they're vulgar, and they've taken over the world. It's as if they'd founded a new religion. They're completely anti-Christ. I mean, I'm anti-Christ as well, but they're so anti-Christ they shock me, which isn't an easy thing. But I'm obsessed with them. Isn't everybody? I'm obsessed with their honesty. And the people who like them most are the people who should be outraged most. In Australia, for example, each time we'd arrive at an airport, it was as if de Gaulle had landed, or better yet, the Messiah. The routes were lined solid, cripples threw away their sticks, sick people rushed up to the car as if a touch from one of the boys would make them well again, old women stood watching with their grandchildren, and as we'd pass by, I could see the look on their faces.

"It was as if some savior had arrived and all these people were happy and relieved, as if things somehow were going to be better now."

Taylor paused and stuck a cigarette in his mouth. "The only thing left for the Beatles," he said, "is to go on a healing tour." THE END

Hopeful groups like the Hideaways (lower left) keep lights on late in Liverpool.

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At Marsh Harbour yard, grass grows tall in a jeep that Herman Axel acquired for Star Flite in Japan.

By Trevor Armbrister

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LYNN PELHAM

ODD SAGA OF THE BIG BAHAMAS SPENDERS

Throwing parties and losing millions, the disorganization men of Star Flite Ltd. have left a trail of mystery and junk.

The one-legged taxi driver, a yachting cap perched at a rakish angle over his weather-beaten face, hobbled slowly down the road that led into the shipyard. In the scrub to his right lay five battered jeeps. Weeds sprouted up through gaping holes in their floorboards. Nearby stood a dilapidated Army bus, a rock crusher and half a dozen yellow U.S. Air Force jet-engine starters.

Shuffling by the side of a warehouse—past a cluster of rusty barrels and a stack of pallets heaped with anchors, basins and cast-iron urinals—he stopped and steadied himself on one crutch. Leaning over a pile of splintered packing crates, he picked up a wooden slat. A legend stenciled on its side read SMALL-ARMS AMMUNITION. "I used to work for these fellows," he said. "Here in the shipyard. Then I quit. There was something suspicious going on. I don't suppose we'll ever know for sure what it was all about."

The slat and the mountain of junk that surrounds it, in the Marsh Harbour Shipyard on Abaco Island in the Bahamas, is one of the few remaining clues to a riddle that has puzzled not only former yard employees but also government officials in the U.S. and the Bahamas. The riddle centers on the bizarre activities of a firm called Star Flite Ltd. In less than two years this curious company lost millions of dollars, inspired wild rumors involving narcotics traffic and trade with Cuba, prompted several formal investigations and provided employment for squadrons of attorneys who are even now—a year after the firm's collapse—trying to figure out what happened.

The probers can be pardoned if they fail to uncover a logical purpose behind the Star Flite operation. The company seemed almost to be trying to lose money. To say that it ignored the tenets of sound business practice would be to belabor the obvious—except that nothing about Star Flite is at all obvious.

Was it a smuggling operation to supply Fidel Castro with machine parts? All available evidence indicates it was not. Smugglers seldom go out of their way to call attention to themselves, and Star Flite's principals outdid themselves in cutting flamboyant paths across the Caribbean. Then, too, as a former employee points out, "By name, the equipment they purchased was fantastically impressive. But most of it was actually junk. Castro would have had no use for it."

Was it a complicated swindle? Again, the evidence indicates otherwise. The alleged victim seems to have known about—and sometimes even ordered—the undertakings that depleted his fortune. And the scheme's chief promoter, who says *he* lost $150,000 in the operation, seems to have been less interested in stowing away cash than in establishing a reputation as a swashbuckling, subtropical Santa Claus.

In retrospect it is more likely that Star Flite Ltd. was merely a classic exercise in fiscal irresponsibility. As such, it had few equals.

The architect of this exercise was a millionaire

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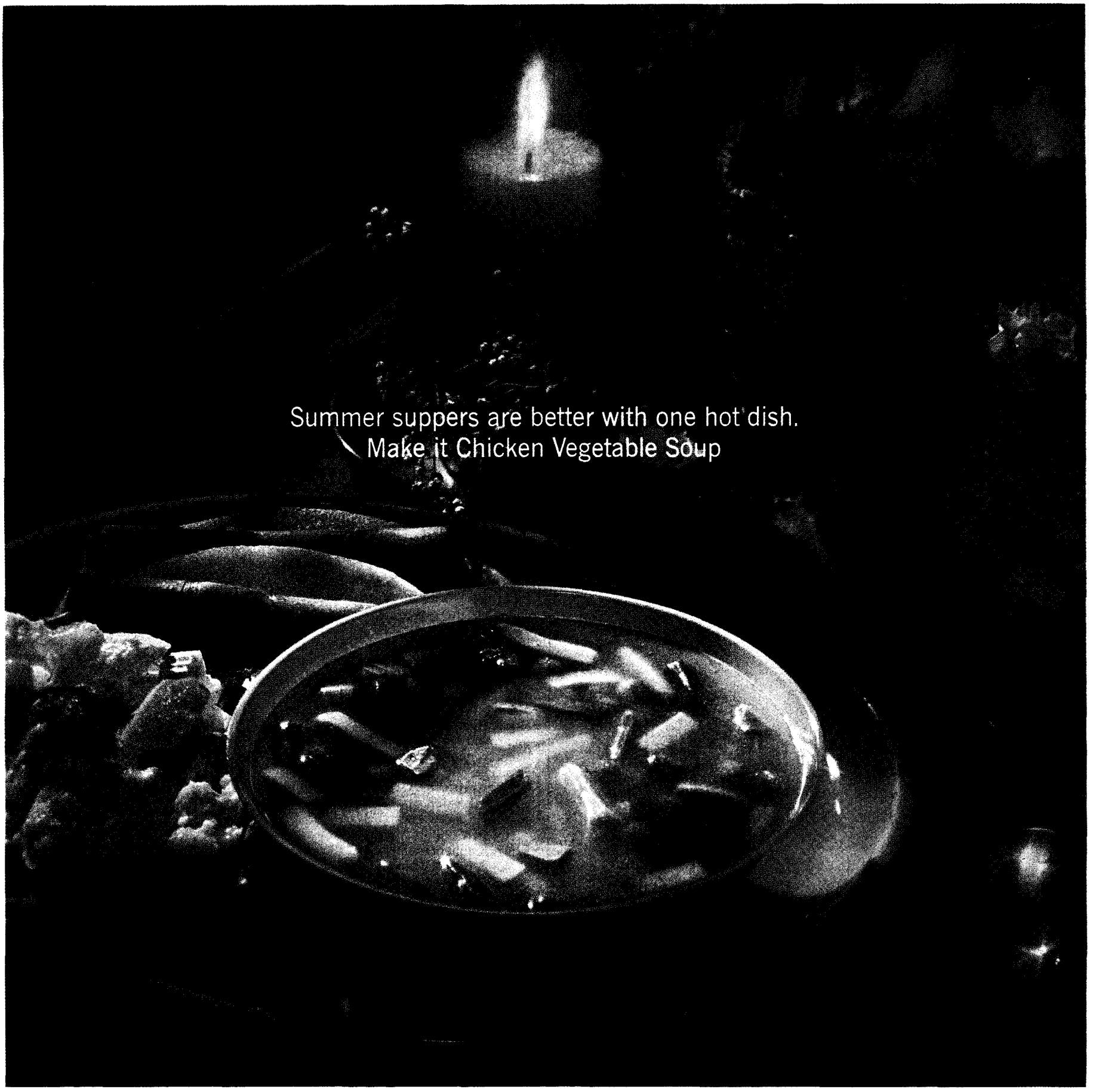

They always eat better when you remember the soup

You know how one hot dish adds to the appeal of a meal. And in summer, soup is ideal. Adds extra nourishment along with the extra liquids your family should have.

Take Campbell's Chicken Vegetable Soup . . . tender chicken, enriched egg noodles, vegetables and delicious chicken broth. What an easy way to make any meal better!

Reach for the *Campbell's* it's right on your shelf

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Have hay fever? We can help you.

Here's what a Contac® capsule does: it dries your nose and turns off your tears. It stops your eyes from itching. And you don't sneeze.

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Each capsule contains:
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1 CAPSULE EVERY 12 HOURS
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"Jack is a Falstaff," says friend Burl Ives. "He is court jester. But he is also king."

Saga of Star Flite

named George Stanley Rasmussen. Son of the founder of the National Tea Co., from whom he inherited a sizable sum, Rasmussen is a balding, bespectacled, soft-spoken man who maintains homes in Sugar Hill, N.H., and Palm Beach, Fla. A graduate of Yale (class of 1933), a teetotaler and philanthropist, he is an accomplished golfer, hunter and equestrian. Friends say his other interests include bird-watching, child psychology and crossword puzzles.

Before founding Star Flite and becoming its president in October, 1960, Rasmussen apparently had never had any experience in business. His plunge into commerce at the age of 51 prompted some speculation. Much of it revolved around his right-hand man and principal business "adviser," an immense (290 pounds), keg-shaped, 46-year-old ship captain named Jack Smith.

A bluff, cherub-faced, hard-drinking man, who almost always wears a sport shirt, shorts and moccasins ("When you see me in a tie, you know I'm with someone important"), Smith embellishes conversations with imaginary feats and punctuates his more startling statements by snapping, "Are you ready for that?"

"Jack is a real Shakespearean character, a Falstaff," says his longtime friend and drinking companion, Burl Ives. "I've never met anyone who could match him for wit or enthusiasm. Not even Bob Hope. He always has this little group set up around him. Yet his entourage is different from most. He is court jester. He is also king." A U.S. official in the Bahamas adds, less reverently, "His stories *are* incredible. It's difficult to say whether he is striving to confuse or merely to impress."

Nowhere is Smith more confusing than in his account of his life before 1960. Born in New York ("I wasn't born; I was found underneath a rock"), he ran away from home at 16 and tried without success to join the Mexican Army. He returned to New York and got a job washing windows on the Empire State Building. It was either just before or just after this, he says, that he flew to Denmark to have his sex changed. "Are you ready for that?"

In the mid '30's, Smith maintains, he went to the University of Detroit, which has no record of his attendance, and later played football for the Detroit Lions, who don't recall him either. Just before World War II he got a job as an "expediter" for New York's Poirier & McLane Construction Corp. In this position, he says, he helped divert the waters of Niagara Falls from the Canadian to the American side—an engineering triumph that the world has yet to discover.

In 1954 Smith traveled to the Bahamas where for the next four years he filled an odd assortment of jobs. On one cay he built an ice plant; on another, an expensive home for a wealthy American (who later found Smith was using much of his money to dispense food, medicine and other largess to natives of the cay.) Eventually Smith got a job as chef and then as captain on Rasmussen's yacht, the *Asteroid*. Quickly gaining his employer's confidence, he encouraged Rasmussen to found Star Flite Ltd. His own experience as a promoter, he assured his boss, would make the firm a dazzling success.

In April, 1961, Rasmussen purchased the Marsh Harbour Shipyard—a small yard which had been used mainly to repair pleasure craft. Star Flite's purpose, he said at the time, was simply to revamp the shipyard and manufacture small boats. Later there would be talk of starting an airline, chartering cargo ships, winning Navy contracts and selling heavy equipment to Latin-American nations.

Throughout the spring and summer of 1961 Rasmussen and Smith purchased supplies for their shipyard. In Wisconsin they bought a mammoth travel lift, capable of hauling 80-ton vessels out of the water for repairs. In Ohio they purchased an acetylene plant. In Florida they ordered carloads of steel.

More staff help was needed. At Smith's instigation, the company took on an executive named Herman Axel, a 42-year-old man with considerable experience in the surplus business, where he was known to some as "The Shiv." Guaranteed a commission of seven and a half percent of the cost of everything he acquired for Rasmussen, Axel plunged into his job with glee. Within a short time he managed to acquire 10,000 breadpans from military ovens and 200 broken gas masks. "Everyone figured they was savin' those gas masks for Halloween," explains a former Star Flite employee.

In December, 1961, Rasmussen, Smith and Axel traveled to Charleston, S.C., for a sale of surplus Navy equipment. The sale was enormous, and Rasmussen, who spent a great deal on barges, engines, cranes and machine tools, seemed to enjoy himself. Soon he found that similar sales were being held across the country. Not wishing to miss an opportunity, he asked Smith in early 1962 to attend a series of auctions on the West Coast.

The Navy conducted some of its surplus sales on closed-circuit television, so that a man in San Francisco might compete against a buyer in Seattle for equipment being shown in San Diego. Even in such impersonal surroundings Smith made a powerful impression.

Distrustful of banks, he habitually carried huge amounts of cash in brown paper bags. This tactic has certain liabilities ("Money is a bore and a burden, especially if it's in a paper bag, and you're in a bar drinking"), so he was forced to try to dispose of it quickly. In this he was eminently successful.

At one sale in a San Francisco hotel he had purchased tons of equipment when the auctioneer called a recess. "So you're the fellow who's buying everything," giggled a blonde at the bar. "How are you going to get it all home?" Suddenly Smith realized that he hadn't thought about that. But the Navy came to his rescue. The auctioneer called for bids on a 187-foot cargo ship. Smith bid $51,000—and won. "I almost flipped," he recalls. "I got Rasmussen on the phone and told him we had solved our problems. He said, 'Grand—buy another ship and load her up too.'"

Then Smith went to San Diego for a series of sales. At one he bought 110 of 360 items offered; at another he took the whole lot. When it was all over, he could

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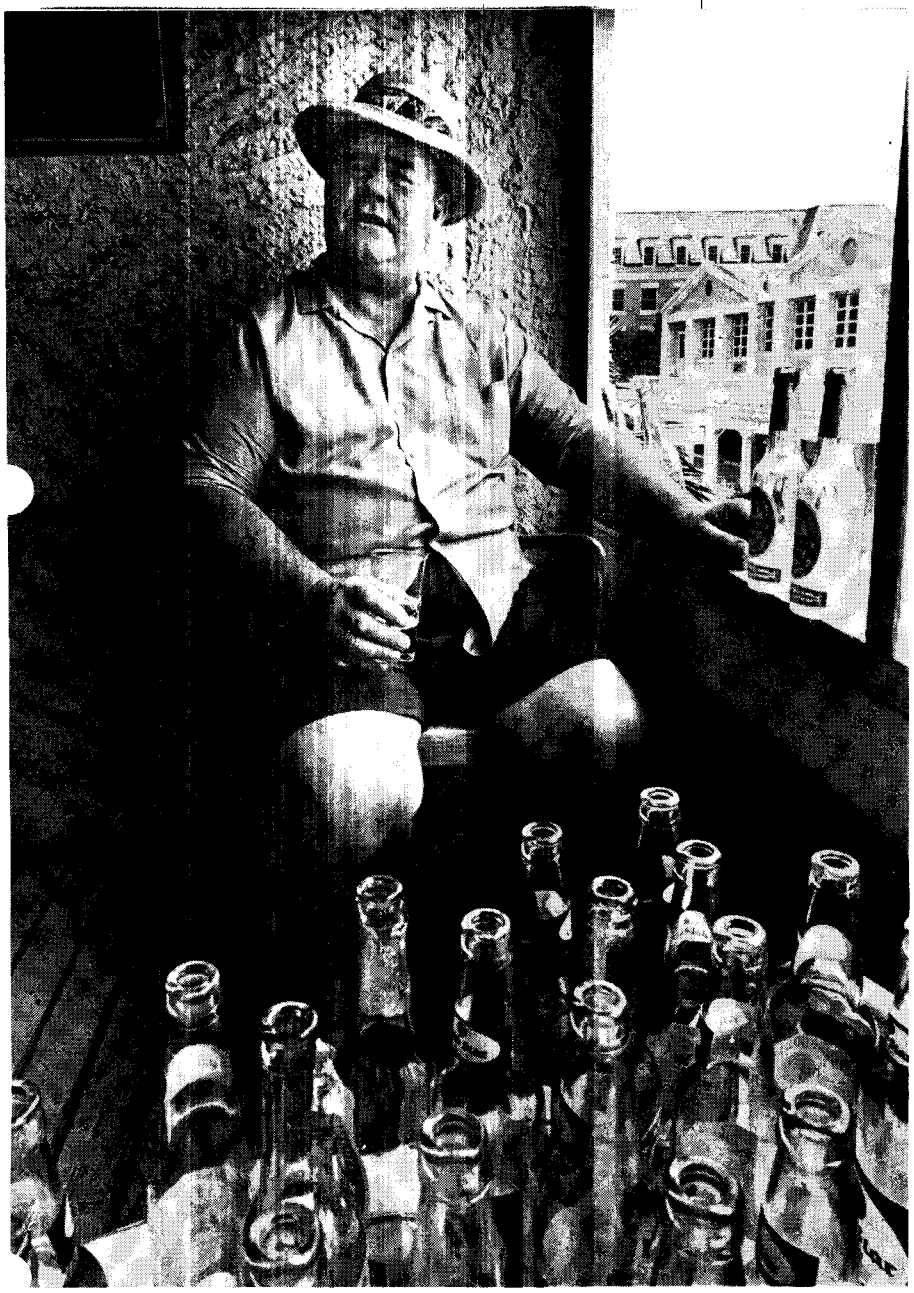

Refreshments at hand, "Captain Jack" contemplates business future at Nassau hotel.

tell Rasmussen that he owned two cargo ships, two landing craft, one tanker, 6,503 anchors, 223 diesel engines, 71 propellers, two boilers from World War I destroyers and 26 crates of cast-iron urinals. "stand-up type for men."

"They were spending money like it was going out of style," recalls Palm Beach port director Joel Wilcox. "I remember one shipment that came in from California. There was a scale with a broken neck, 12 broken truck generators and a box of burned-out radio tubes. It was absolutely senseless, yet they always said they had a use for everything."

Rasmussen's addiction to surplus seemed complete. He sometimes missed the thrill of bidding in person, but he would send for catalogues, check their contents and issue orders to Axel or Smith. On one occasion he decided the shipyard needed four toilets. He found an item in a sales brochure and placed his bid through Axel. Unfortunately he neglected to note that the item occupied several pages in the catalogue. He was surprised to learn that he had purchased some 600 toilets in a warehouse at Ogden, Utah. "That was more toilets than we could use in a lifetime," Axel volunteers.

By March, 1962, Star Flite had made a sizable dent in the available stock of U.S. surplus. Then Rasmussen heard there were bargains to be had in Japan. He sent Axel to Tokyo to investigate.

"I only spent about $50,000 in Japan," Axel says. "I wasn't going to throw our money away. Later I got criticized for not spending enough." Among his purchases were four air compressors, a crane, two Army buses, an LCM that wouldn't float and seven surplus jeeps. He is sure that someone switched the jeeps on him, since by the time they were ready to be loaded on board ship, they resembled masses of scrap. Axel says some consideration was given to the idea of dumping them into the Panama Canal.

Finally Rasmussen started wondering what to do with all his equipment. He had formed a string of affiliated firms under the Star Flite umbrella. He had expanded his Florida facilities and was talking of constructing a mammoth drydock and machine shop in Fort Pierce. Already he had 14 ships and roughly 150 employees—many of whom were sitting back and waiting for something to happen. Hundreds of thousands of dollars had been spent. Nobody knew exactly how much, because Star Flite never bothered with records. Wisely, Rasmussen reasoned that a company should have money flowing in as well as flowing out. He and Smith developed a plan.

For years the Navy has been constructing a massive submarine-detection base in the Bahamas. Called AUTEC—for Atlantic Underwater Testing Evaluation Center—it is a highly secret project that, when completed, will have cost an estimated $100 million. In May, 1962, the Bureau of Yards and Docks solicited bids from contractors to build—as part of that project—a 16-foot ocean tower that could be used as a mooring. It estimated the cost of construction at $104,000.

Within a week, six bids were in. Five ranged between $104,500 and $195,565. Then there was Star Flite's bid of $30,499. Under the impression that companies seldom lose money on purpose—that

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■ As you can see, the Bulletin 350 drum switch possesses definite "eye appeal." Also, you'll find it the easiest to install of any you've ever used. Another feature that is useful is the easy and instant changeover from momentary to maintained contact operation. Bulletin 350 reversing switches are compact, yet removing the wrap-around cover—held in place with only one screw—places the terminals right out in the open . . . a cinch to wire. The cover screw is captive.

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Water-rich Bay County, Florida...where foresight averted a water crisis

Water supply: 760 million gallons a day. Enough for Philadelphia or Detroit. Enough for growing Panama City—Bay County, Florida, for generations to come. This is today: water abundance. But just 9 years ago a water crisis threatened.

The problem was there had never been a problem. No floods. No droughts. No water rationing. Pure, fresh water had always been plentiful; people didn't think much about water shortage.

But with the postwar years came rapid change —a boom in the tourist trade. Soon vacationers came by the hundreds of thousands. Many settled permanently, all used water.

Industry, too, was on the rise: chemical processing, metals fabrication, new manufacturing. And then there was paper, the biggest industry; it takes millions of gallons of water a day to run a paper mill.

Growth Creates Water Problems

The result was inevitable. With increased consumption, the local ground water supply soon proved inadequate. The water table dropped. Then, in 1955, salt water began to seep into the supply.

Salt water intrusion . . . in other coastal areas it had created health hazards; caused loss of industry, economic stagnation. Corrective measures had cost millions of dollars.

A Few Foresaw the Dangers

But this wasn't to happen in Panama City. As far back as 1948, a few local leaders had seen the problem coming. Wisely, they began to plan a vast, new county water supply.

By 1955, this project was well under way. Legislation enabling the project had already been passed, a dam site selected, and a feasibility study made.

The only possible stumbling block was support for the financing. It would mean a 3-mill tax

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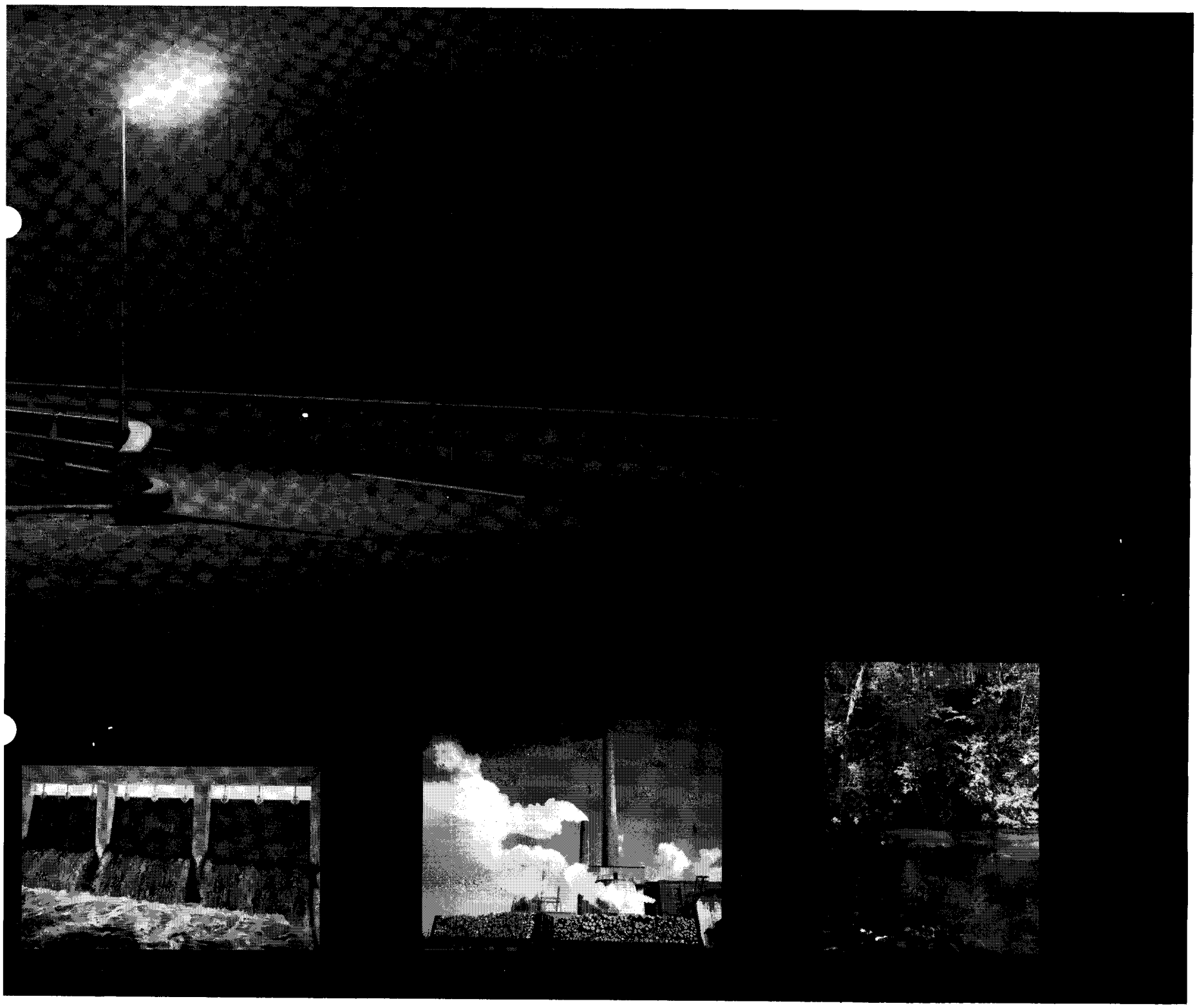

on all property. This authority had to come from the people.

But by now the people had been well educated to the need. In a special referendum, they gave their overwhelming support and passed the measure by an 8-to-1 majority.

Foresight Brings Rewards

Completed in 1960, the vast, new Deer Point Reservoir has given a tremendous lift to Panama City's and Bay County's economy.

With its 285 miles of wandering shoreline, the lake has become a sportsman's paradise, last year attracting over 100,000 fishermen.

Shipping from Panama City's port is expected to double in 1964. Building is at a record rate. New motels, 2 new shopping centers—in commercial construction alone, $50 million will be spent this year in Bay County.

Just recently, International Paper completed a $6 million expansion of its mill. And north of the city, Gulf Power has started constructing an $80 million generating plant.

The Deer Point Project, and what it will mean to the area in terms of future growth, has had a stimulating effect on all these programs.

Initiated, sponsored and financed locally, the Deer Point Project is truly an outstanding example of local vision and initiative. It shows what a few people working together can accomplish.

Urgent Need for Better Water Management

Your community may not have a water problem now. But what about tomorrow? Five years from now? Are supplies adequate to meet future needs? By 1980 our nation will require *twice* the water we use today. Perhaps, in your area, *you* should take a hand.

For information about what needs to be done, and how you can help, write for "WATER CRISIS, U.S.A.," Department P-44, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

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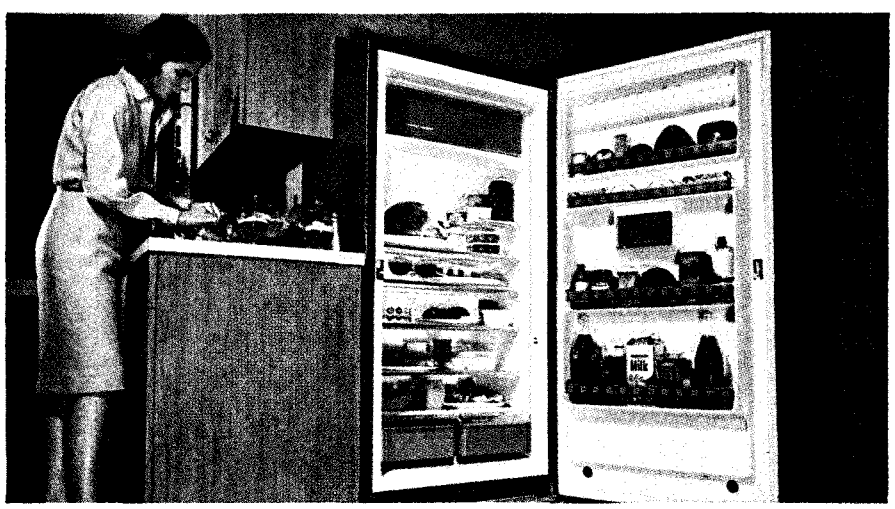
MODEL WA-1250Y.

Only the G-E big capacity washer has Mini-Basket for "handwashables"

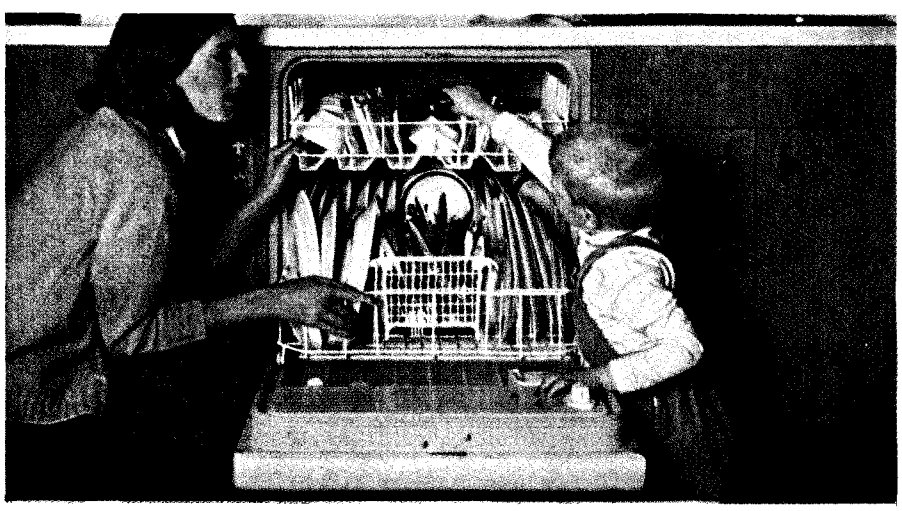
This is a washer for all your washables. Large wash basket gets big 12-lb. family loads truly clean. And MINI-BASKET℗ takes care of lacy slips, blouses, sweaters—all the "handwashables" you never dared machine-wash before.

MINI-BASKET fits neatly onto the Activator® inside the washer. It is part of the MINI-WASH℗ system, which has separate speeds and controls. Gentle washing action for delicate things, normal action for little leftover loads of regular laundry. And it uses about one-fourth the water the big basket does.

General Electric's Filter-Flo® System makes everything come out fresh and clean. In both baskets, lint-fuzz is trapped in the filter, not on your clothes. See this remarkable washer now at your General Electric dealer's.



Freezer owners: new G-E refrigerator has loads of room for fresh food—plus compact freezer. Total of 13 cu.ft. includes 5½ cabinet shelves, 4 door shelves, egg shelf, 2 vegetable drawers. Automatic defrost in fresh-food area. 1-cu.ft. freezer on top for frozen foods, 2 ice trays. Model TA-344Y.



Four-level Action of this General Electric dishwasher includes Power Shower. Washes down, up, all around. Flushaway Drain liquefies soft food particles, eliminating hand-rinsing and scraping. No screens to clean, either. Washes and dries 15 table-settings (NEMA standards). Model SD 400Y.

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AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR—
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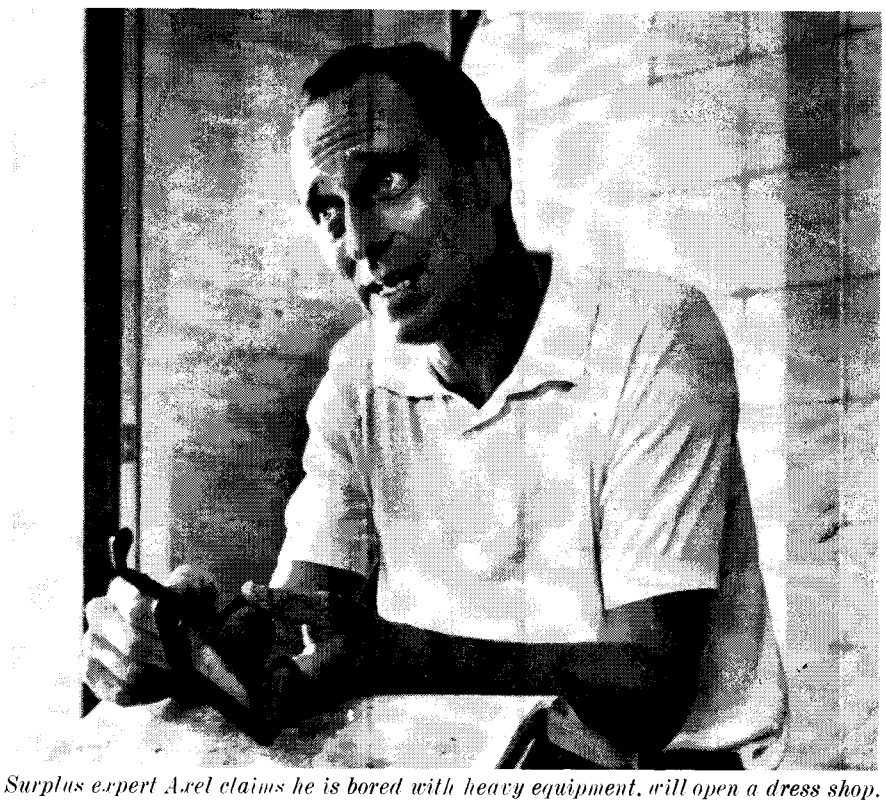
To the Navy the bid looked like a typographical error. But Star Flite took the job, and "took a bath."

Grocery heir George Rasmussen may have yearned for his own big-business empire.



Surplus expert Axel claims he is bored with heavy equipment, will open a dress shop.

Saga of Star Flite

there must have been a typographical error—the Navy offered Rasmussen a chance to withdraw. But there was no mistake. Star Flite won the contract. "Rasmussen said that if we bid low this time, we'd have a good chance to win other contracts," Axel recalls. "I'd hate to tell you what a bath we took on that."

As the tower neared completion, Smith busily sought new contracts. In early 1962 he had secured a letter of intent authorizing Star Flite to build four small positioning facilities for the Decca Navigator Systems Co., a British concern engaged in AUTEC construction. The trouble was that Decca could not authorize Star Flite to begin work until the U.S. Navy had completed some preliminary surveys. The vessel assigned to this task was a converted minesweeper named the *U.S.S. Sheldrake*. "She would sail ten or fifteen miles out of her way just to hit things," Smith maintains with typical exaggeration. "No other ship would go anywhere near her."

In order to persuade the *Sheldrake's* crew to expedite her mission and to impress other potential clients, Smith entertained heavily. He hired orchestras, rented cars and made social arrangements for Navy personnel. "It was the USO—Smith style," he grins.

Smith's entertaining soon attracted notice. So did his habit of carrying cash in paper bags and suitcases. ("I gave him an attaché case once for a present," recalls Palm Beach steel supplier Wally Colbath; "a few weeks later he comes in the office, opens it up, and there's $100,000.") Barflies clustered about Smith wherever he went, amused by his tales and awed by his penchant for disbursing $50 tips to waiters and shoeshine boys. "It was like he was dealing cards," a former Star Flite employee remembers.

The *Sheldrake* poked along at a leisurely pace; Star Flite never did start work on the Decca project. Then in midsummer, 1962, the firm won a contract from the Inter-American Development Bank to haul loads of pipe from Mexico to Panama. Star Flite needed ships for this, and Smith flew to California to see what had happened to the three vessels he had drydocked there.

A flurry of rumors preceded him. One San Francisco newspaper hinted darkly of trade with Cuba and referred to Smith as a "well-financed mystery man." Harbor officials were suspicious. Why should a Bahamas shipyard, they asked, need U.S. Air Force jet-engine starters or weapons carriers? Then there were all those new members who spoke Spanish.

To man his ships, Smith had recruited three dozen sailors from the Bahamas and Honduras. "He musta hired 'em inna bar," sighs Archie Harper, a retired U.S. Navy electrician's mate who became Star Flite's West Coast personnel manager. "Some of them had never been to sea before."

Smith flew them to Oakland, where they created consternation by peeping in people's motel-room windows at night. Because they didn't *look* like sailors, he bought them uniforms heavy with gold braid. To further their education, he bought copies of *The Bluejacket's Manual* from the Navy. Later he discovered many of them couldn't read English. By the end of July the ships were ready to sail. Misfortune plagued them even after departure. Mutiny nearly erupted on board a cargo vessel, the *Star Six-O*. The probable cause was the cook, a large, colorful man who washed his underwear in the same pot he used to boil the soup. He said it increased the flavor. The other crew members tied the cook to a boom and transferred him to a passing freighter.

The next ship to have trouble was the tanker, the *Star Seven-O*. "As long as she was running alongside the dock," says electrician Harper, "she was running good. The moment she got out to sea, she wasn't running so good." The engineer thought he had enough fuel to reach the Panama Canal. Unfortunately, Smith recalls, saltwater was somehow pumped into the fuel tanks and the fuel was somehow pumped overboard. The tanker broke down off the coast of Mexico and had to be towed to port.

Such antics began to spark official investigations. FBI agents asked about Smith's parties—and the girls who attended them. They inquired about his habit of chartering airliners—even when commercial flights were available—and his many jaunts between Haiti, Nassau, Florida, Panama and California. The Maritime Administration examined Star Flite's purchases; so did the Office of Export Control and the Bureau of Customs.

"It was such a screwy operation that we checked them pretty closely," recalls West Palm Beach customs inspector George Dugan, rubbing his chin. "Nobody could understand how they ever expected to make a profit. Yet from everything we knew, it was all perfectly legal." Adds Bahamas CID Superintendent S. R. Moir, "Due to [Smith's] lavish spending, all sorts of rumors circulated. Inquiries have been made here and abroad, but nothing of a criminal nature has been unearthed. He remains an enigma."

Smith seemed to derive great pleasure from these probes. On one occasion, he says, he heard that customs officials suspected him of running guns into Cuba. He went out and purchased six plastic machine guns at an F.A.O. Schwarz toy store in Palm Beach.

"They were battery-operated and almost full size," Smith recalls. "They had tripods and belts with bullets in them." Placing five of them in cases by an airport loading platform, he mounted one gun on a bar inside the terminal. Customs agents examined the cases and ran to find Smith, who promptly "opened fire."

"It was beautiful," he grins. "It went rat-tat-tat. Customs didn't see the humor, but I got my twenty-five dollars' worth of laughs."

In August, 1962, Star Flite won a contract to tow a barge to Trinidad. Smith gave the task to a tug, the *Star Three-O*, which set out from Nassau harbor and soon disappeared. Smith dispatched a plane to find her. "She was 250 miles off course," he says, "heading straight for Antarctica." Eventually the tug reached Barbados. But health inspectors would not let the crew on shore. "They had rats on that barge," Smith explains, "as big as *elephants*." At last the *Star Three-O* arrived at Trinidad, and took on a pilot—who accidentally rammed the harbor dock.

This disaster was prophetic. Star Flite was near financial collapse. The crews had not been paid, and they were complaining. Incredibly, Rasmussen's checks were bouncing. Creditors yowled. Some took more forceful action. In October a Palm Beach stockbroker named Richard Russell succeeded in tying up a cargo ship, the *Star Five-O*, with its crew at a Fort Pierce dock. B.O.A.C. obtained a provost marshal's judgment for $30,000 against the Marsh Harbour Shipyard.

Rasmussen figured it might be wise to start keeping records, an idea not entirely his own. The Nassau branches of the Chase Manhattan Bank and Barclays Bank D.C.O.—to whom he owed more than $500,000—were becoming concerned. At their suggestion Rasmussen hired an experienced marine consultant named George M. Dunlop to straighten out the company's affairs.

Dunlop never had a chance. For one thing, he harbored the notion that Star Flite should try to make a profit. Accordingly, he suggested that the activities of Smith and Axel should be curtailed. Then he took inventory of the assets. "I almost had heart failure when I looked at Marsh Harbour," he recalls. "Nothing was worth anything."

By January, 1963, Rasmussen was beginning to comprehend how loose his organization really was. "Yet he seemed not to want anyone to help him," says a former associate. "He was so deeply involved that he was afraid to make a move in any direction." Bills were pouring into his office at a frightening rate. The only system that apparently had ever been used to keep track of them was a sheaf of checkbook stubs. Axel and Smith, it seems, had discovered The Credit Card. It was such a marvelous institution, they felt, that everyone should have one. Soon everyone did. The bills multiplied.

Dunlop persisted. He had the cargo ships documented properly—for the first time—and submitted them for charter. He almost succeeded in leasing one vessel to a traveling circus, but the plan fell through. By mid-March he had received only two salary checks. Both had bounced.

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While Rasmussen fights lawsuits, "those dreadful men" move on to new ventures.

Saga of Star Flite

He sent Rasmussen a registered letter stating how much he was owed. The post office twice attempted to deliver it, but finally returned the letter unopened. Dunlop gave up in disgust, filed suit against Rasmussen, and flew home to New York. Later he speculated on Rasmussen's business philosophy: "Buy 7,000 anchors. Then build 7,000 barges so you can use the anchors. Now try to sell the barges."

The curtain fell last June. Prodded by his wife and family to swallow his pride and stop throwing good money after bad, Rasmussen sold what remained of the anchors, barges, breadpans, ships, engines, gas masks and cast-iron urinals to the firm of Winsen Ltd., which operates from the rear of a dingy clothing store in Miami and which, presumably, will try to liquidate the assets. Then he sold his stock and left the picture.

Nobody knows the extent of Rasmussen's losses in Star Flite, but estimates range from two to four million dollars. Last spring he rented his home on posh El Bravo Way in Palm Beach and housed his family in a modest cottage near a trailer court. He refused to discuss any facet of Star Flite, and his wife, a gracious and attractive woman, would refer to Smith and Axel only as "those dreadful men." Since last June Rasmussen or Star Flite have been named defendant in at least five suits brought by creditors or former employees.

In the wake of this litigation, many observers hope to find answers to two perplexing questions: What was Rasmussen's basic motive? And why, when he saw things crumbling around him, didn't he move more effectively to stop the waste?

His primary purpose, speculates a Nassau banker, was "to have a going foreign concern which he might be able to pass on to his two sons on an advantageous tax basis." Others maintain that Rasmussen had a compelling desire to prove himself to his family and friends by building a monument that in its own way would be as successful as his father's National Tea Co. "He wanted desperately to be known in Palm Beach as a shipping magnate," says one.

"And yet," adds a former employee, "it is hard to pity him as an innocent victim. He seemed to be fully aware of everything that went on." Adds another ex-associate, "He had the lowest dominance level of any man I've ever met. Smith and Axel could mesmerize him."

Most former employees feel sure that Smith, whose flamboyant habits sparked all those investigations, was never involved in any illicit activities. "The rumors were going around that he'd be in jail in one or two months," says Smith's friend Burl Ives. "I always said, if he is, I'll bring him cigarettes. I never felt there was anything sinister about what he did, because he did it with so much glee. He doesn't like money as such, or he wouldn't throw it away. The s.o.b. is simply taking the world for a ride."

Smith says today that he is proud of his association with Star Flite. Relaxing in his suite at Nassau's Carlton House (on the bed is a tearsheet from something called the Hollywood, Calif., *Star-Gazette*, with a banner headline reading CAPT. JOHN SMITH PROMOTED TO ADMIRAL), he maintains that "it was the greatest public-relations job yet. In less than two years I pushed the name of this company to prominence in the underworld and the overworld. And it was all done through the little people. I'm the only guy in the world who really believes in the little people."

Soon after leaving Rasmussen, Smith became a partner in a firm shipping frozen food and poultry to out-island resorts. More recently he has—accounts differ—found gold or oil or valuable deposits of opals in the jungles of Honduras. "I've become a missionary," Smith himself declares. "I'm saving people's lives. Are you ready for that?"

Axel, soon after *his* resignation from Star Flite, became secretary of a firm called Eastern Maritime and Industrial Supply Corp. Stationery identified this firm as a "representative of American industry" and listed a main office at 3961 N.W. 38th Street in Miami. It is not surprising, somehow, to find that there is no such address in the city directory. "This company never *did* anything," Axel explains. "The stationery was printed, but it *just never happened*." Axel claims his appetite for heavy equipment—diesel engines and the like—is sated now. "I'm sort of tired," he says. Currently he is planning to open a dress shop in Palm Beach. "It's a shame about Star Flite," he sighs. "There was a real place for that outfit." THE END

At Nassau dock Smith spins a yarn alongside the Star Six-0, *one of the surplus ships he bought to carry vast assortment of other surplus goods bought for Star Flite.*

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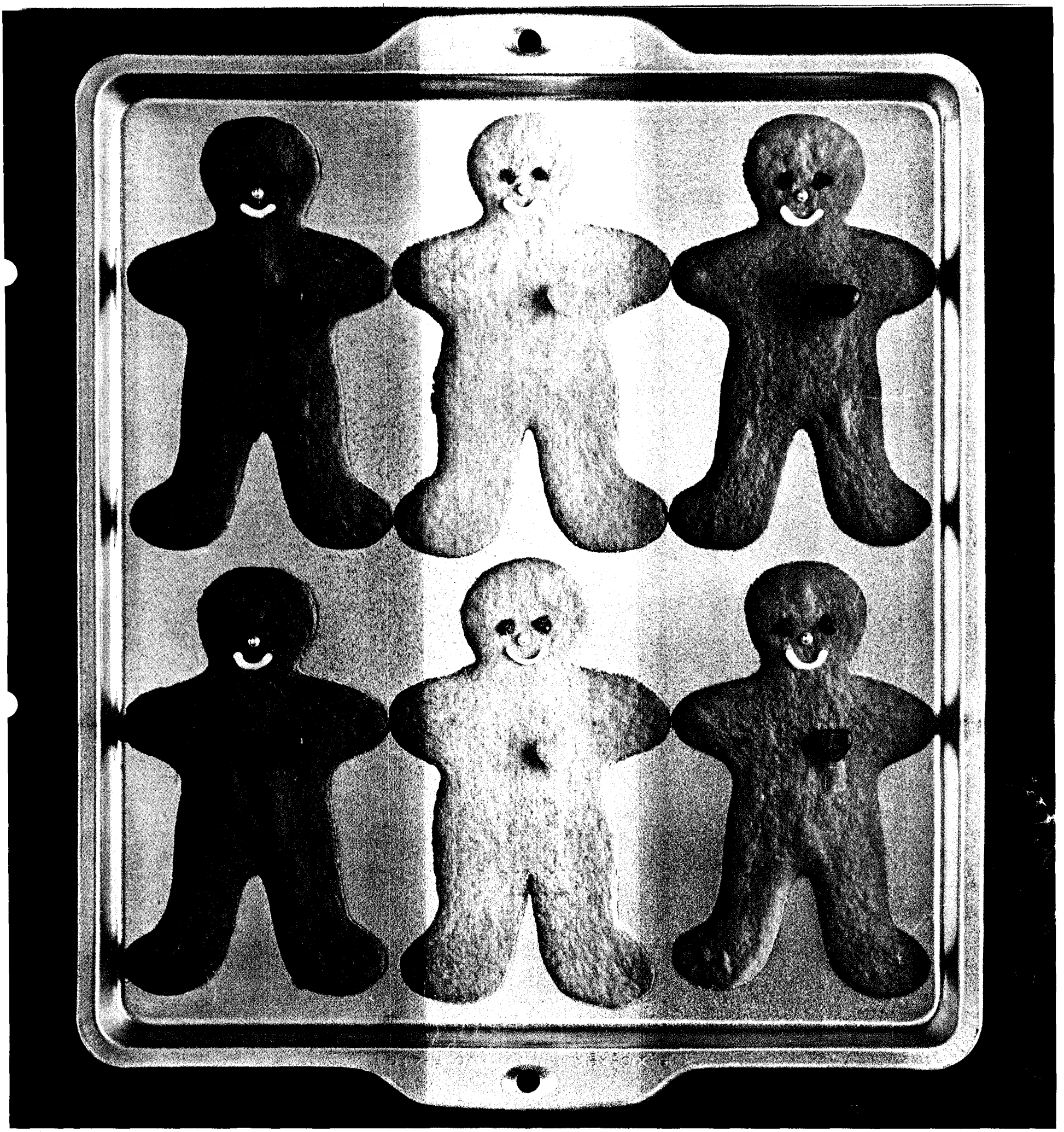

More breadwinners with high blood pressure are living longer

Fifteen years ago there was no widely effective treatment for hypertension, the medical term for high blood pressure.

Particularly hard hit were family breadwinners in the prime of life—men whose death rate from this disease had been rising.

Then, in one decade, the picture changed: The hypertension death rate among middle-aged men dropped 44 percent!

This was due to a number of advances—in diagnosis, prevention and treatment. And to an arsenal of new drugs created by the research teamwork of prescription drug company and medical scientists.

But the search continues for even more effective medicines. American drug companies, through long years of research, are developing still other potent new drugs which promise further help.

This is the value of modern drugs—protecting your health and reducing the cost of illness.

This advertisement is sponsored by a group of prescription drug manufacturers whose aim is to create through research continually better medicines:
BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. · CIBA PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY · LEDERLE LABORATORIES · MERCK SHARP & DOHME · A. H. ROBINS CO., INC.
SMITH KLINE & FRENCH LABORATORIES · THE UPJOHN COMPANY · WALLACE LABORATORIES · WARNER-CHILCOTT LABORATORIES

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ALASKA • **Cordova** • Cordova Building Supply **Ketchikan** • Suchy's Handyman Hdqtrs. **King Cove** • Carls Commercial Co.

ARIZONA • **Bullhead City** • Little Builder's Supply **Casa Grande** Coxon Floor Covering **Chandler** • Diller Hardware **Douglas** • Jennings Lumber Co. Inc. **Glendale** • Miller Tire & Supply Co. **Kearney** • Dewey Floral & Nursery **Mesa** • Mesa Hardware & Sporting Goods • Lenhart Bros. Hardware **Miami** • Wilson Paint & Glass **Phoenix** • Entz-White Lumber & Supply Co. • K & R Hardware • McDowell Hardware • Sunfair Hardware **Pima** • Carl B. Smith Bldg. Supply **Scottsdale** • Hamman-McFarland Lumber Co. **Tucson** • Spring's Hardware & Supply

CALIFORNIA • **Alameda** • Alameda Paint & Wallpaper • Bells Paint & Floor Covering **Alamo** • Alamo Lumber & Fencing Co. **Alhambra** • Baker's Paint & Lacquer Supply • Leonard Hardware **Alta Loma** • Chilcott's Paint Store **Alturas** • Ingrahams Hardware **Anaheim** • Broadway—Orange County **Artesia** • Albert Draayer Paint Store **Antioch** • Antioch Lumber Company **Aptos** • Aptos Lumber Co. **Arcata** • Arcata Bldg. Supply • J. W. Copeland Yards **Auburn** • G. E. Lukens & Sons **Bakersfield** • J. C. Wattenbarger & Sons **Barstow** • Dary's Incorporated **Belmont** • Bel Plaza Variety **Berkeley** • Colusa Circle Hardware • Courtney's Hardware • McLarty's Variety **Bethel Island** • Judy's Hardware **Big Bear City** • La Rosa Supply #1 **Big Bear Lake** • La Rosa Supply #2 **Bijou** • J. B. Paint **Bishop** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Blue Lake** • Blue Lake Hardware **Boulder Creek** • Boulder Creek Hardware **Brawley** J. W. Copeland Yards **Brentwood** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Burbank** California Paint Co. • Carl's Paint Store **Burney** • Hovis Bros. Hardware **Burlingame** • Burlingame Glass Paint Co. Inc. **Camarillo** • Peoples Lumber Co. **Campbell** • Campbell Hardware **Canoga Park** • Broadway—Topanga Plaza • Canoga Hwde. & Paint • Fraser's Hardware **Castro Valley** • Jay's Paint **Chico** • Sterling Lumber Company • Wilson Paint Store **Chowchilla** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Chula Vista** • Broadway Marstons **Citrus Heights** • D & M Hardware **Clearlake Highlands** • Clear Lake Lumber Co. **Clovis** • Friendly Trading Center **Colfax** • Parson's Hardware **Compton** • The Paint Pot **Concord** • Wally's Rental & Supply **Corona** • Manning's Hardware **Costa Mesa** • Fisk Hardware • McDonald Paint Store • Costa Mesa Lumber Co. **Cotton Center** • Brey Wright Lumber Co. **Crescent City** • Burtschells **Crockett** • Pedrotti Hardware **Culver City** • Hellman Hardware **Cupertino** • Simla Supply **Daly City** Colma Hardware • Seymour's of Westlake **Danville** • Danville Lumber Co. **Denair** • Denair Lumber Co. **Downey** • Al Henning Pt. & Wallpaper Mr. K's Hardware **El Cajon** • May Hardware **El Cerrito** • Pastime Hardware **El Monte** • Andy's Feed & Hardware • Garvey Plumbing & Hardware **El Segundo** • El Segundo Paint Center **Empire** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Eureka** • Boysen 6th & J • J. W. Copeland Yards F. A. 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Inc. **Hollister** • Sterling Lumber Co. **Hollywood** • Broadway-Hollywood • S & M Paint Co. **Holtville** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Hoopa** • Jorden's Shopping Center **Hughson** • Hughson Plumbing **Inglewood** • Hellman Hardware **Joshua Tree** • Robertson Hardware & Appliance Co. **Kelseyville** • Kelseyville Hardware **Kerman** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Kings Beach** • Town & Country Variety **La Crescenta** • Hunt's Paint & Wallpaper **Lafayette** • Sun Valley Lumber Co. **Laguna Beach** Laguna Beach Lumber **La Jolla** • Kennard's **Lakeport** • Miller's Interiors **La Mesa** • Hanson Plumbing & Hardware Co. • Broadway • Marstons **Lakeside** • The Paint Pot **Lakewood** • Del Amo Paint **Lancaster** • Dick Bond's Feed & Hardware **Larkspur** • Jim Corbet's Store **Lawndale** Deal Hardware & Electric • Southwest Paint & Wallpaper **Leggett Valley** Leggett Valley Mkt. **Lindsay** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Livermore** Valley Building Materials **Livingston** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Lodi** • Kundert & Bauer **Los Gatos** • Sterling Lumber Co. **Lompoc** Moore Mill & Lumber Co. **Lone Pine** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Yards **Long Beach** • Broadway-Long Beach • W. M. Dary Co. • Dooley Hardware Mart, Inc. • Haines Products • Los Altos Paint Store **Los Angeles** Adams Feed & Supply, Inc. • Boyle Heights Lumber Co. • Broadway-Crenshaw • Broadway-Downtown • Broadway-Westchester • Broadway Hardware • Cypress Hardware • Gay Colors Paint • Hellman Hardware Kundsen's Paint Store • Mac's Paint & Wallpaper Store • Paint Boys Robinson Paint & Wallpaper • S & M Paint Co. • Tyler's Paint & Wallpaper Center • Wolze Brothers Hardware **McKinleyville** • Nielsen's Hdwe. **Malibu** • Malibu Lumber & Hardware **Manteca** • San Joaquin Lumber Co. **Marysville** • Speckert Building Supplies Inc. **Millbrae** Hal Kennedy's **Mill Valley** • Marin Electric **Mint Canyon** • Lynch Lumber Co. **Miranda** • Miranda Variety **Modesto** • Landon's • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Monterey Park** • Brack's Paint Co. **Morgan Hill** Sterling Lumber Co. **Mt. View** • Sterling Lumber Co. **Mt. Shasta** Popes Hardware **Myers Flat** • Morrison & Jackson **Napa** • Henry Duser Co. • Valley Paint & Floor Covering **Newman** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **North Hollywood** • Spar's Paint & Wallpaper Co. **Oakdale** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Oakland** • Borges Hardware • Bradshaw Hardware Color Fashions • Cobb's • Hollywood Hardware • Plastic Mart • Raimondi's Montclair Paint • T. D. & H. Supply **Oakley** • Sterling Lumber Co. **Orick** • Webster & Chaffey **Ontario** • Eckert's Hardware **Orinda** Orinda Hardware **Orland** • Ward Lumber Co. **Orleans** • Van Pelt & Delaney **Orosi** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Oroville** • Sterling Lumber Co. **Oxnard** • Linoleum Studio • Peoples Lumber Co. • Wagon Wheel Lumber **Pacific Grove** • Holman's Department Store **Paradise** • Pauls Paint Store **Pasadena** • Broadway-Pasadena • Hertel's Dept. Store Ives Paint Store **Patterson** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Perris** • House of Style **Petaluma** • Sterling Lumber Co. **Pinole** • Three Bros. Hardware & Nursery **Pixley** • Colonial Lumber Co. **Placerville** • Sterling Lumber Co. **Pleasant Hill** • P. H. Garden Center **Pomona** • The Color Brush • S & L Paint Store **Porterville** • Brey Wright Lumber Co. • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Potter Valley** • Potter Valley Store **Ramona** Valley Hardware **Red Bluff** • Howell Paint Store **Redding** • Howell Paint Store **Redwood City** • A-1 Paint & Art **Redwood Valley** • Redwood Valley Supply Co. **Reseda** • Laurel Paint Co. **Richmond** • Garside Hardware **Point Richmond** • Williams Variety **Riverbank** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Riverside** • McKelvey-Rodgers Paint Store **Rosemead** J. W. Copeland Yards **Roseville** • Lloyd's Hardware & Sporting Goods Sterling Lumber Co. **Running Springs** • Deer Lick Lumber Co. **Sacramento** • W. N. Boysen Co. • Moore Lumber Sales • Olympic Paint Rain's Paint Store • Southgate Building Supplies **North Sacramento** Bob's Hardware & Garden **Salinas** • Hicks Lumber Co. • Jenkins Lumber Co. **San Bernardino** • Action Floor Co. • W. M. Dary Co. Inc. • Seeger's Paint & Wallpaper • Western Wholesale-Distributor **San Bruno** • Rhoad's Hardware **San Carlos** • Columbia Hardware Inc. **San Clemente** • San Clemente Supply **San Diego** • Broadway-Marston's • Hultgren's Paint & Hardware **San Francisco** • Anderson Paint & W. P. • Bailey Paint Co. Bay City Paint • Bauer Paint Store • W. N. Boysen Co. • Clay Hardware Crown Hardware • Emporium—San Francisco • Emporium—Stonestown Fadeeff Paint Store • Geneva Paint & W. P. • Little City Housewares Marina Hardware & Lumber • Modern Hardware • Noriega Hardware Parkside Paint Store • Record Hardware • Ratner Paint & Hardware Mike Susko Paint • Tuggey Hardware • Veteran's Paint & W. P. • West Coast Stores • West Portal Paint **San Gabriel** • Fiesta Paint • Mission Hardware **San Jose** • Burns Paint & Wallpaper • Harrison's Furniture & Paints • Mt. Pleasant Hardware **San Leandro** • The White House **San Lorenzo** • San Lorenzo Color **San Marino** • Kasten Co. **San Mateo** The Color Chip • Georges Paint & W. P. • Ward Plumbing & Hardware **San Pedro** • Pratt Paint & Hardware **San Rafael** • Cook Hardware • Les Oliver Co. **Santa Ana** • J. W. Copeland Yards • Hoffmann's Paint Store **Santa Barbara** • Ambrose Mill & Lumber Co. **Santa Clara** • Gillett Hardware • Mariposa Hardware • Santa Clara Paint & Wallpaper • Villa Hardware **Santa Cruz** • Quality Paint Store • Wilson Hardware & Appliance **Santa Monica** • Bryon H. Cox Paint Co. **Santa Paula** • Peoples Lumber Co. **Santa Rosa** • Dale's Hardware • Hawley's Paints • Sterling Lumber Co. **Saratoga** • Sterling Lumber Co. **Sherman Oaks** • Sherman Oaks Hardware Co. Inc. **Smith River** • Hollie's **Sonora** • Mother Lode Paint Distributors **Soquel** • Otto's Supply **South Pasadena** • Charm Colors **Spring Valley** • Sevick's Floor Covering **Stockton** • Al's Hardware • Delta Lumber Co. **Strathmore** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Sunnyvale** • Town & Country Paint Store **Sun City** • Hemet Refrigeration **Tarzana** • W. J. Brandt Paint Store **Terra Bella** • Brey Wright Lumber Co. **Tipton** • Tipton Lumber & Hardware **Torrance** • Broadway-Del Amo **Tracy** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. • W & P Sales, Inc. **Trinidad** Trinidad Market **Trona** • Massey & Sons **Tujunga** • Merithew's **Tulare** Lampe Lumber Co. **Tule Lake** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Twenty Nine Palms** • The Paint Pot **Ukiah** • Palace Paint & Supply **Upland** • Upland Lumber & Milling Co. Inc. **Vallejo** • Builders Mart • O'Connor Lumber Co. • Vallejo Paint & Wallpaper **Van Nuys** • Broadway-Valley **Venice** Lincoln Paint & Wallpaper Center **Ventura** • Broadway-Ventura • Peoples Lumber Co. **Visalia** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Vista** • Edward J. Bartlett **Waterford** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Weaverville** • Trinity Lumber & Building Supply **Weed** • Gabes **West Covina** • Broadway-West Covina **Whittier** • Broadway-Whittier • Cy's Hardware & Paint **Willows** • Sterling Lumber Co. **Willow Creek** • Willow Creek Bldrs. Supply **Woodlake** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Yermo** • Upton's Variety

IDAHO • **Caldwell** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Coeur d'Alene** • C & S Glass & Paint **Craigmont** • Madison Lumber & Mill **Grangeville** • Madison Lumber & Mill **Homedale** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Kellogg** • Ben Franklin Store **Lewiston** • Carlburg's Shopping Center **Moscow** • Madison Lumber & Mill

MONTANA • **Missoula** • Phil's Paint Spot **Kalispel** • Saverud Paint Shop

NEVADA • **Carson City** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Las Vegas** • Market Town Builders Supply **Lovelock** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Minden** • J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. **Pittman** • Builders Supply **Reno** J. W. Copeland Lumber Co. • Solari Paints **Yerington** • J. W. Copeland *Lumber Co.* • *Valley Building Materials & Supply*

OREGON • **Albany** • J. W. Copeland Yard **Aloha** • Suburban Lumber Co. **Ashland** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Astoria** • Builders Supply **Athena** Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co. **Beaverton** • Home Lumber & Supply • W. J. McCready Lumber Co. • Suburban Lumber Co. **Bend** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Brookings** • Ostenbergs **Burns** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Canby** *Canby Builders Supply* **Chiloquin** • *J. W. Copeland Yards* **Clatskanie** Clatskanie-Rainier Co-op **Coburg** • Coburg Building Supply **Coos Bay** Ocean Dock Building **Corvallis** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Cottage Grove** W. J. McCready Lumber Co. **Dufur** • Dufur Lumber Co. **Enterprise** Enterprise Lumber Co. **Eugene** • McDaniel Lumber Co. • W. J. McCready Lumber Co. • Fairchild Lumber Co. **Florence** • W. J. McCready Lumber Co. **Forest Grove** • W. J. McCready Lumber Co. **Gold Beach** • One *Stop Builders Supply* **Gresham** • *Copeland Lumber Co.* • *W. J. McCready* Lumber Co. **Grants Pass** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Heppner** • Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co. **Hermiston** • Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co. **Hillsboro** • J. W. Copeland Yards **John Day** • Blue Mountain Mills **Klamath Falls** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Lake Oswego** • Lakeside Lumber Co. **Lebanon** • P & G Cabinet Shop **Madras** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Medford** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Mill City** • Kelly Lumber Sales **Milwaukie** • W. J. McCready *Lumber Co.* **McMinnville** • *J. W. Copeland Yards* **Molalla** • *J. W. Copeland* Yards **Multnomah** • Copeland Lumber Co. **Newburg** • W. J. McCready Lumber **Newport** • Newport Building Supplies **North Bend** Coos Head Builder Supply **Ocean Lake** • W. J. McCready Lumber Co. **Oregon City** • W. J. McCready Lumber **Portland** • Barnard Hardware Brikcrete • C & H Appliance & Hardware • Carl's Lumber Yard • City Center Lumber Co. • Demme Brothers • Fillbond Paint Co. • Girvan's *J. W. Copeland Yards* • *W. J. McCready Lumber Co.* • *Meier & Frank Co.* Midway Paint & Wallpaper • Moreland Hardware • Southgate Hardware Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co. • Wallace Floor Covering **Prineville** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Rainier** • Beck's Lumber Co. **Redmond** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Riddle** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Roseburg** • Roseburg Cabinet Shop **Salem** • J. W. Copeland Yards • W. J. McCready Lumber Co. Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co. **Sandy** • Loundree's Paint Supply **Seaside** *W. J. McCready Lumber Co.* **Sheridan** • *J. W. Copeland Lumber Co.* **Silverton** • J. W. Copeland Yard **Springfield** • J. W. Copeland Yards **St. Helens** • J. W. Copeland Yards **Stanfield** • Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co. **Sweet Home** • Ace Homes Supplies **The Dalles** • Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co. **Tigard** • W. J. McCready Lumber Co. **Tillamook** • W. J. McCready Lumber Co. **Troutdale** • Grahn's Country Market **Tualatin** • Silvey Co. **Umatilla** • Herbig's Home Supply **Vernonia** • Vernonia Trading Post **Waldport** • *W. J. McCready Lumber Co.*

WASHINGTON • **Aberdeen** • J. J. Robinson **Amboy** • Boehm's Shopping Center **Anacortas** • J. W. Copeland Yds. of Wash. **Arlington** • J. W. Copeland Yds. of Wash. **Auburn** • Auburn Paint and Wallpaper **Bellevue** • Bucket N Brush • Randall's Paint & Hardware • Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co. **Blaine** • J. W. Copeland Yds. **Bothell** • Stew's Cash Lumber Co. **Bremerton** • Parker Navy Yard • Parker Yard • *Sharp Paint Company* **Brewster** • Brewster Hardware **Camas** • Copeland Lumber Co. **Cashmere** • Blonden's **Cathlamet** • Copeland Lumber Co. **Centralia** Keen and Howard Inc. **Chelan** • Chelan Hardware **Coulee City** • Coulee City Builders **Des Moines** • D. S. Lumber Co. **Ellensburg** • Lunstrum Paint and Glass • Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co. **Ephrata** • Carl's Colors **Everett** • Carpenter Lumber Center • Hatloe & Son • Hickey Lemaster Builders • Stowell Lumber Co. **Everson** • J. W. Copeland Yds. of Wash. **Ferndale** • J. W. Copeland Yds. of Wash. **Hadlock** • Hadlock Builders Supply **Kelso** • Copeland Lumber Co. **Kennewick** • Madison Lumber & Mill Co. **Kent** • Valley Hardware **Kennydale** • Kennydale Market **Kirkland** • McEvoy Rogers Lumber Co. **Longview** • V. Rubin Interiors **Lynden** • J. W. Copeland Yds. of Wash. **Mabton** • Copeland Lumber Co. **Mossyrock** • Keen & Howard, Inc. **Mt. Vernon** • J. W. Copeland Yds. of Wash. • Karl's Paint Co. **Naches** • Moore Brothers, Inc. **Oak Harbor** J. W. Copeland Yds. of Wash. **Okanogan** • Okanogan Lumber Co. **Olympia** Copeland Lumber Co. • Whisler Wade Building **Omak** • Omak Paint & Glass Co. **Oroville** • Triangle Building Supply **Othello** • Broadway Lumber & Mill **Pasco** • Copeland Lumber Co. **Pateros** • Brownson Lumber Co. **Peshastin** • Fuller's **Pomeroy** • Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co. **Port Angeles** • Angeles Color Center **Poulsbo** • Poulsbo Lumber Inc. **Prosser** Copeland Lumber Co. **Puyallup** • Copeland Lumber Co. **Raymond** • Dennis Co. **Renton** • McLendon Hardware **Seattle** • Blackstock Lumber Co. H. W. Blackstock Lumber Co. • Colorama • Copeland Lumber Co. • Lakes City Lumber & Hardware • Madison Lumber Co. • Miner's Inc. • Nielson Greenwood Paint • Nielson Paint • North City Lumber • Les Thompson Sales • Timberline Lumber Co. • Totem Lumber Co. • Welton Hardware **Sequim** • Fianders Building Supply **Silverdale** • Dahl & Peterson Lumber **Snohomish** • *Fritche's Mill & Farm* **Soap Lake** • *Pioneer Lumber &* Hardware **Spokane** • Audubon Garden Supply • Hefling Farm Supply Stewarts Home Hardware **Sultan** • Sultan Lumber & Hardware **Sunnyside** • B & L Lumber Co. **Tacoma** • Brookdale Lumber Co. • Grant's Glass & Paint Co. • Gray Lumber Co. • Gray's Independent Lumber Hampton Lumber Co. **Tonasket** • Triangle Building Supply **Toppenish** Copeland Lumber Co. • Ideal Feed & Supply **Vancouver** • American Plywood Corp. • Copeland Lumber Co. • *Orchards Hardware* • *Thrifty* Feed & Fuel Co. **Walla Walla** • Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co. **Wapato** • Copeland Lumber Co. **E. Wenatchee** • Grant Road Hardware **Wenatchee** Berg Hardware • Brownson Lumber Co. **Woodinville** • Peterson Building Supply **Woodland** • Copeland Lumber Co. **Yakima** • C & H Hardware Young's Lumber Co. **Zillah** • Boone Building Supply

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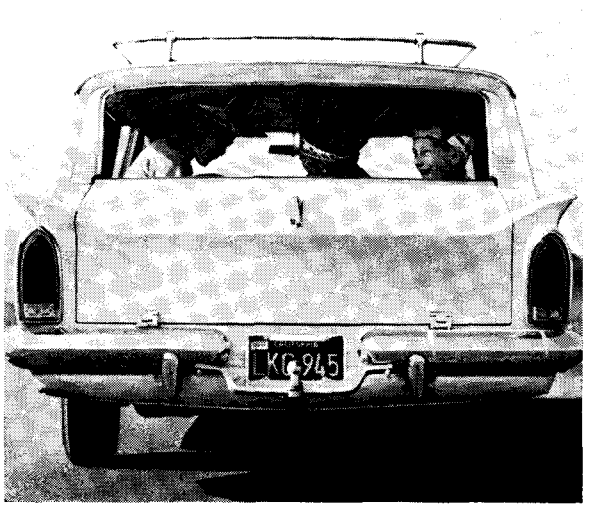
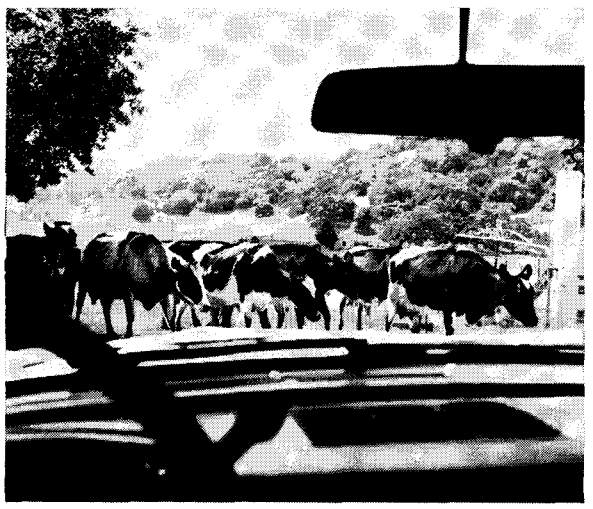
When you're bugged by detours,

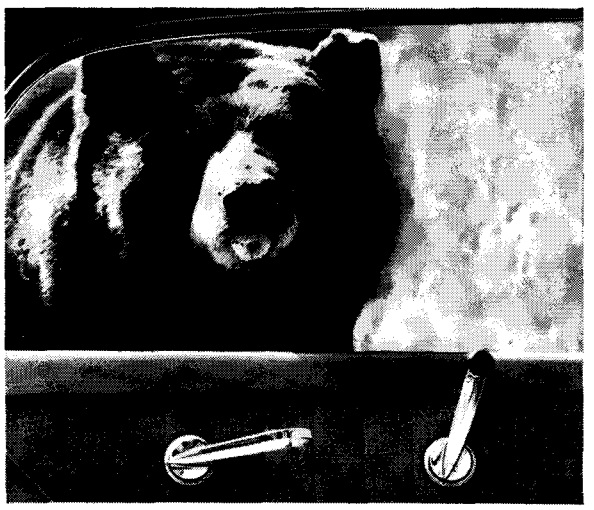


wild Indians,

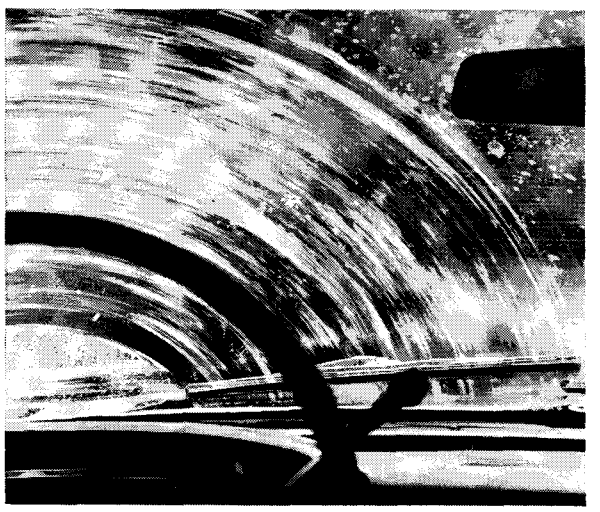
wrong turns,



stalled traffic,

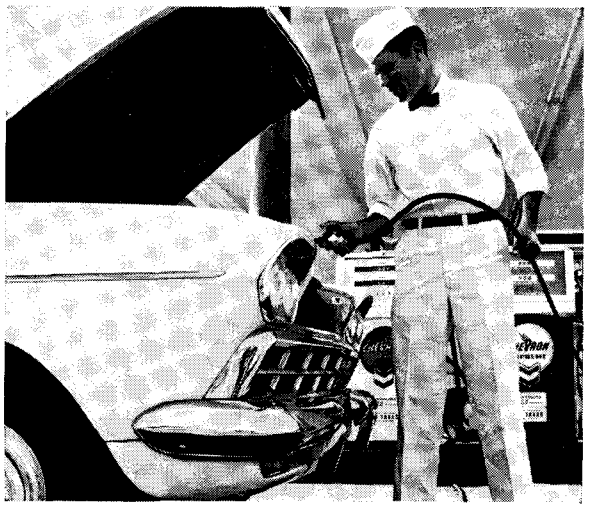


nosey neighbors,



and a dirty windshield...

let us brighten your outlook,



cool you off,

and straighten you out!

You're always welcome at the sign of the Chevron—even if it's only to stretch your legs and freshen up a bit.

And while you're here, maybe you have a question for us. Like: What does Methyl* in Chevron Gasolines do to improve my car's performance?

One, this new antiknock compound—first since Ethyl®—gives you a smoother, quieter ride. Two, it feeds extra power into every cylinder mile after mile. Result: Chevron Gasolines with Methyl power make your car deliver all the performance the dealer promised. The same happy story holds true all along the Chevron Trail.

At the sign of the Chevron

Chevron Dealers · Standard Stations

We take better care of your car

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For the last four or five years the literary world has been eagerly awaiting publication of Saul Bellow's new novel, Herzog. *When Viking publishes the book this autumn, Saul Bellow will undoubtedly be granted his rightful place as foremost of the generation of American writers succeeding Faulkner, Fitzgerald and Hemingway. "Herzog Visits Chicago" is a self-contained section adapted from this book, presented to* Post *readers in advance of publication. Bellow was born of Russian parents in Lachine, Quebec, in 1915, and grew up in Chicago. He attended the University of Chicago, and was graduated with honors in anthropology from Northwestern University in 1937. He attended the University of Wisconsin graduate school and then returned to Chicago, where he worked on a WPA writing project for a short time. He has lectured and taught at the University of Minnesota, Princeton, New York University, Bard College and the University of Puerto Rico, and in 1948 he had a Guggenheim Fellowship to live and write in Paris. Mr. Bellow has written criticism for leading magazines and reviews, and has contributed fiction to* Partisan Review, Harper's Bazaar, The New Yorker *and* Esquire. *He was the founding editor of an influential "little magazine,"* The Noble Savage, *and has been an active patron of young writers. He is, at present, a member of the Committee on Social Thought at the University of Chicago. Bellow's work, although widely discussed, does not readily lend itself to critical analysis; he himself does his best to discourage formal criticism of his work, preferring that it be regarded as "entertainment." His first two novels,* Dangling Man *(1944) and* The Victim *(1947), were carefully wrought, introspective works, which gave no hint of the explosive, rich force that was to come to light in* The Adventures of Augie March, *the National Book Award winner for 1953. In this flamboyant, adventurous, extremely imaginative book, his characters blazed alive through extraordinary dialogue and vivid descriptions. He then wrote* Seize the Day *(1956), a short novel many think to be his finest work since the war.* Henderson the Rain King *in 1959 continued the Bellow tradition of the unexpected: It was another wildly inventive novel demonstrating a great virtuosity of style, but always carefully under control. As he himself says, "There are critics who assume that you must begin with order if you are to end with it. Not so. A novelist begins with disorder and disharmony and goes toward order by an unknown process of the imagination."*

HERZOG VISITS CHICAGO

Once you're in it, trouble is like quicksand:
Taking arms against it rapidly makes matters worse; but just standing there and sinking doesn't have much to recommend it either.

By Saul Bellow

Before he received Geraldine Portnoy's letter, Moses Herzog had been thinking of his house in Ludeyville, Mass., of the green Berkshires, and had wondered whether he might not, after all, take refuge there from the heat and noise of New York before he went to visit his son by his first marriage, Marco, who was at camp. But the house held problems of its own (there were problems and perplexities on all sides). Perhaps he was too excited and distracted to solve any of them. To many, his behavior seemed somewhat mad. It was not simply his inexplicable abandonment of an academic career, his divorce from Daisy, his remarriage and second divorce; not simply the fact that he had settled *for good* in the Berkshires in order to write *the* historical work which would overwhelm all other 20th-century efforts but had taken off again, with wife and child, for Chicago; it was that everything was done so impulsively, so oddly, with such an expenditure of money and emotions that cast doubts on his sanity. To him, the oddest part of it was that he should have thought so intensely about everything and seen so little of what was about him. To take the most striking instance, he had failed to see that his wife Madeleine, was in love (if love was the word for it) with his friend (if friend he had been) Valentine Gersbach.

It was not enough that Madeleine could not endure the country any more and had to continue her

Illustration by David Passalacqua

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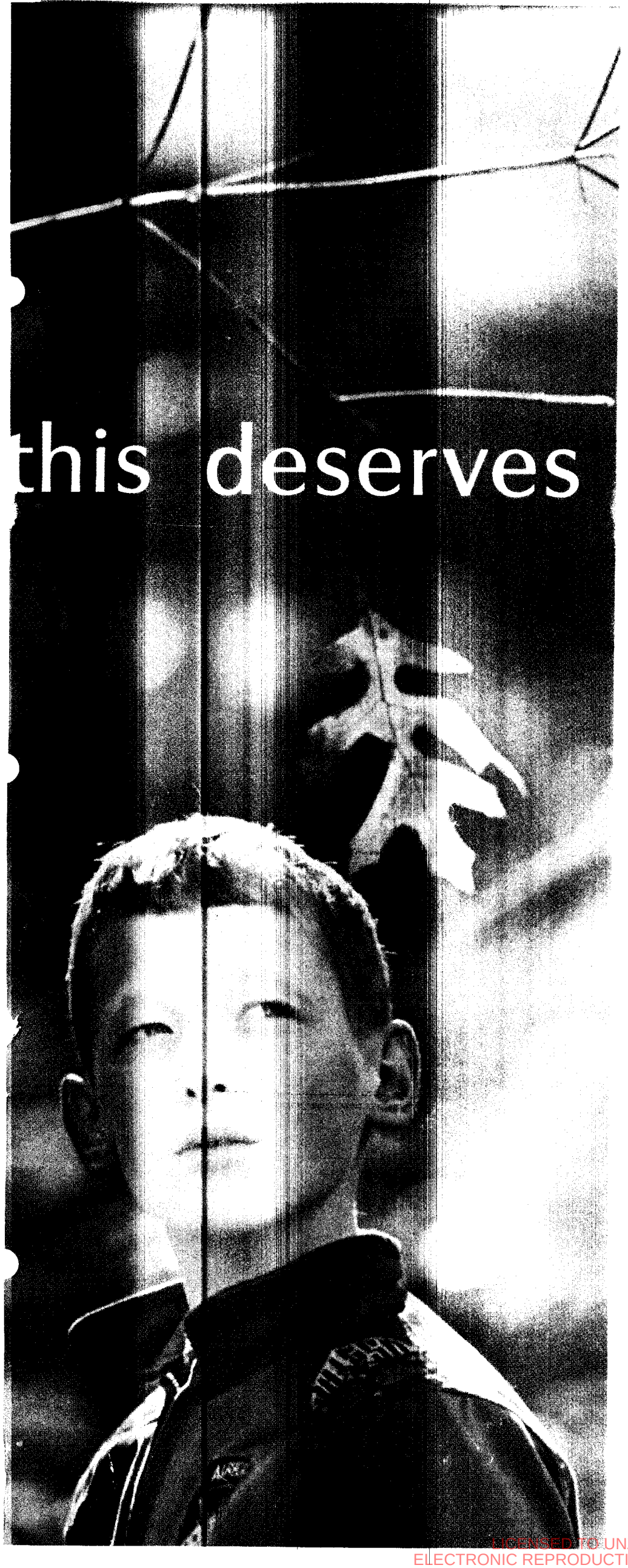

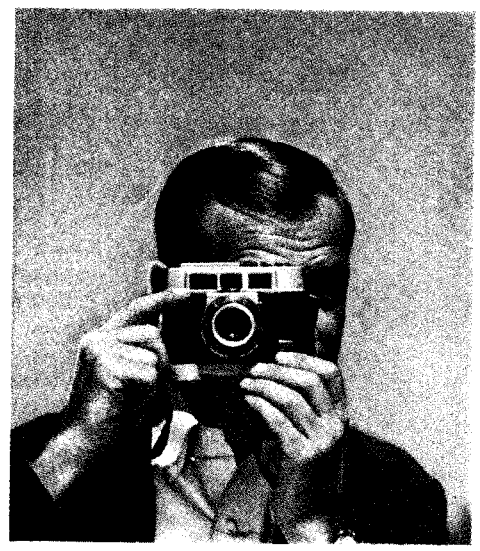

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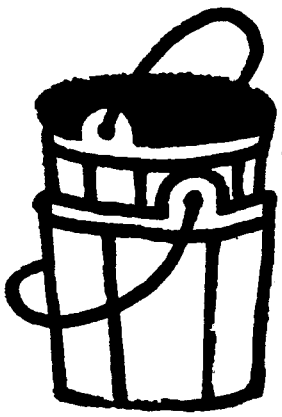
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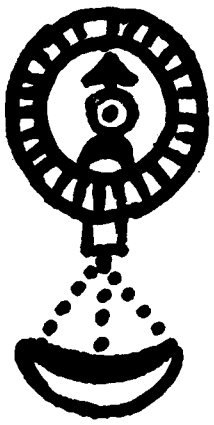
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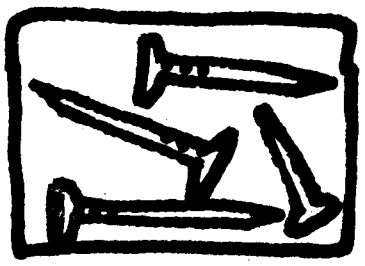
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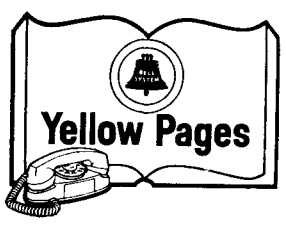

graduate studies at the University of Chicago; no, she insisted that the Gersbachs move to Chicago, too, and that Moses must find a job for Valentine. You couldn't leave people like the Gersbachs to rot in provincial Massachusetts. And Herzog, preoccupied, brooding Herzog, had said "Yes, of course," to all her demands, and had made all the arrangements, found a job in radio for Gersbach, who was an announcer, found a house for Phoebe Gersbach, who was a particular and fastidious housekeeper, found a school for the Gersbach boy and a kindergarten for his own little daughter, Junie. The house in Ludeyville with thousands of dollars' worth of dishes, furnishings and modern equipment was abandoned to the field mice and the moles, and Herzog, for perhaps the twentieth time, made a new start in life, teaching in Chicago. Only, when everything was settled to Madeleine's satisfaction, she put her husband out. She told him to leave. She sent him packing. It was not for several months clear to him that there was another man involved, and that that man was Valentine Gersbach, Gersbach the radio announcer, his friend, and, during the worst of his troubles, his only comforter. "Well," thought Herzog, now in New York, "if any man knew exactly what I needed to be comforted about, it was Valentine. After all, he organized the whole disaster for me." Thus everyone was settled in Chicago except Herzog. He, the only Chicagoan in the lot, was living in a cheap apartment in New York, thinking matters over, his work abandoned, his career in pieces. There are times when a man cannot defend himself from his own peculiarities. Such a time had come in the life of Moses E. Herzog.

No, he felt, he couldn't go to Ludeyville to confront what he had done there, the visible signs of his ingratitude, his squandered legacy, the money poor Papa had worked and suffered so much for, spent idly by Madeleine (with Herzog's consent). And then there was his library, damaged by mice, no doubt; they chewed the bindings of books. They loved the taste of glue.

But evidently he hadn't yet had enough of desperate impulsiveness. He was trying to calm himself; he had had enough, he thought, of heartache and sleeplessness and of frenzied confrontations when the letter from Geraldine Portnoy came and set him off again.

He kept Geraldine Portnoy's letter always on his bed table, and he picked it up now and reread it before he fell asleep. He tried to remember how he had felt when he had first read it, in Chicago, after some delay.

Dear Mr. Herzog, I am Geraldine Portnoy, Lucas Asphalter's friend. You may remember. . . . May remember? Moses read faster (the script was feminine—progressive-school printing turned cursive and the i's dotted with curious little open circles), trying to swallow the whole letter at once, turning the pages to see whether the gist of the thing was underscored anywhere. *Actually I took your course in Romantics as Social Philosophers. We differed about Rousseau and Karl Marx. I have come around to your view, that Marx expressed metaphysical hopes for the future of mankind. I took what he said about materialism far too literally.* My view! It's common, and why does she want to make me dangle like this—why doesn't she get on with it? He tried again to find the point, but all those circular open dots fell on his vision like snow and masked the message. *You probably never noticed me, but I liked you, and as a friend of Lucas Asphalter—he just adores you, he says you are just a feast of the most human qualities—I have of course heard a lot about you growing up in Lucas' old neighborhood, and how you played basketball in the Boys' Brotherhood of the Republic, in the good old Chicago days on Division Street. An uncle of mine by marriage was one of the coaches—Jules Hankin.* I think I do recall Hankin. He wore a blue cardigan, and parted his hair in the middle. *I don't want you to get me wrong. I don't want to meddle in your affairs. And I am not an enemy of Madeleine's. I sympathize with her, too. She is so vivacious, intelligent, and such a charmer, and has been so warm and frank with me. For quite a while, I admired her and as a younger woman was very pleased by her confidences.* Herzog flushed. Her confidences would include intimate details. *And as a former student, I was of course intrigued to hear of your private life, but was also surprised by her freedom and willingness to talk, and soon saw she wanted to win me over, for some reason. Lucas warned me to look out for something fishy but then any intense feeling between members of the same sex is often, and unjustly, under suspicion. My scientific background has taught me to make more cautious generalizations, and resist this creeping psychoanalysis of ordinary conduct. But she did want to win me to her side, although far too subtle to pour it on, as they say. She told me that you had very fine human and intellectual qualities, though neurotic and with an intolerable temper which often frightened her. However she added you could be great, and after two bad, loveless marriages perhaps you would devote yourself to the work you were meant to do. Emotional relationships you were not really good at. It was soon obvious that she would never have given herself to a man who lacked distinction of intelligence or feeling. Madeleine said that for the first time in her life she knew clearly what she was doing. Until now it was all confusion and there were even gaps of time she couldn't account for. In marrying you, she was in this mixup and might have remained so but for a certain break. It is extremely exciting to talk with her, she gives a sense of a significant encounter—with life—a beautiful, brilliant person with a fate of her own. Her experiences are rich, or pregnant. . . .* What is this? Herzog thought. Is she going to tell me that Madeleine is going to have a child? Gersbach's child! No! How wonderful—what luck for me. If she has a kid out of wedlock, I can petition for Junie's custody. Eagerly he devoured the rest of the page, turned over. No, Madeleine was not pregnant. She'd be far too clever to let that happen. She owed her survival to intelligence. It was part of her sickness to be shrewd. She was not pregnant, then. *I was not merely a graduate student who helped with the child, but a confidante. Your little girl is greatly attached to me, and I find her a most extraordinary child. Exceptional, really. I love Junie with more than the usual affection, far more, than one has for the children one meets in this way. I understand the Italians are supposed to be the most child-oriented culture in the West (judge by the figure of the Christ child in Italian painting), but obviously Americans have their own craze about child psychology. Everything is done for children, ostensibly. To be fair, I think Madeleine is not bad with little June, basically. She tends to be authoritarian. Mr. Gersbach, who has an ambiguous position in this household, is very amusing to the child, on the whole. She calls him Uncle Val, and I often see him giving her a piggyback, or tossing her in the air.* Here Herzog set his teeth, angry, scenting danger. *But I have to report one disagreeable thing, and I talked this over with Lucas. This is that, coming to Harper Avenue the other night, I heard the child crying. She was inside Gersbach's car, and couldn't get out, and the poor little thing was shaking and weeping. I thought she had shut herself in while playing, but it was after dark, and I didn't understand why she would be outside, alone, at bedtime.* Herzog's heart pounded with dangerous thick beats at these words. *I had to calm her, and then I found out that her Mama and Uncle Val were having a quarrel inside, and Uncle Val had taken her by the hand and led her out to the car, and told her to play a while. He shut her up and went back in the house.* I can see him mount the stairs while Junie screams in fright. I'll kill him for that—so help me, if I don't! He reread the concluding lines. *Luke says you have a right to know such things. He was going to phone, but I felt it would be upsetting and harmful to hear this over the phone. A letter gives one a chance to consider—think matters over, and reach a more balanced view. I don't think Madeleine is a bad mother, actually.*

New York could not hold him now. He had to go to Chicago to see his daughter, confront Madeleine and Gersbach. The decision was not reached; it simply arrived. He went home and changed from the new clothes in which he had been diverting himself, into an old seersucker suit. Luckily, he had not unpacked when he came back from the Vineyard. He checked the valise quickly and left the apartment. Characteristically, he was determined to act without clearly knowing what to do, and even recognizing that he had no power over his impulses. He hoped that on the plane, in the clearer atmosphere, he would understand why he was flying.

The superjet carried him to Chicago in ninety minutes, due west, almost countering the rotation of the planet and giving him an extension of afternoon and sunlight. Beneath, the white clouds were foaming. And the sun, like the spot that inoculated us against the whole of disintegrating space. He looked into the blue vacancy and at the sharp glitter of wing-borne engines. When the plane bucked, he held his lip with his teeth. Not that he feared flying, but it occurred to him that if the ship were to crash, or simply explode (as had happened over Maryland recently, when human figures were seen to spill and fall like shelled peas), Gersbach would become June's guardian. Unless Simkin tore up the will. There would also be two insurance policies, one bought by Father Herzog for his son Moshe. The stewardess offered him a drink, which he refused with a shake of the head. He felt incapable of looking into the girl's pretty, healthful face.

As the jet landed, Herzog turned back his watch. He hurried from gate 38 and down the long corridor to the auto-rental office. To identify himself, he had an American Express card, his Massachusetts driver's license, his university credentials. He himself would have been suspicious of such diverse addresses, to say nothing of the soiled, wrinkled seersucker suit worn by this applicant, Moses Elkanah Herzog; but the official who took his application, a sweet-mannered, bosomy, curly, fat-nosed little woman (even in his present stage Herzog felt moved to smile faintly) only asked whether he

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wanted a convertible or a hard-top. He chose the hard-top, teal blue, and drove off, trying to find his way under the greenish glare of the lamps and dusty sunlight amid unfamiliar signs. He followed the winding cloverleaf into the expressway and then joined the speeding traffic—in this zone, 60 mph. He did not know these new sections of Chicago. Clumsy, stinking, tender Chicago dumped on its ancient lake bottom; and this murky orange west, and the hoarseness of factories and trains, spilling gases and soot on the newborn summer. Traffic was heavy coming from the city, not on Herzog's side of the road, and he held the right lane looking for familiar street names. After Howard Street he was in the city proper and knew his way. Leaving the expressway at Montrose, he turned east and drove to his late father's house, a small two-story brick building, one of a row built from a single blueprint—the pitched roof, the cement staircase inset on the right side, the window boxes the length of the front-room windows, the lawn a fat mound of grass between the sidewalk and the foundation; along the curb, elms and those shabby cottonwoods with blackened, dusty, wrinkled bark, and leaves that turned very tough by midsummer. There were also certain flowers, peculiar to Chicago, crude, waxy things like red and purple crayon bits, in a special class of false-looking natural objects. These foolish plants touched Herzog because they were so graceless, so corny. He was reminded of his father's devotion to his garden, when old Herzog became a property owner toward the end of his life—how he squirted his flowers at evening with the hose and how rapt he looked, his lips quietly pleased and his straight nose relishing the odor of the soil. To right and left, as Herzog emerged from the rented hard-top, the sprinklers turned and danced, scattering bright drops, fizzing out iridescent veils. And this was the house in which Father Herzog had died a few years ago, on a summer night.

In any case, here was his late father's house in which the widow lived, Moses' very ancient stepmother, quite alone in this small museum of the Herzogs. The bungalow belonged to Moses and his brothers and sister. No one wanted it now. Shura was a multimillionaire, he made that obvious enough. Willie had gone far in his father's construction-materials business—owned a fleet of those trucks with tremendous cylinder bodies that mixed cement en route to the job where it was funneled, pumped (Moses was vague about it) into the rising skyscrapers. Helen, if her husband was not in Willie's class, was at least well off. She rarely spoke of money any more. And he himself? He had about six hundred dollars in the bank. Still, for his purposes, he had what he needed. Poverty was not his portion; unemployment, slums, the perverts, thieves, victims in court, the horror of cheap hotels and housekeeping rooms, smelling of decay and deadly bug juice—these were not for him. He could still take the superjet to Chicago when he had the impulse, could rent a teal-blue Falcon, drive to the old house. Thus he realized with peculiar clarity his position in the scale of prerogatives—of affluence, of insolence, of untruth, if you like. And not only his position, but when lovers quarreled they had a Lincoln Continental to shut a weeping child up in.

Face white, mouth grim, he mounted the stairs in the shadow of approaching sunset, and pressed the button. It had a crescent moon in the middle which lighted up at night.

The chimes rang inside, those chromium tubes above the door, xylophone metal, that played *Merrily We Roll Along*, all but the last two notes. He had long to wait. The old woman, Taube, always had been slow, even in her fifties, thorough, deliberate, totally unlike the dexterous Herzogs—they had all inherited their father's preposterous quickness and elegance, something of the assertiveness of that one-man march with which old Herzog had defiantly paraded through the world. Moses was rather fond of Taube, he told himself; perhaps to feel differently toward her would have been too troubling. The unsteady gaze of her round prominent eyes was possibly caused by a radical resolve to be slow, a lifelong program of delay and stasis. Creepingly, she accomplished every last goal she set herself. She ate, or sipped, slowly. She did not bring the cup to her mouth but moved her lips out toward it. And she spoke very slowly, to give her shrewdness scope. Cooked with fingers that did not grip firmly but was an excellent cook. She won at cards, poking along, but won. All questions she asked two or three times, and repeated the answers half to herself. With the same slowness she braided her hair, she brushed her exposed teeth, or chopped figs, dates, and senna leaves for her digestion. Her lip grew pendulous as she aged and her neck gradually thickened at the shoulders so that she had to hold her head forward somewhat. Oh, she was very old now, in her eighties, and far from

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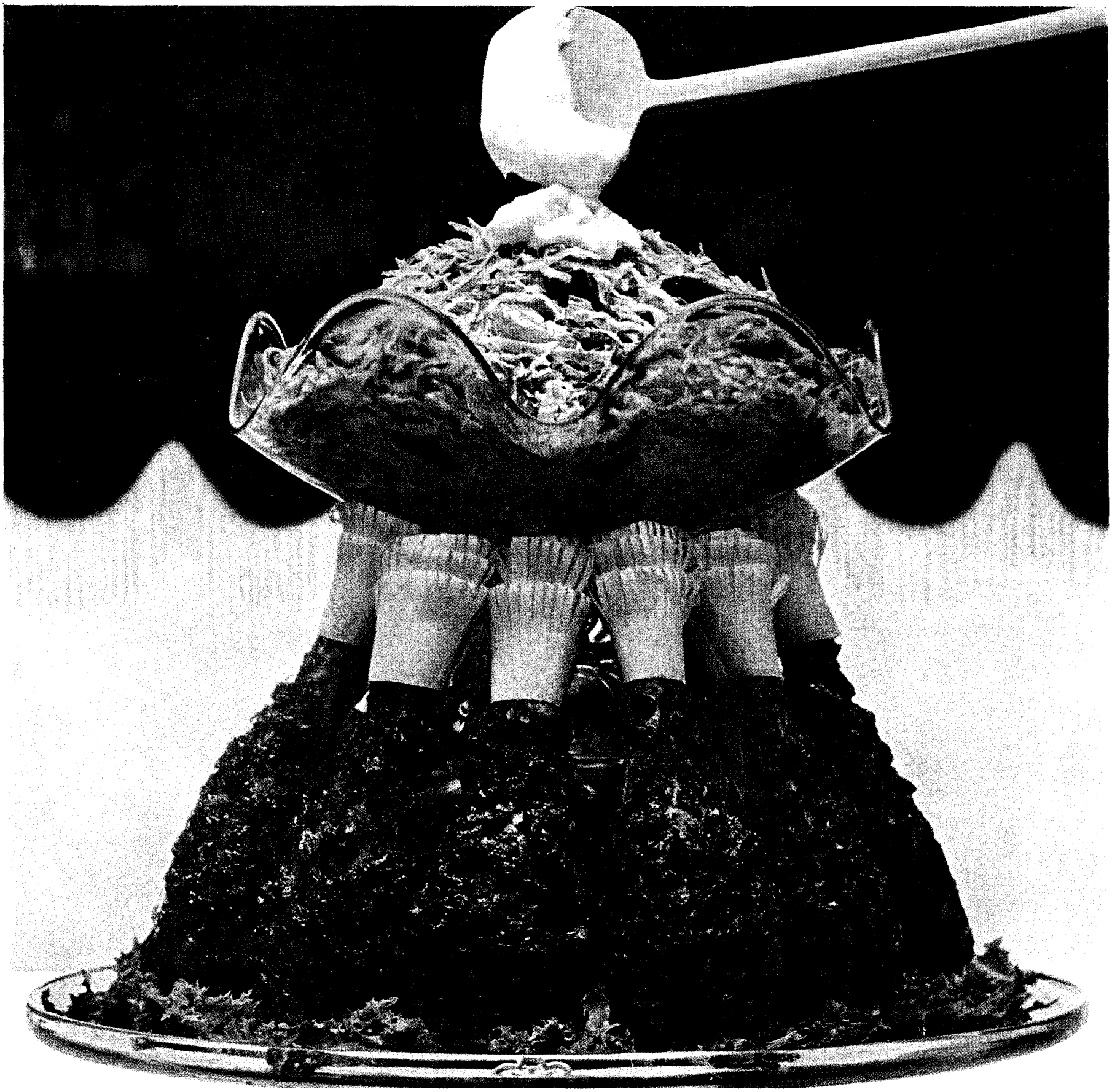

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well. She was arthritic; one eye had a cataract. But she had a clear mind. No doubt her troubles with Father Herzog, stormier and more hot-headed and fractious as he aged, had strengthened her brain.

The house was dark, and anyone but Moses would have gone away, assuming there was no one at home. He, however, waited, knowing she would presently open. In his youth he had watched her take five minutes to open a bottle of soda—an hour to spread the dough over the table when she baked. Her strudel was like jewelers' work, and filled with red and green gems of preserves. At last he heard her at the door. Links of brass chain rose in the narrow opening. He saw old Taube's dark eyes, more somber now, and more extruded. The glass winter door still separated her from Moses. He knew it would also be locked. The old people had been guarded and suspicious in their own house. Moreover, Moses knew the light was behind him; he might not be recognized. And he was not the same Moses, anyway. But, although she studied him like a stranger, she had already identified him. Her intellect was not slow, whatever else.

"Who is it?"

"It's Moses. . . ."

"I don't know you. I'm alone. Moses?"

"Tante Taube—Moses Herzog. Moshe."

"Ah—Moshe."

Slow lame fingers released the catch. The door was shut to free the links from strain, and then opened, and—merciful God!—what a face he saw, how grooved with woe and age, lined downward at the mouth. As he came in she raised feeble hands to embrace him. "Moshe! . . . Come in, I'll make a light. Shut the door, Moshe."

He found the switch and turned on the very dim bulb of the entry hall. It shed a pinkish color; the old-fashioned glass of the fixture reminded him of the vigil light in the synagogue. He shut the door on the watered fragrance of lawns as he entered. The house was close and faintly sour with furniture polish. The remembered luster was there in the faint twilit parlor—cabinets and tables, with inlaid tops, the brocaded sofa in its gleaming protective plastic, the Oriental rug, the drapes perfect and rigid on the windows with laterally rigid venetian blinds. A lamp went on behind him.

"Let me look at you," she said, coming before him. Her eyes were puffy, but steady enough. He stared at her, and tried to prevent the horror from coming into his face. He guessed that it was putting in her plates that had delayed her. She had new ones, poorly made—no arch but a straight line of teeth. Like a woodchuck, he thought. Her fingers were disfigured, with loose skin that had worked forward over the nails. But those fingertips were painted. And what changes did she see in him? "Ach, Moshe, you changed."

He limited his answer to a nod. "And how are you?"

"You see. The living dead."

"You live alone?"

"I had a woman—Bella Ockinoff from the fish store. You knowed her. But she was not clean."

"Come, Tante, sit down."

"Oh, Moshe," she said, "I can't sit, I can't stand, can't lay. Better, already, next to Pa. Pa is better off than me."

"Is it so bad?" Herzog must have betrayed more emotion than he knew, for he now found her eyes examining him rather sharply, as if she did not believe that his feeling was for her and tried to find the real source of it. Or was it the cataract that gave her that expression? He guided her to a chair, holding her arm, and sat on the plastic-covered sofa. Under the tapestry. Pierrot. Clair de Lune. Venetian moonlight. All that phoney banality that oppressed him in his student days. It had no special power over him now. He was another man and had different purposes. The old woman, he saw, was trying to find what he had come for. She sensed that he was strongly agitated, missed his habitual vagueness, the proud air of abstraction in which M. E. Herzog, Ph.D., had once been clothed. *Them days is gone forever.*

"You working hard, Moshe?"

"Yes."

"Making a living?"

"Oh, yes."

The old woman bowed her head a moment. He saw the scalp, her thin gray hair. Exiguous. The organism had done all it could.

He clearly understood that she was communicating her right to live in this Herzog property, even though by staying alive she was depriving him of this remaining part of the estate.

He sat near the very spot where Father Herzog, the year before his death, had threatened to shoot him. The cause of his rage was money. Herzog was broke, and asked his father to underwrite a loan. The old man questioned him narrowly, about his job, his expenses, his child. He had no patience with Moses. At that time I was living in Philadelphia, alone, making my choice (it was no choice!) between Madeleine and Sono, my other girl friend. Perhaps he had even heard I was about to be converted to Catholicism. Someone started such a rumor. I was in Chicago then because Papa had sent for me. He wanted to tell me about the changes in his will. Day and night, he thought how he would divide his estate, and thought accordingly of each of us, what we deserved, how we would use it. At odd times, he'd telephone and tell me I had to come right away. I'd sit up all night on the train. And he'd take me into a corner and say, "I want you to hear, once and for all. Your brother Willie is an honest man. When I die, he'll do as we agreed." "I believe it, Papa."

But he lost his temper every time, and when he wanted to shoot me it was because he could no longer bear the sight of me, that look of mine, the look of conceit or proud trouble. The elite look. I don't blame him, thought Moses as Taube slowly and lengthily described her ailments. Papa couldn't bear such an expression on the face of his youngest son. I aged. I wasted myself in stupid schemes, *liberating* my spirit. His heart ached angrily because of me. And Papa was not like some old men who become blunted toward their own death. No, his despair was keen and continual. And Herzog again was pierced with pain for his father.

They had had lunch on the back porch that day, and that was where the quarrel began. It had seemed to Moses, perhaps, that he was here as a prodigal son, admitting the worst and asking for the old man's mercy, and so Father Herzog saw nothing except a stupid appeal in his son's face—incomprehensible. "Idiot!" was what the old man had shouted. "Calf!" Then he saw the angry demand underlying Moses' look of patience. "Get out! I leave you nothing! Everything to Willie and Helen! You? . . . Croak in a flophouse." Moses rising, Father Herzog shouted, "Go. And don't come to my funeral."

"All right, maybe I won't."

Too late, Tante Taube had warned him to keep silent, raising her brows—she had still had brows then. Father Herzog rose stumbling from the table, his face distorted, and ran to get his pistol.

"Go, go! Come back later. I'll call you," Taube had whispered to Moses, and he, confused, reluctant, burning, stung because his misery was not recognized in his father's house (his monstrous egotism making its peculiar demands)—he reluctantly got up from the table. "Quick, quick!" Taube tried to get him to the front door, but old Herzog overtook them with the pistol.

He cried out, "I'll kill you!" And Herzog was startled not so much by this threat, which he did not believe, as by the return of his father's strength. In his rage he recovered it briefly, though it might cost him his life. The strained neck, the grinding of his teeth, his frightening color, even the military Russian strut with which he lifted the gun—these were better, thought Herzog, than his sinking down during a walk to the store. Father Herzog was not made to be pitiful.

"Go, go," said Tante Taube. Moses was weeping then.

"Maybe you'll die first," Father Herzog shouted.

"Papa!"

Half-hearing Tante Taube's slow description of Cousin Mordecai's approaching retirement, Herzog grimly recovered the note of that cry. *Papa—Papa.* You lout! The old man in his near-demented way was trying to act out the manhood you should have had. Coming to his house with that Christianized smirk of the long-suffering son. He should have pulled the trigger. Those looks were agony to him. He deserved to be spared, in his old age.

And then there was Moses with puffy weeping eyes, in the street, waiting for his cab, while Father Herzog hastily walked up and back before these windows, staring at him in agony of spirit—yes, you got that out of him. Walking quickly there, back and forth in his hasty style, dropping his weight on the one heel. The pistol thrown down. Who knows whether Moses shortened his life by the grief he gave him? Perhaps the stimulus of anger lengthened it. He could not die and leave this half-made Moses yet.

They were reconciled the following year. And then more of the same. And then . . . death.

"Should I make a cup of tea?" said Tante Taube.

"Yes, please, I'd like that if you feel up to it. And I also want to look in Papa's desk."

"Pa's desk? It's locked. You want to look in the desk? Everything belongs to you children. You could take the desk when I die."

"No, no!" he said. "I don't need the desk itself, but I was passing from the airport and thought I'd see how you were. And now that I'm here, I'd like to have a look in the desk. I know you don't mind."

"You want something, Moshe? You took your Mamma's silver coin case the last time."

He had given it to Madeleine.

"Is Papa's watch chain still in there?"

"I think Willie took it."

He frowned with concentration. "Then what about the rubles?" he asked. "I'd like them for Marco."

"Rubles?"

"My grandfather Isaac bought Czarist rubles during the Revolution, and they've always been in the desk."

"In the desk? I surely never seen them."

"I'd like to look, while you make a cup of tea, Tante Taube. Give me the key."

"The key . . . ?" Questioning him before, she had spoken more quickly, but now she receded again into slowness, raising a mountain of dilatory will in his way.

"Where do you keep it?"

"Where? Where did I put it? Is it in Pa's dresser? Or somewheres else? Let me remember. That's how I am now, it's hard to remember. . . ."

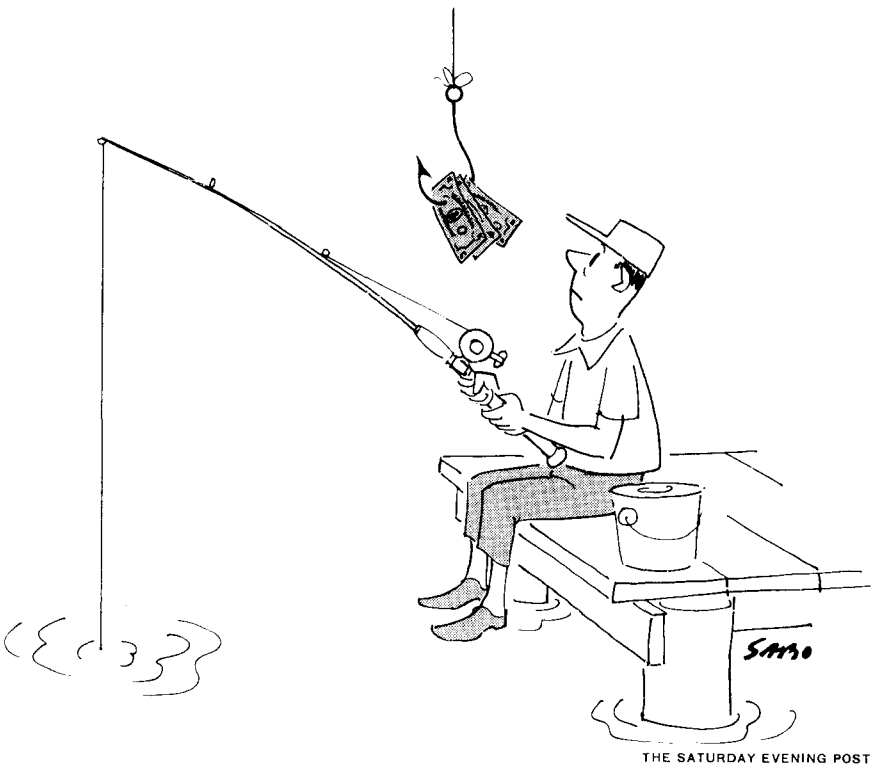
"I know where it is," he said, suddenly rising.

"You know where it is? So where is it?"

"In the music box, where you always used to keep it."

"In the music? . . . Pa took it from there. He locked up my social-security checks when they came. He said all the money *he* should have. . . ."

Moses knew he had guessed right. "Don't bother, I'll get it," he said. "If



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Herzog Visits Chicago

you'll put the kettle on. I'm very thirsty. It's been a hot, long day."

He helped her to rise, holding her flaccid arm. He was having his way—a poor sort of victory and filled with dangerous consequences. Going forward without her, he entered the bedroom. His father's bed had been removed. Hers stood alone with its ugly bedspread—some material that reminded him of a coated tongue. He breathed the old spice, the dark, heavy air, and lifted the lid of the music box. In this house he had only to consult his memory to find what he wanted. The mechanism released its little notes as the cylinder turned within, the small spines picking out the aria from *Figaro*. Moses was able to supply the words:

Nel momento
Della mia cerimonia
Io rideva di me
Senza saperlo.

His fingers recognized the key.

Old Taube in the dark outside the bedroom said, "Did you found it?"

He answered, "It's here," and spoke in a low, mild voice, not to make matters worse. The house was hers, after all. It was rude to invade it. He was not ashamed of this, he only recognized with full objectivity that it was not right. But it had to be done.

"Do you want me to put the kettle on?"

"No, a cup of tea I can still make."

He heard her slow steps in the passage. She was going to the kitchen. Herzog quickly made for the small sitting room. The drapes were drawn. He turned on the lamp beside the desk. In seeking the switch he tore the ancient silk of the shade, releasing a fine dust. The name of this color was old rose—he felt certain of it. He opened the cherry-wood secretary, braced the wide leaf on its runners, drawing them out from either side. Then he went back and shut the door, first making sure Taube had reached the kitchen. In the drawers he recognized each article—leather, paper, gold. Swift and tense, veins standing out on his head, and tendons on the hands, he groped, and found what he was looking for—Father Herzog's pistol. An old pistol, the barrel nickel-plated. Papa had bought it to keep on Cherry Street, in the railroad yards. Moses flipped the gun open. There were two bullets. This was it, then. He rapidly clicked it shut and put it in his pocket. There it made too large a bulge. He took out his wallet and replaced it with the gun. The wallet he buttoned in his hip pocket.

Now he began to search for those rubles. Those he found in a small compartment with old passports, ribbons sealed in wax, like gobs of dried blood. They were in a large billfold—his playthings of forty years ago. Peter the Great in a rich coat of armor, and a splendid imperial Catherine. Lamplight revealed the watermarks. Recalling how he and Willie used to play casino for these stakes, Herzog uttered one of his short laughs, then made a nest of these large bills in his pocket for the pistol. He thought it must be less conspicuous now.

"You got what you want?" Taube asked him in the kitchen.

"Yes." He put the key on the enameled metal table.

He knew it was not proper that he should think her expression sheeplike. This figurative habit of his mind crippled his judgment, and was likely to ruin him some day. Perhaps the day was near; perhaps this night his soul would be required of him. The gun weighed on his chest. But the protuberant lips, great eyes, and pleated mouth *were* sheeplike, and they warned him he was taking too many chances with destruction. Taube, a veteran survivor, to be heeded, had fought the grave to a standstill, balking death itself by her slowness. All had decayed but her shrewdness and her incredible patience; and in Moses she saw Father Herzog again, nervy and hasty, impulsive, suffering. His eye twitched as he bent toward her in the kitchen. She muttered, "You got a lot of trouble? Don't make it worser, Moshe."

"There's no trouble, Tante. I have business to take care of. . . . I don't think I can wait for tea, after all."

"I put out Pa's cup for you."

Moses drank tap water from his father's teacup.

"Good-by, Tante Taube, keep well." He kissed her forehead.

"Remember I helped you?" she said. "You shouldn't forget. Take care, Moshe."

He left by the back door; it made departure simpler. Honeysuckle grew along the rainspout, as in his father's time, and fragrant in the evening—almost too rich. Could any heart become quite petrified?

He gunned his motor at the stoplight, trying to decide which was the faster route to Harper Avenue. The new Ryan Expressway was very quick but it would land him in the thick of the traffic on West 51st Street, where people promenaded, or cruised in their cars. There was Garfield Boulevard, much better; however, he was not sure he could find his way through Washington Park after dark. He decided to follow Edens to Congress Street and Congress to the Outer Drive. Yes, that would be fastest. What he would do when he got to Harper Avenue he hadn't yet decided. Madeleine had threatened him with arrest if he so much as showed his face near the house. The police had his picture, but that was sheer bunk, bunk and paranoia, the imperiousness of imaginary powers that had once impressed him. But there was now a real matter between him and Madeleine, a child, a reality—June. Out of cowardice, sickness, fraud, by a bungling father out of a plotting bitch, something genuine! This little daughter of his! He cried out to himself as he raced up the ramp of the expressway that nobody would harm *her*. He accelerated, moving in his lane with the rest of the traffic. The thread of life was stretched tight in him. It quivered crazily. He did not fear its breaking so much as his failing to do what he should. The little Falcon was storming. He thought his speed was terrible until a huge trailer truck passed him on the right, when he realized that this was not the time to risk a traffic ticket—not with a pistol in his pocket—and lifted his foot from the pedal. Peering left and right, he recognized that the new expressway had been cut through old streets, streets he knew. He saw the vast gas tanks, crowned with lights, from a new perspective, and the rear of a Polish church with a Christ in brocades exhibited in a lighted window, like a showcase. The long curve eastbound passed over the freight yards, burning with sunset dust, rails streaking westward; next, the tunnel under the mammoth post office; next, the State Street honky-tonks. From the last slope of Congress Street the distortions of dusk raised up the lake like a mild wall crossed by bands, amethyst, murky blue, irregular silver, and a slate color at the horizon, boats hanging rocking inside the breakwater, and helicopters and small aircraft whose lights teetered overhead. The familiar odor of the fresh water, bland but also raw, reached him as he sped south. It did not seem illogical that he should claim the privilege of insanity, violence, having been made to carry the rest of it—name-calling and gossip, railroading, pain, even exile in Ludeyville. That property was to have been his madhouse. Finally, his mausoleum. But they had done something else to Herzog—unpredictable. It's not everyone who gets the opportunity to kill with a clear conscience. They had opened the way to justifiable murder. They deserved to die. He had a right to kill them. They would even know why they were dying; no explanation necessary. When he stood before them they would have to submit. Gersbach would only hang his head, with tears for himself. Madeleine would shriek and curse. Out of hatred, the most powerful element in her life, stronger by far than any other power or motive. In spirit she was his murderess, and therefore he was turned loose, he could shoot or choke without remorse. He felt in his arms and in his fingers, and to the core of his heart, the sweet exertion of strangling—horrible and sweet, an orgastic rapture of inflicting death. He was sweating violently, his shirt wet and cold under his arms. Into his mouth came a taste of copper, a metabolic poison, a flat but deadly flavor.

When he reached Harper Avenue he parked around the corner, and entered the alley that passed behind the house. Grit spilled on the concrete; broken glass and gravelly ashes made his steps loud. He went carefully. The back fences were old here. Garden soil spilled under the slats, and shrubs and vines came over their tops. Once more he saw open honeysuckle. Even rambler roses, dark red in the dusk. He had to cover his face when he passed the garage because of the loops of briar that swung over the path from the sloping roof. When he stole into the yard he stood still until he could see his way. He must not stumble over a toy, or a tool. A fluid had come into his eyes—very clear, only somewhat distorting. He wiped it away with fingertips, and blotted, too, with the lapel of his coat. Stars had come out, violet points framed in roof shapes, leaves, strut wires. The yard was visible to him now. He saw the clothesline—Madeleine's underpants and his daughter's little shirts and dresses, tiny stockings. By the light of the kitchen window he made out a sandbox in the grass, a new red sandbox with broad ledges to sit on. Stepping nearer, he looked into the kitchen. Madeleine was there! He stopped breathing as he watched her. She was wearing slacks and a blouse fastened with a broad red-leather-and-brass belt he had given her. Her smooth hair hung loose as she moved between the table and the sink, cleaning up after dinner, scraping dishes in her own style of abrupt efficiency. He studied her straight profile as she stood at the sink, the flesh under her chin as she concentrated on the foam in the sink, tempering the water. He could see the color in her cheeks, and almost the blue of her eyes. Watching, he fed his rage, to keep it steady, up to full strength. She was not likely to hear him in the yard because the storm windows had not been taken down—not, at least, those he had put up last fall at the back of the house.

He moved into the passageway. Luckily the neighbors were not at home, and he did not have to worry about their

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lights. He had had his look at Madeleine. It was his daughter he wanted to see now. The dining room was unoccupied—after-dinner emptiness, Coke bottles, paper napkins. Next was the bathroom window, set higher than the rest. He remembered, however, that he had used a cement block to stand on, trying to take out the bathroom screen until he had discovered that there was no storm window to replace it. The screen was still in, therefore. And the block? It was exactly where he had left it, among the lilies of the valley on the left side of the path. He moved it into place, the scraping covered by the sound of water in the tub, and stood on it, his side pressed to the building. He tried to muffle the sound of his breathing, opening his mouth. In the rushing water with floating toys his daughter's little body shone. His child! Madeleine had let her black hair grow longer, and now it was tied up for the bath with a rubber band. He melted with tenderness for her, putting his hand over his mouth to cover any sound emotion might cause him to make. She raised her face to speak to someone he could not see. Above the flow of water he heard her say something but could not understand the words. Her face was the Herzog face, the large dark eyes *his* eyes, the nose his father's, Tante Zipporah's, his brother Willie's nose, and the mouth his own. Even the bit of melancholy in her beauty—that was his mother. It was Sarah Herzog, pensive, slightly averting her face as she considered the life about her. Moved, he watched her, breathing with open mouth, his face half covered by his hand. Flying beetles passed him. Their heavy bodies struck the screen but did not attract her notice.

Then a hand reached forward and shut off the water—a man's hand. It was Gersbach. He was going to bathe Herzog's daughter! Gersbach! His waist was now in sight. He came into view stalking beside the old-fashioned round tub, bowing, straightening, bowing—his Venetian hobble, and then, with great trouble, he began to kneel, and Herzog saw his chest, his head, as he arranged himself. Flattened to the wall, his chin on his shoulder, Herzog saw Gersbach roll up the sleeves of his paisley sport shirt, put back his thick glowing hair, take the soap, heard him say, not unkindly, "Okay, cut out the monkeyshines," for Junie was giggling, twisting, splashing, dimpling, showing her tiny white teeth, wrinkling her nose, teasing. "Now hold still," said Gersbach. He got into her ears with the washrag as she screamed, cleaned off her face, the nostrils, wiped her mouth. He spoke with authority, but affectionately and with grumbling smiles and occasionally with laughter he bathed her—soaped, rinsed, dipping water in her toy boats to rinse her back as she squealed and twisted. The man washed her tenderly. His look, perhaps, was false. But he had no *true* expressions, Herzog thought. His face was all heaviness, sexual meat. Looking down his open shirt front, Herzog saw the hair-covered heavy soft flesh of Gersbach's breast. His chin was thick, and like a stone ax, a brutal weapon. And then there were his sentimental eyes, the thick crest of hair, and that hearty voice with its peculiar fraudulence and grossness. The hated traits were all there. But see how he was with June, scooping the water on her playfully, kindly. He let her wear her mother's flowered shower cap, the rubber petals spreading on the child's head. Gersbach ran fresh water on her, cumbersomely rose and opened the bath towel. Steady and thorough, he dried her, and then with a large puff he powdered her. The child jumped up and down with delight. "Okay, enough of this wild stuff," said Gersbach. "Put on those p-j's now."

She ran out. Herzog still saw faint wisps of powder, that floated over Gersbach's stooping head. His red hair worked up and down. He was scouring the tub. Moses might have killed him now. His left hand touched the gun, enclosed in the roll of rubles. He might have shot Gersbach as he methodically salted the yellow sponge rectangle with cleansing powder. There were two bullets in the chamber. . . . But they would stay there. Herzog clearly recognized that. Very softly he stepped down from his perch, and passed without sound through the yard again. He saw his child in the kitchen, looking up at Mady, asking for something, and he edged through the gate into the alley. Firing this pistol was nothing but a thought.

I seem to think because June looks like a Herzog, she is nearer to me than to them. But how is she near to me if I have no share in her life? Those two grotesque love-actors have it all. And I apparently believe that if the child does not have a life resembling mine, educated according to the Herzog standards of "heart," and all the rest of it, she will fail to become a human being. This is sheer irrationality, and yet some part of my mind takes it as self-evident. But what in fact can she learn from them? From Gersbach, when he looks so sugary, repulsive, poisonous, not an individual but a fragment, a piece broken off from the mob. To shoot him!—an absurd thought. As soon as Herzog saw the actual person giving an actual bath, the reality of it, the tenderness of such a buffoon to a little child, his intended violence turned into *theater*, into something ludicrous. He was not ready to make such a complete fool of himself. Only self-hatred could lead him to ruin himself because his heart was "broken." How could it be broken by such a pair? Lingering in the alley awhile, he congratulated himself on his luck. His breath came back to him; and how good it felt to breathe! It was worth the trip.

But he was not yet willing to call it a day. He had to have a talk with Phoebe Gersbach. It was essential. And he decided not to phone her and give her an opportunity to prepare herself, or even refuse to see him. He drove directly to Woodlawn Avenue—a dreary part of Hyde Park, but characteristic, *his* Chicago: massive, clumsy, amorphous, smelling of mud and decay and dogs; sooty façades, slabs of structural *nothing*, senselessly ornamented triple porches with huge cement urns for flowers that contained only rotting cigarette butts and other stained filth; sun parlors under tiled gables, rank areaways, gray backstairs, seamed and ruptured concrete from which sprang grass; ponderous 4x4 fences that sheltered growing weeds. And among these spacious, comfortable, dowdy apartments where liberal, benevolent people lived (this was the university neighborhood) Herzog did in fact feel at home. He was perhaps as midwestern and unfocused as these same streets. (Not so much determinism, he thought, as a lack of determining elements—the absence of a formative power.) But it was all typical, and nothing was lacking, not even the sound of roller skates awkwardly gritting on the pavement beneath new summer leaves. Two poky little girls under the green transparency of street lamps, skating in short skirts, and with ribbons in their hair.

A nervous qualm went through him now that he was at Gersbach's gate, but he mastered it and went up the walk, rang the bell. Phoebe approached quickly. She called, "Who is it?" and seeing Herzog through the glass was silent. Was she scared?

"It's an old friend," said Herzog. A moment passed, Phoebe, despite the firmness of her mouth, hesitating, eyes large-lidded beneath her bangs. "Won't you let me in?" Moses asked. His tone made refusal unthinkable. "I won't take much of your time," he said as he was entering. "We do have a few matters to discuss, though."

"Come in the kitchen, will you."

"Sure . . ." She didn't want to be surprised talking to him in the front room or overheard by little Ephraim, who was in his bedroom. In the kitchen she shut the door and asked Herzog to sit. The chair her eyes were looking at was beside the refrigerator. There he would not be seen from the kitchen window. With a faint smile he sat down. From the extreme composure of her slender face he knew how her heart must be pounding, working, even more violently than his. An orderly person, self-controlled in high degree, clean—the head nurse—she tried to maintain a businesslike look. Herzog buttoned up his jacket to make sure the butt of his gun did not show. The sight of a weapon would certainly frighten her to death.

"Well, how are you, Phoebe?"

"We're all right."

"Comfortably settled? Liking Chicago? Little Ephraim still in the Lab School?"

"Yes."

"And the Temple? I see that Val taped a program with Rabbi Itzkowitz—what did he call it? 'Hasidic Judaism, Martin Buber, *I and Thou*.' Still this Buber kick! He's very thick with these rabbis. Maybe he wants to swap wives with a rabbi. He'll work his way round from 'I and Thou' to 'Me and You'—'You and Me, Kid!' But I suppose you'd draw the line there. You wouldn't go along with everything."

Phoebe made no answer and remained standing.

"Maybe you think I'll leave sooner if you don't sit. Come, Phoebe, sit down. I promise you I haven't come to make scenes. I have only one purpose here, in addition to wanting to see an old friend. . . ."

"We're not really old friends."

"Not by calendar years. But we were so close out in Ludeyville. That is true. You have to think of duration—Bergsonian duration. We have known each other in duration. Some people are *sentenced* to certain relationships. Maybe every relationship is either a joy or a sentence."

"You earned your own sentence, if that's how you want to think about it. We had a quiet life till you and Madeleine descended on Ludeyville and forced yourself on me." Phoebe, her face thin but hot, eyelids unmoving, sat down on the edge of the chair Herzog had drawn forward for her.

"Good. Say what you think, Phoebe. That's what I want. Sit back. Don't be afraid. I'm not looking for trouble. We've got a problem in common."

Phoebe denied this. She shook her head, with a stubborn look, all too vigorously. "I'm a plain woman. Valentine is from upstate New York."

"Just a rube. Yes. Knows nothing about fancy vices from the big city. Didn't even know how to dial a number. Had to be led step by step into degeneracy by me—Moses E. Herzog."

Stiff and hesitant, she turned her body aside in her abrupt way. Then she came to a decision and turned to him again with the same abruptness. She was a pretty woman, but stiff, very stiff, bony, without self-confidence. "You never understood a thing about him. He fell for you. Adored you. Tried to become an intellectual because he wanted to help you—saw what a terrible thing you had done in giving up your respectable university position and how reckless you were, rushing out to the country with Madeleine. He thought she was ruining you and tried to set you on the right track again. He read all those books so you'd have somebody to talk to, out in the sticks, Moses. Because you needed help, praise, flattery, support, affection. It was never enough. You wore him out. It nearly killed him, trying to back you up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Psst! Didn't I meet you at the San Francisco earthquake? Pass it on!"

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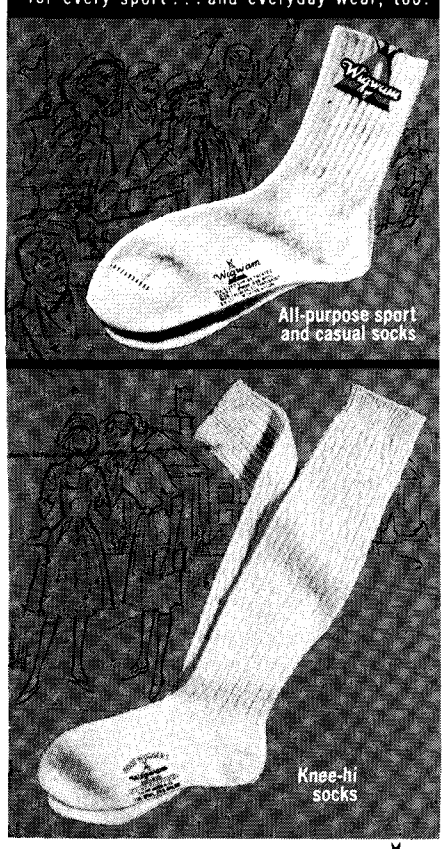

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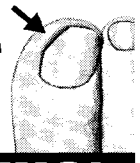

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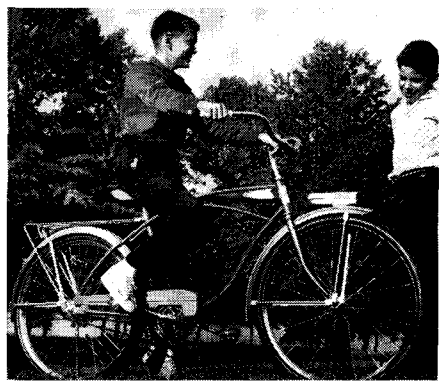

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Herzog Visits Chicago

"Yes . . . ? What else? Go on," said Herzog.

"It's still not enough. What do you want from him now? What are you here for? More excitement? Are you still greedy for excitement?"

Herzog no longer smiled. "Some of what you say is right enough, Phoebe. I was certainly floundering in Ludeyville. But you take the wind out of me when you say you were leading a perfectly ordinary life up there in Barrington. Until Mady and I came along with the books and the theatrical glamour, high-level mental life, scattering big-shot ideas, squandering and blowing whole ages of history. You were scared by us because we—Mady especially—gave him confidence. As long as he was only a small-time gimpy radio announcer, he might bluff at being a big shot, but you had him where you wanted him. Because he is a bluffer and a screwball, a kind of freak, but *yours*. Then he got bolder. He gave his exhibitionism scope. Quite right, I'm an idiot. You were even right to dislike me, if only because I wouldn't see what was happening and in that way put another burden on you. But why didn't you say something? You watched the whole thing going on. It went on for years, and you said nothing. I wouldn't have been so indifferent if I saw the same thing happening to you."

Phoebe hesitated to speak of this and turned even paler. She said, at last, "It's not my fault that you refuse to understand the system other people live by. Your ideas get in the way. Maybe a weak person like me has no choice. I couldn't do anything for you. Especially last year. I was seeing a psychiatrist, and he advised me to keep away. To keep away from you, most of all from you and all your trouble. He said I wasn't strong enough, and you know it's true—I'm not strong enough."

Herzog considered this—Phoebe was weak, that was certainly the truth. He decided to get to the point. "Why don't you divorce Valentine?" he said.

"I see no reason why I should." Her voice immediately recovered strength.

"He's deserted you, hasn't he?"

"Val? I don't know why you say that! I'm not deserted."

"Where is he now—this evening? This minute?"

"Downtown. On business."

"Oh, come on, don't pull that stuff on me, Phoebe. He's living with Madeleine. Do you deny it?"

"I most certainly do. I can't imagine how you ever got such a fantastic idea."

Moses leaned with one arm against the refrigerator as he shifted in his chair and took out a handkerchief—the scrap of kitchen towel from his New York apartment. He wiped his face.

"If you would sue for divorce," he explained, "as you have every right to do, you could name Madeleine for adultery. I'd help raise the money. I'd underwrite the whole cost. I want Junie. Don't you see? Together we could nail them. You've let Madeleine drive you here and there. As if you were a nanny goat."

"That's the old devil in you talking again, Moses."

Nanny goat was a mistake; he was making her more obstinate. But, anyway, she was going to follow her own line. She'd never share any plan of his.

"Don't you want me to have custody of June?"

"I'm indifferent to that."

"You have your own war with Madeleine, I suppose," he said. "Fighting over the man. A cat fight—a female sex fight. But she'll beat you. Because she's a psychopath. I know you've got reserve strength. But she's a nut, and nuts win. Besides, Valentine doesn't want you to get him."

"I really don't understand what you're saying."

"He'll lose his value to Madeleine as soon as you withdraw. After the victory, she'll have to throw him out."

"Valentine comes home every night. He's never out late. He should be here soon. . . . When I'm even a little delayed somewhere, why, he gets frantic with worry. He phones all over the city."

"Perhaps that's hope," said Moses. "Hope disguised as concern. Don't you know how that is? If you get killed in an accident, he cries and packs up and moves in with Madeleine for good."

"That's your devil speaking again. My child is going to keep *his* father. You still want Madeleine, don't you!"

"Me? Never! All that hysterical stuff is finished. No, I'm glad to be rid of her. I don't even loathe her much anymore. And she's welcome to all she chiseled from me. She must have been banking my money all along. Okay! Let her keep it with my blessing. Bless the bitch! Good luck and good-bye. I bless her. I wish her a busy, useful, pleasant, dramatic life. Including *love*. The best people fall in love, and she's one of the best, therefore she loves this fellow. They both *love*. She's not good enough to bring up the kid, though. . . ."

If he were a wild pig, and those bangs of hers a protective hedge—Phoebe's brown eyes were as vigilant as that. And yet Moses was sorry for her. They bullied her—Gersbach and Madeleine through Gersbach. But Phoebe herself meant to win this contest. It must be inconceivable to her that one should set such modest, such minimal goals—table, market, laundry, child—and still lose the struggle. Life couldn't be as indecent as that, could it? Another hypothesis: sexlessness was her strength; she wielded the authority of the superego. Still another: she acknowledged the creative depth of modern degeneracy, all the luxuriant vices of emancipated swingers, and thus accepted her situation as a poor, neurotic, dry, unfortunate, mud-stuck, middle-class woman. To her, Gersbach was no ordinary man, and because of his richness of character, his spiritual-erotic drive, or God knows what foot-smelling metaphysics, he required two wives or more. Maybe these two women lent this piece of orange-tufted flesh to each other for widely different needs. For domestic peace.

"Phoebe," he said. "Admitting you're weak—but how weak are you? Excuse me. . . . I find this pretty funny. You have to deny *everything*, and keep up a perfect appearance. Can't you admit even a tiny bit?"

"What good would that do you?" she asked sharply. "And also, what are you prepared to do for me?"

"I? I'd help . . ." he began. But he checked himself. It was true, he couldn't offer much. He really was useless to her. With Gersbach she could still be a wife. He came home. She cooked, ironed, shopped, signed checks. Without him, she could not exist, cook, make beds. The trance would break. Then what?

"Why do you come to me, if you want custody of your daughter? Either do something by yourself, or forget it. Let me alone, now, Moses."

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This, too, was perfectly just. Silent, he stared hard at her. The early and native tendency of his mind, lately acting without inhibitions, found significance in small bloodless marks on her face. As if death had tried her with his teeth and found her still unripe.

"Well, thank you for this talk, Phoebe. I'm going." He stood up. There was a softer kindliness in Herzog's expression, not often seen. Rather awkwardly he took Phoebe's hand, and she could not move fast enough to avoid his lips. He drew her closer and kissed her on the head. "You're right. This was an unnecessary visit." She freed her fingers.

"Good-bye, Moses." She spoke without looking at him. He would not get more from her than she was able to spare. ". . . You've been treated like dirt. That's true. But it's all over. You should get away. Just get away from this now."

The door was shut.

He went to spend the night with Lucas Asphalter, telephoning from a sidewalk booth to invite himself over. "I won't be in the way, will I? Have you got anybody there with you? No? I want you to do me a special favor. I can't phone Madeleine to ask to see the child. She hangs up on me as soon as she recognizes my voice. Will you call and arrange for me to pick up June tomorrow?"

"Why, of course," said Asphalter. "I'll do it now and have the answer for you when you get here. Did you just blow in, on impulse? Unplanned?"

"Thank you, Luke. Please do it now."

He left the booth, reflecting that he really must rest tonight, try to get some sleep. At the same time, he hesitated somewhat to lie down and shut his eyes; tomorrow he might not be able to recover his state of simple, free, intense realization. He therefore drove slowly, stopping at Walgreen's, where he bought a bottle of Cutty Sark for Luke and playthings for June—a toy periscope through which she could look over the sofa, around corners, a beach ball you inflated with your breath.

In front of Asphalter's house he locked the Falcon for the night, leaving Junie's gifts in the trunk. He felt certain she would love the periscope. There was much to be seen in that house on Harper Avenue. Let the child find life. The plainer the better, perhaps.

He was met on the staircase by Asphalter.

"I've been waiting for you."

"Is something wrong?" said Herzog.

"No, no, don't worry. I'm picking June up at noon tomorrow. She goes to a play school, half-days."

"Wonderful," Herzog said. "No trouble?"

"With Madeleine? None at all. She doesn't want to see you. Otherwise, you can visit with your little girl to your heart's content."

"She doesn't want me to come with a court order. Legally, she's in a dubious position, with that crook in the house. Well, let's have a look at you." They entered the apartment where the light was better. "You've a bit of a beard, Luke."

Nervously and shyly Asphalter touched his chin, looking away. He said, "I'm brazening it out."

"Compensation for the sudden unfortunate baldness?" said Herzog.

"Fighting a depression," said Asphalter. "Thought a change of image might be good . . . Excuse my pad."

Asphalter had always lived in such graduate-student filth. Herzog looked about. "If I ever have another windfall I'll buy you some bookshelves, Luke. About time you got rid of these old crates. This scientific literature is heavy stuff. But look, you've got clean sheets on the studio couch for me. This is very kind of you, Luke."

"You're an old friend."

"Thanks," said Herzog. To his surprise he found difficulty in speaking. A swift rush of feeling, out of nowhere, caught his throat. His eyes filled up. The potato love, he announced to himself. It's here. To advert to his temperament, call things by the correct name, restored his control. Self-correction refreshed him.

He said suddenly, "What happened to that bottle of Cutty Sark I brought? I need a shot."

"You need to go to sleep. You look ready to cave in."

"I don't feel bad at all," said Herzog.

"I've got some things to do, anyway. Go to sleep. I haven't finished grading all my exams."

"I guess I am folding," Moses said. "The bed looks good."

"I'll let you sleep late. Plenty of time," said Asphalter. "Good night, Moses." They shook hands.

At last he embraced his daughter, and she pressed his cheeks with her small hands and kissed him. Hungry to feel her, to breathe in her childish fragrance, to look in her face, her black eyes, touch her hair, the skin under her dress, he pressed her little bones, stammering, "Junie, sweetie. I've missed you." His happiness was painful. And she with all her innocence and childishness and with the pure, or amorous, instinct of tiny girls, kissed him on the lips, her careworn, busted, germ-carrying father.

Asphalter stood by, smiling but feeling somewhat awkward, his bald scalp perspiring, his new parti-colored beard looking hot. They were on the long gray staircase of the Museum of Science in Jackson Park. Busloads of children were entering, black and white flocks, herded by teachers and parents. The bronze-trimmed glass doors flashed in and out, and all these little bodies, blessed heads of all hues, shapes, the promise of the world to come, in the eyes of benevolent Herzog, its future good and evil, hurried in and out.

"My sweet June. Papa missed you."

"Poppy!"

"I can meet you right at this spot at four P.M.," Asphalter said.

"Only three and a half hours? Where does she get off! Well, all right, I won't quarrel. I don't want any conflict. There's another day tomorrow, Luke. Thank you. I'll be here at four."

Moses carried his daughter into the museum to see the chickens hatching. "Did Marco send you a postcard, baby?"

"Yes. From the camp."

"You know who Marco is?"

"My big brother."

So Madeleine was not trying to estrange her from the Herzogs, whatever course of madness she was running.

"Have you gone down in the coal mine, here in the museum?"

"It scared me."

"Do you want to see the chickies?"

"I seen them."

"Don't you want to see them more?"

"Oh, yes. I like them. Uncle Val took me last week."

"Do I know Uncle Val?"

"Oh, Papa! You fooler." She hugged his neck, snickering.

"Who is he?"

"He's my stepfather, Papa. You *know* it."

"Is that what Mama tells you?"

"He's my stepfather."

"Was he the one who locked you up in the car?"

"Yes."

"And what did you do?"

"I was crying. But not long."

"And do you like Uncle Val?"

"Oh, yes, he's fun. He makes faces. Can you make good faces?"

"Some," he said. "I have too much dignity to make good faces."

"You tell better stories."

"I expect I do, sweetheart."

"About the boy with the stars."

So she remembered his best inventions. Herzog nodded his head, wondering at her, proud of her, thankful. "The boy with all the freckles?"

"They were like the sky."

"Each freckle was just like a star, and he had them all. The Big Dipper, Little Dipper, Orion, the Bear, the Twins, Betelguese, the Milky Way. His face had each and every star on it, in the right position."

"Only one star nobody knew."

"They took him to all the astronomers."

"I saw astronomers on television."

"And the astronomers said, 'Pooh, pooh, an interesting coincidence. A little freak.'"

"More. More."

"At last he went to see Hiram Shpitalnik, who was an old old old man, very tiny, with a long beard down to his feet. He lived in a hatbox. And he said, 'You must be examined by *my* grandfather.'"

"He lived in a walnut shell."

"Exactly. And all his friends were bees. The busy bee has no time for sorrow. Great-grandfather Shpitalnik came out of the shell with a telescope, and looked at Rupert's face."

"The boy's name was Rupert."

"Old Shpitalnik had the bees lift him into position, and he looked and said it *was* a real star, a new discovery. He had been watching for that star. . . . Now, here are the chicks." He held the child on the railing, to his left, so that she would not press against the pistol, wrapped in her great-grandfather's rubles. These were in his right breast pocket still.

"They're yellow," she said.

"They keep it hot and bright in there. See that egg wobble? The chick is trying to get out. Soon his bill will go through the shell. Watch."

"Papa, you don't shave at our house anymore, why not?"

He must stiffen his resistance to heartache now. A kind of necessary hardness was demanded. Otherwise it was as the savage described the piano, "You fight 'im 'e cry." In measured words he answered. "I have my razor in another place. What does Madeleine say?"

"She says you didn't want to live with us anymore."

He kept his anger from the child. "Did she? Well, I always want to be with you. I just can't."

"Why?"

"Because I'm a man, and men have to work, and be in the world."

"Uncle Val works. He writes poems and reads them to Mama."

Herzog's sober face brightened. "Splendid." She had to listen to his trash. Bad art and vice hand in hand. "I'm glad to hear it."

"He looks ooky when he says them."

"And does he cry?"

"Oh, yes."

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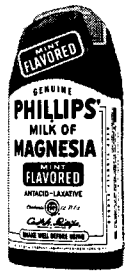

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Herzog Visits Chicago

June had bent her head, and held her wrists to her eyes.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"Mama said I shouldn't talk about Uncle Val."

"Why?"

"She said you'd be very very angry."

"But I'm not. I'm laughing my head off. All right. We won't talk about him. I promise. Not one word."

An experienced father, he prudently waited until they reached the Falcon before he said, "I have presents for you in the trunk!"

"Oh, Papa—what did you bring!"

Against the clumsy, gray, gaping Museum of Science she looked so fresh, so new (her milk teeth and sparse freckles and big expectant eyes, her fragile neck). And he thought how she would inherit this world of great instruments, principles of physics and applied science. She had the brains for it. He was already intoxicated with pride, seeing another Madame Curie in her. She loved the periscope. They spied on each other from the sides of the car, hiding behind tree trunks and in the arches of the comfort station. Crossing the bridge on the Outer Drive they walked by the lake. He let her take off her shoes and wade, drying her feet afterward in his shirttail, carefully brushing out the sand between her toes. He bought her a box of Cracker Jack which she nibbled on the grass. The dandelions had blown their fuses and were all loose silk; the turf was springy, neither damp as in May nor dry and hard as in August, when the sun would scorch it. The mechanical mower was riding in circles, barbering the slopes, raising a spray of clippings. Lighted from the south the water was a marvelous, fresh, heavy day-light blue; the sky rested on the mild burning horizon, clear except toward Gary, where the dark thin pillars of the steel hearths puffed out russet and sulphur streams of smoke. By now the lawns at Ludeyville, uncut for two years, must be simply hayfields, and local hunters and lovers were breaking in again, most likely, shattering windows, lighting fires.

"I want to go to the aquarium, Papa," said June. "Mama said you should take me."

"Oh, did she? Well, come on then."

The Falcon had grown hot in the sun. He opened the windows to cool it. He had an extraordinary number of keys by now and must organize them better in his pockets. There were his New York house keys, the Faculty Men's Lounge key from the university, and the key to Asphalter's apartment, as well as several Ludeyville keys. "You must sit in the back seat, honey. Creep in, now, and pull down your dress because the plastic is very hot." The air from the west was drier than the east air. Herzog's sharp senses detected the difference. In these days of near-delirium and wide-ranging disordered thought, deeper currents of feeling had heightened his perceptions, or made him instill something of his own into his surroundings.

"Papa, you must turn here. This is where Uncle Val always turns."

"Okay." He observed in the mirror that the slip had distressed her. She had mentioned Gersbach again. "Hey, Pussycat," he said. "If you say anything about Uncle Val to me, I'll never tell. I'll never ask you any questions about him. Now don't you ever worry about it. It's all silliness. There's nothing wrong with a few secrets."

"I know lots of them." She stood directly behind him in the back seat and stroked his head. "Uncle Val is very nice."

"Why of course he is."

"But I don't like him. He doesn't smell good."

"Ha, ha! Well, we'll get him a bottle of perfume and make him smell terrific."

He held her hand as they mounted the aquarium staircase, feeling himself to be the father whose strength and calm judgment she could trust. The center court of the building, whitened by the skylight, was very warm. The splashing pool and luxuriant plants and soft tropical fishy air forced Moses to take a grip on himself, to keep up his energy.

"What do you want to see first?"

"The big turtles."

They went up and down the obscure gold and green alleys.

"This fast little fish is called the humuhumuu-elee-elee, from Hawaii. This slithering beast is the stingray and has teeth and venom in its tail. And these are lampreys, related to hagfish, they fasten their sucker mouths on other fish and drink until they kill them. Over there you see the rainbow fish. No turtles in this aisle, but look at those great things at the end. Sharks?"

"I saw the dolphins at Brookfield," said June. "They wear sailor hats, ring a bell. They can dance on their tails and play basketball."

Herzog picked her up and carried her. These children's outings, perhaps because they were pervaded with so much emotion, were always exhausting. Often, after a day with Marco, Moses had to put a cold compress on his eyes and lie down. It seemed his fate to be the visiting father, an apparition who faded in and out of the children's lives. But this peculiar sensitivity about meeting and parting had to be tamed. Such trembling sorrow—he tried to think what term Freud had for it: partial return of repressed traumatic material, ultimately traceable to the death instinct?—should not be imparted to children, not that tremulous lifelong swoon of death. This same emotion, as Herzog the student was aware, was held to be the womb of cities, heavenly as well as earthly, mankind being unable to part with its beloved or its dead in this world or the next. But to Moses E. Herzog as he held his daughter in his arms, looking through aqueous green at the lampreys and smooth sharks with their fanged bellies, this emotion was nothing but tyranny.

"*There* is the turtle!" June shouted. The thing rose from the depths of the tank in its horny breastplate, the beaked head lazy, the eyes with aeons of indifference, the flippers slowly striving, pushing at the glass, the great scales pinkish yellow, or on the back, bearing beautiful lines, black curved plates mimicking the surface tension of water. It trailed a fuzz of parasitic green.

For comparison they went back to the Mississippi River turtles in the pool at the center; their sides were red-straked; they dozed on their logs and paddled in company with catfish over a bottom shaded by ferns, strewn with pennies.

The child had now had enough, and so had her father. "I think we'll go and get you a sandwich. It's lunchtime," he said.

They left the parking lot carefully enough, Herzog later thought. He was a circumspect driver. But getting his Falcon into the main stream of traffic he should perhaps have reckoned with the long curve from the north on which the cars picked up speed. A little Volkswagen truck was on his tail. He touched the brakes, meaning to slow up and let the other driver pass. But the brakes were all too new and responsive. The Falcon stopped short and the small truck struck it from behind and rammed it into a utility pole. June screamed and clutched at his shoulders as he was thrown forward, against the steering wheel. The kid! he thought; but it was not the kid he had to worry about. He knew from her scream that she was not hurt, only frightened. He lay over the wheel, feeling weak, radically weak; his eyes grew dark; he felt that he was losing ground to nausea and numbness. He listened to June's screams but could not turn to her. He notified himself that he was passing out, and he fainted away.

They spread him out on the grass. He heard a locomotive very close—the Illinois Central. And then it seemed somewhat farther off, blundering in the weeds across the Drive. His vision at first was bothered by large blots, but these dwindled presently to iridescent specks. His pants had worked themselves up. He felt a chill in his legs.

"Where's June? Where's my daughter? He raised himself and saw her between two Negro policemen, looking at him. They had his wallet, the Czarist rubles, and the pistol, of course. There it was. He closed his eyes again. He felt the nausea return as he considered what he had gotten himself into. "Is she all right?"

"She's okay."

"Come here, Junie." He leaned forward and she walked into his arms. As he felt her, kissed her scared face, he had a sharp pain in his ribs. "Papa lay down for a minute. It's nothing." But she had seen him lying on this grass. Stretched limp, looking dead, probably, while the cops went through his pockets. His face felt bloodless, hollow, stiff, its sensations intensely reduced, and this frightened him. From the pricking of his hair at the roots he thought it must be turning white all at once. The police were giving him a few minutes to come to himself. The blue light of the squad car flashed, revolving. The driver of the small truck was staring at him, angry. A little beyond, the grackles were walking, feeding, the usual circle of lights working flexibly back and forth about their black necks. Over his shoulder Herzog was aware of the Field Museum. If only I were a mummy in that cellar! he thought.

The cops had him. Their silent looks gave him this information. Because he was holding Junie they waited; they might not be too rough with him just yet. Already stalling for time, he acted more dazed than he really felt. The cops could be very bad, he had seen them at work. But that was in the old days. Perhaps times had changed. There was a new Commissioner. He had sat close to Orlando Wilson at a Narcotics Conference last year. They had shaken hands. Of course it wasn't worth mentioning; anyway, nothing would antagonize these two big Negro cops more than hints of influence. For them, he was part of today's haul, and with his rubles, the gun, he couldn't hope that they would simply let him go. And there was the teal-blue Falcon crumpled against the utility pole. The traffic rushing by, the road with its blazing cars.

"You Moses?" the older of the two Negroes asked. There it was—that note of deadly familiarity that you heard only when immunity was lost.

"Yes, I'm Moses."

"This your chile?"

"Yes—my little girl."

"You better put your handkercher to your head. You got a little cut, Moses."

"Is that so?" This explained the pricking under his hair. Unable to locate his handkerchief, he unknotted his silk tie and folded it, pressed the broad end to his scalp. "Nothing to it," he said. The child had hidden her head in his shoulder. "Sit down by Papa, sweetheart. Sit on the grass right next to me. Papa's head hurts a little." She obeyed. Her docility, her feeling for him, what seemed to him the wise, tender sense of the child, her sympathy, moved him, pressed his guts. He put a protective, wide, eager hand on her back. Sitting forward, he held the tie to his scalp.

"You got the permit for this gun, Moses?" The cop pursed his large lips as

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Fine, thank you. And how is your liver today?"

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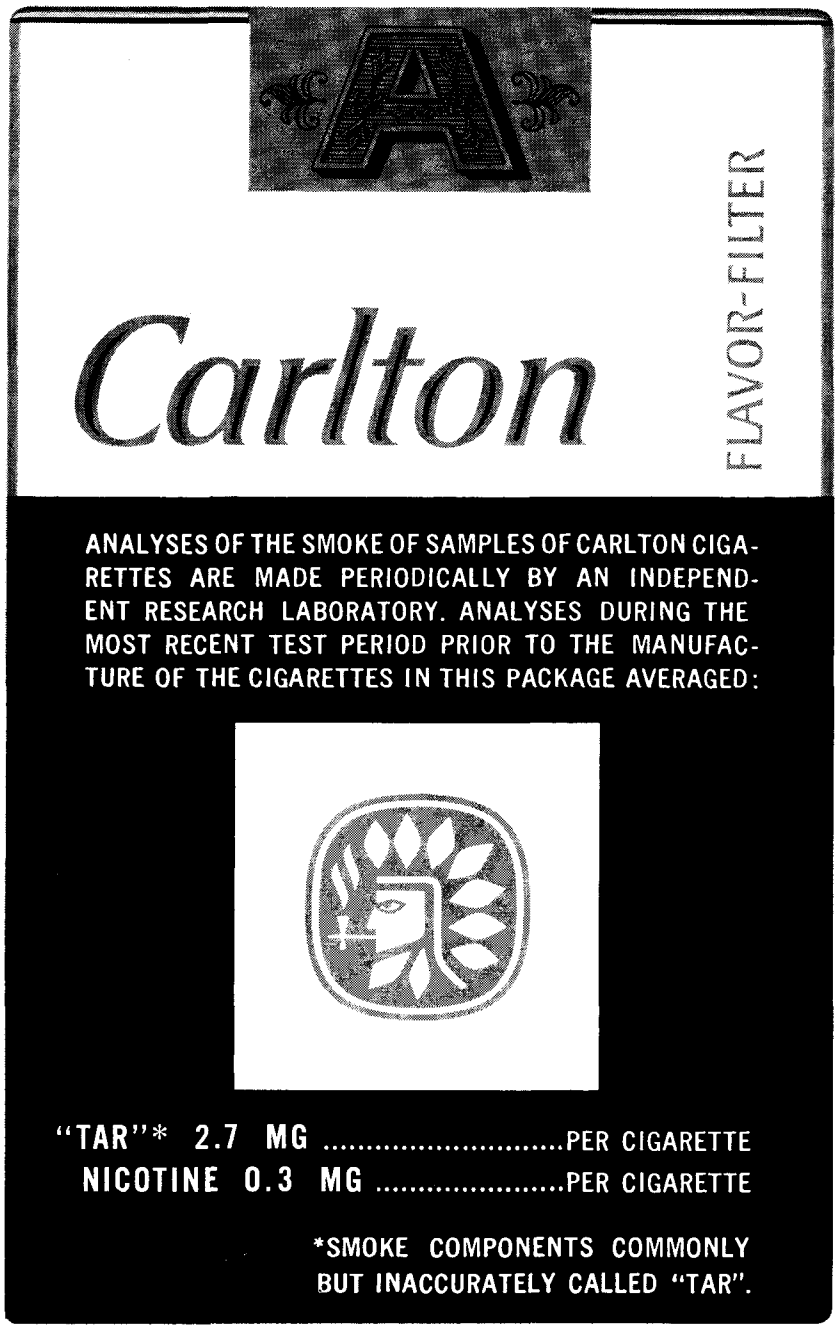
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he waited for the answer, brushing the small bristles of his moustache upward with his fingernail. The other policeman spoke with the driver of the Volkswagen truck, who was wildly angry. Sharp-faced, his nose sharp and red, he was glaring at Moses, saying, "You're going to take that guy's license away, aren't you?" Moses thought, I'm in bad because of the pistol, and this fellow wants to pour it on. Warned by this indignation, Herzog held his own feelings in.

"I asked you once, I ask you again, Moses, you got a permit?"

"No sir, I haven't."

"Two bullets in here. Loaded weapon, Moses."

"Officer, it was my father's gun. He died, and I was taking it back to Massachusetts." His answers were as brief and patient as he could make them. He knew he would have to repeat his story, over and over.

"What's this money here?"

"Worthless, officer. Like Russian Confederate money. Stage money. Another souvenir."

Not devoid of sympathy, the policeman's face also expressed a fatigued skepticism. He was heavy-lidded, and on his silent, thick mouth there was a sort of smile. Well—the variety of oddities, alibis, inventions, fantasies the police ran into every day. . . . Herzog, making his reckonings as intelligently as he could, though he had a heavy weight of responsibility and dread inside him, believed it might not be so easy for this cop to type him. There were labels to fit him, naturally, but a harness cop like this would not be familiar with them. Even now there was possibly some tinge of pride in this reflection, so tenacious was human foolishness. "Lord, let the angels praise thy name. Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing. Folly and sin play all his game. . . ."

Herzog's head ached and he could remember no more verses. He lifted the tie from his scalp. No sense in letting it stick; it would pull away the clot. June had put her head in his lap. He covered her eyes from the sun.

"We have to diagram this accident." The copper in his shiny pants squatted beside Herzog. From his fat, bulging hips his own gun hung low. Its brown butt of cross-hatched metal and the cartridge belt looked very different from Father Herzog's big, clumsy Cherry Street revolver. "I don't see the title of this Falcon, here."

The small car was staved in at both ends, the hood gaping like a mussel shell. The engine itself could not be damaged much; no fluids had trickled out. "It's rented. I picked it up at O'Hare. The papers are in the glove compartment," said Herzog.

"We got to get these facts, here." The policeman opened a folder and began to mark the thick paper of a printed form with his yellow pencil. "You come out of this parking lot—what speed?"

"I was creeping. Five, eight miles an hour—I just nosed out."

"You didn't see this fellow coming?"

"No. The curve was hiding him, I suppose. I don't know. But he was right on my bumper when I got into the lane." He bent forward, trying to change his position and ease the pain in his side. He had already arranged with his mind to disregard it. He stroked June's cheek. "At least she wasn't hurt," he said.

"I just lifted her out the back window. The door got jammed. I looked her over. She's okay." The moustached Negro frowned, as if to make plain that he did not owe Herzog—a man with a loaded gun—any explanations whatever. For it was the possession of this clumsy horse pistol with two cartridges, not the accident, that would be the main charge against him.

"I'd have blown my brains out if anything happened to her."

The squatting cop, to judge by his silence, had no concern with what Moses might have done. To speak of any use of the revolver, even against himself, was not very smart. But he was still somewhat stunned and dizzy, brought down, as he pictured it, from his strange, spiraling flight of the last few days; and the shock, not to say desperation of this sudden drop. His head still swam. He decided that this foolishness must stop, or things would go even worse. Running to Chicago to protect his daughter, he almost killed her. Coming to offset the influence of Gersbach, and to give her the benefit of his own self—man and father, et cetera—what did he do but bang into a pole. And then the child saw him dragged out fainting, cut on the head, the revolver and the rubles sliding from his pocket. No, weakness, or sickness, with which he had copped a plea all his life (alternating with arrogance), his method of preserving equilibrium—the Herzog gyroscope—had no further utility. He seemed to have come to the end of *that*.

The driver of the Volkswagen utilities truck, in a green jumper, was giving his account of the accident. Moses tried to make out the letters stitched in yellow thread over his pocket. Was he from the gas company? No telling. He was laying the whole guilt on him, of course. It was very inventive—creative. The story deepened every moment. Oh, the grandeur of self-justification, thought Herzog. What genius it brought out in these mortals, even the most red-nosed. The ripples in this fellow's scalp followed a different pattern from the furrows in his forehead. You could make out his former hairline by this means. A certain number of skimpy hairs remained.

"He just cut out in front of me. No signal, nothing. Whyn't you give him the drunk test? That's drunken driving."

"Well, now, Harold," the older Negro said. "What was your speed?"

"Why, Jesus! I was way below the limit."

"A lot of these company drivers like to give private cars the business," said Herzog.

"First he cut in front, then he slammed his brake."

"You mashed him pretty hard. That means you were crowdin' him."

"That's right. Looks like to me . . ." The senior policeman pointed two, three, five times with the rubber tip of his pencil before he spoke another word; he made you consider the road. "Looks to me, you were pushin' him, Harold. He couldn't get in the next lane so he thought he'd slow and give you a chance to pass. Hit the brake too hard, and you clobbered him. I see from the staple marks on your license you already got two moving violations."

"That's right, and that's why I've been extra careful."

God keep this anger from burning up your scalp, Harold. A very unbecoming red color, and all ridges, like a dog's palate.

"Looks like to me, if you hadn't been on top of him, you wouldn't have hit him so flush. You'd 'a tried to turn, and got him on the right. Got to write you a ticket, Harold."

Then, to Moses, he said, "I got to take you in. You gonna be booked for misdemeanor."

"This old gun?"

"Loaded. . . ."

"Why, it's nothing. I have no record—never been booked."

They waited for him to get to his feet. Sharp-nosed, the Volkswagen-truck driver knitted his ginger brows at him and, under his red, angry stare, Herzog stood and then picked up his daughter. She lost her barrette as he lifted her. Her hair came free beside her cheeks, quite long. He could not bend again to hunt for the tortoise-shell clip. The door of the squad car, parked on a slope, opened wide for him. He could now feel for himself what it was like to be in custody. No one was robbed, no one had died. Still he felt the heavy, deadly shadow lying on him. "And this is just like you, Herzog," he said to himself. He could not escape self-accusation. For this big, nickel-plated pistol, whatever he had vaguely intended yesterday to do with it, he should have left today in the flight bag under Asphalter's sofa. When he had put on his jacket in the morning and felt the awkward weight on his chest, then and there he might have stopped being quixotic.

"What are we going to do about this Falcon?" he asked the police. He stopped. But they pushed him on, saying, "Don't worry about that. We'll take care of it."

He saw the tow truck coming up with its crane and hook. It too had the blue light spinning above its cab.

"Listen," he said, "I have to get this kid home."

"She'll get home. She ain't in no danger."

"But I'm supposed to turn her over at four."

"You got almost two hours."

"But isn't this going to take longer than an hour? I'd certainly appreciate it if you'd let me look after her first."

"Get goin', Moses. . . ." Grimly kind, the senior patrolman moved him along.

"She hasn't eaten lunch."

"You in worse shape than she is. Come on, now."

He shrugged and crumpled the stained necktie, letting it drop at the roadside. The cut was not serious; it had stopped bleeding. He handed June in, and when he was seated in the fiery heat of the blue plastic rear, he took her on his lap and explained, "We're going for a ride, darling." She nodded and was silent. Her face was tearless, clouded, and this was far worse. It hurt him. It tore his heart. As if Madeleine and Gersbach weren't enough, *he* had to come running with his eager love and excitement, hugging, kissing, periscopes, anxious emotions She had to see him bleeding from th head. His eyes smarted, and he shut them with thumb and forefinger. The doors slammed. The motor gave a raw snort and raced smoothly, and the dry, rich summer air began to flow in, flavored with exhaust gas. It aggravated his nausea like a forced draft. When the car left the lake front he opened his eyes on the yellow ugliness of 22nd Street. He recognized the familiar look of summer damnation. Chicago! He smelled the hot reek of chemicals and inks coming from the Donnelley plant. And here was South State Street; here movie distributors used to hang their garish posters: Tom Mix plunging over a cliff; now it's only a smooth empty street where they sell glassware to bars. The car finally stopped. As if he had come to police headquarters in a rocking boat, over the water, he wavered when he got out on the sidewalk.

They handed his daughter out to him and escorted them to the elevator, which seemed roomy enough for a squadron. Two men who had been pinched—two other men in custody—went up with him. This was 11th and State. He remembered it. Dreadful here. Armed men came in, got out. As he was ordered, he followed the stout Negro policeman with the hug hands and wide hips down the corrido Others walked behind him.

He and June were taken into a big but close room, and he was being booked by another Negro policeman, a sergeant. He was well along in years, smoothly wrinkled. His creases were extruded, not internal. His color was dark yellow, Negro gold. He conferred with the arresting policeman and then looked at the gun, took out the two bullets, whispered more questions to the cop in shiny pants who bent down to whisper secretly.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Of course you may invite a friend to lunch. Bring him in."

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"Okay, you," he then said to Moses. He put on his Ben Franklin spectacles, two colonial tablets in thin gold frames. He took up his pen.

"Name?"

"Herzog—Moses."

"Middle initial?"

"E. Elkanah."

"Address?"

"Not living in Chicago."

The sergeant, fairly patient, said again, "Address?"

"Ludeyville, Mass., and New York City. Well, all right, Ludeyville, Massachusetts. No street number."

"This your chile?"

"Yes, sir. My little daughter June."

"Where does she live?"

"Here in the city, with her mother, on Harper Avenue."

"You divorced?"

"Yes, sir. I came to see the child."

"I see. You want to put her down?"

"No, officer—sergeant," he corrected himself, smiling agreeably.

"You're bein' booked, Moses. You weren't drunk were you? Did you have a drink today?"

"I had one last night, before I went to sleep. Nothing today. Do you want me to take an alcohol test?"

"It won't be necessary. There's no traffic charge against you. We're booking you on account of this gun."

Herzog pulled down his daughter's dress.

"It's just a souvenir. Like the money."

"What kind of dough is this?"

"It's Russian, from World War I."

"Just empty your pockets, Moses. Put your stuff down so's I can check it over."

Without protest, he laid down his money, his notebooks, pens, the handkerchief, his pocket comb, and his keys.

"Seems to me you've got a mess of keys, Moses."

"Yes, sir, but I can identify them all."

"That's okay. There's no law against keys, exceptin' if you're a burglar."

"The only Chicago key is this one with the red mark on it. It's the key to my friend Asphalter's apartment. He's supposed to meet me at four o'clock, by the Rosenwald Museum. I've got to get her to him."

"Well, it ain't four, and you ain't goin' anywhere yet."

"I'd like to phone and head him off. Otherwise, he'll stand waiting."

"Well, now, Moses, why ain't you bringin' the kid straight back to her mother?"

"You see . . . we're not on speaking terms. We've had too many scraps."

"Appears to me you might be scared of her."

Herzog was briefly resentful. The remark was calculated to provoke him. But he couldn't afford to be angry now. "No, sir, not exactly."

"Then maybe she's scared of you."

"This is how we arranged it, with a friend to go between. I haven't seen the woman since last autumn."

"Okay, we'll call your buddy and the kid's mama, too."

Herzog exclaimed, "Oh, don't call her!"

"No?" The sergeant gave him an odd smile, and rested for a moment in his chair as if he had gotten from him what he wanted. "Sure, we'll bring her down here and see what she's got to say. If she's got a complaint in against you, why, it's worse than just illegal possession of firearms. We'll have you on a bad charge, then."

"There isn't any complaint, sergeant. You can check that in the files without making her come all this way. I'm the support of this child, and never miss a check. That's all Mrs. Herzog can tell you."

"Who'd you buy this revolver from?"

There it was again, the natural insolence of the cops. He was being goaded. But he kept himself steady.

"I didn't buy it. It belonged to my father. That and the Russian rubles."

"You're just sentimental?"

"That's right. I'm a sentimental s.o.b. Call it that."

"You sentimental about these here, too?" He tapped each of the bullets, one, two. "All right, we'll make those phone calls. Here, Jim, write the names and numbers."

He spoke to the copper who had brought Herzog in. He had been standing by, fat-cheeked, teasing the bristles of his moustache with his nail, pursing his lips.

"You may as well take my address book, the red one there. Bring it back, please. My friend's name is Asphalter."

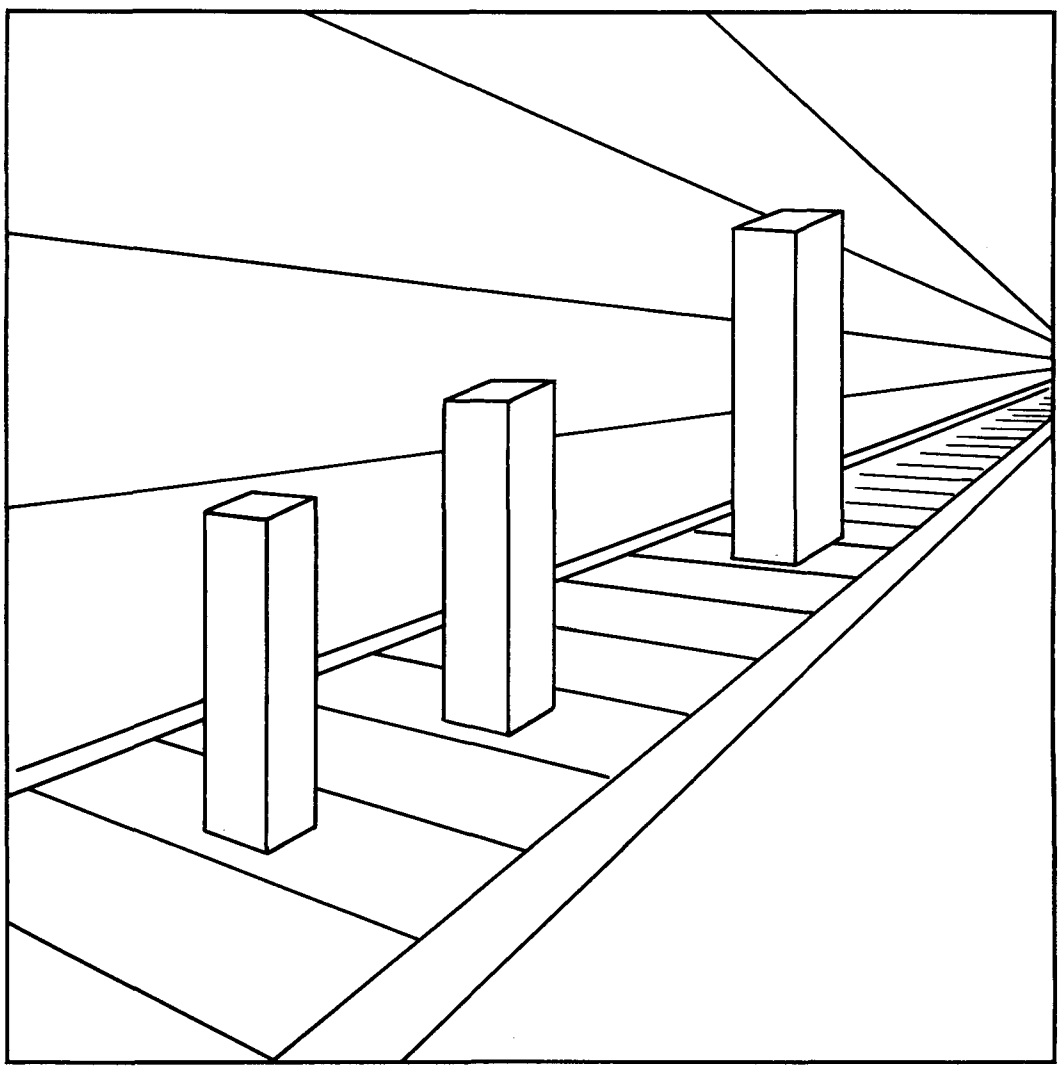
"The other name's Herzog," said the sergeant. "On Harper Avenue, ain't it?"

Moses nodded. He watched the heavy fingers turning the pages of his Parisian leather address book with its scribbles and blots.

"It'll put me in bad if you notify the child's mother," he said, making a last attempt to persuade the sergeant. "Why wouldn't it be the same to you if my friend Asphalter came here?"

"Go on, Jim."

The Negro marked the places with red pencil, and went. Moses made a special effort to keep a neutral look—no defiance,



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no special pleading, nothing of the slightest personal color. He remembered that he once believed in the appeal of a direct glance, driving aside differences of position, accident, one human being silently opening his heart to another. The recognition of essence by essence. He smiled inwardly at this. Sweet dreams, those! If he tried looking into his eyes, the sergeant would throw the book at him. So Madeleine was coming. Well, let her come. Perhaps that was what he wanted after all, a chance to confront her. Straight-nosed and pale, he looked intently at the floor. June changed her position in his arms, stirring the pain in his ribs. "Papa's sorry, sweetheart," he said. "Next time we'll go see the dolphins. Maybe the sharks were bad luck."

"You can sit down if you want," said the sergeant. "You look a little weak in the legs, Moses."

"I'd like to phone my brother to send his lawyer. Unless I don't need a lawyer. If I have to post a bond . . ."

"You'll have to post one, but I can't say how big, yet. Plenty of bondsmen settin' here." He motioned with the back of the hand, or with a wag of his wrist, and Moses turned and saw all sorts of people ranged behind him, along the walls. In fact, there were two men, he now noticed, loitering near, bondsmen by their natty appearance. He neutrally recognized that they were sizing him up as a risk. They had already seen his plane ticket, his keys, pens, rubles, and his wallet. His own car, wrecked on the Drive, would have secured a small bond. But a rented car? A man from out of state, in a dirty seersucker, no necktie? He didn't look good for a few hundred bucks. If it's no more than that, he reflected, I can probably swing it without bothering Will, or Shura. Some fellows always make a nice impression. I never had that ability. Due to my feelings. A passionate heart, a bad credit risk. Asked to make this practical judgment on myself, I wouldn't make it any differently.

His hands were clasped about his daughter's heart, which was beating quickly and lightly.

"Now, Moses, why you been carryin' a loaded gun? To shoot somebody?"

"Of course not. And, please, sergeant, I don't like the kid to hear such things."

"You the one that brought it along, not me. Maybe you just wanted to scare somebody. You sore at somebody?"

"No, sergeant, I was only going to make a paperweight of it. I forgot to take out the bullets, but that's because I don't know much about guns so it didn't occur to me. Will you let me make a phone call?"

"By and by. I ain't ready to. Sit down while I take care of other business. You sit and wait for the kid's mama to come."

"Could I get a container of milk for her?"

"Give Jim, here, two bits. He'll fetch it."

"With a straw, eh, June? You'd like to drink it with a straw." She nodded and Herzog said, "Please, a straw with it, if you don't mind."

"Papa?"

"Yes, June."

"You didn't tell me about the most-most."

For an instant he did not remember. "Ah," he said, "you mean that club in New York where people are the most of everything."

"That's the story."

She sat between his knees on the chair. He tried to make more room for her. "There's this association that people belong to. They're the most of every type. There's the hairiest bald man, and the baldest hairy man."

"The fattest thin lady."

"And the thinnest fat woman. The tallest dwarf and the smallest giant. They're all in it. The weakest strong man, and the strongest weak man. The stupidest wise man and the smartest blockhead. Then they have things like crippled acrobats, and ugly beauties."

"And what do they do, Papa?"

"On Saturday night they have a dinner-dance. They have a contest."

"To tell each other apart."

"Yes, sweetheart. And if you can tell the hairiest bald man from the baldest hairy man, you get a prize."

Bless her, she enjoyed her father's nonsense, and he must amuse her. She leaned her head on his shoulder and smiled, drowsy, with small teeth.

The room was hot and close. Herzog, sitting off to one side, took in the case of the two men who had come up in the elevator with him. A pair of plainclothesmen giving testimony—the Vice Squad, he soon realized. They had brought a woman too. He hadn't noticed her before. A prostitute? Yes, obviously, for all her respectable middle-class airs. In spite of his own troubles, Herzog looked on and found himself listening keenly. The plainclothesman was saying, "They were having a hassle in this woman's room."

"Sip your milk, June dear," said Herzog. "Is it cold? Drink it nice and easy, darling."

"You heard them from the corridor?" said the sergeant. "What's it about?"

"This fellow was yelling about a pair of earrings."

"What about earrings? The ones she's wearing? Where'd you get them?"

"I bought them. From him. It was just business."

"On payments, which you didn't make."

Moses watched with interest, whispering occasionally to the child to divert her attention. The woman looked oddly familiar, despite her smeary makeup, emerald eye shadow, dyed hair, the thickening pride of her nose. He wanted very much to ask her a question. Had she attended McKinley High School? Did she sing in the Glee Club? Me too! Don't you remember? Herzog? Herzog who gave the class oration—who spoke on Emerson?

"Papa, the milk won't come."

"Because you've chewed the straw. Let's get the kinks out of it."

"We got to get out of here, sergeant," said the jewel salesman. "We got people waiting for us."

The wives! thought Herzog. The wives were waiting!

"You two fellows related?"

The jewel salesman said, "He's my brother-in-law, just visiting from Louisville."

The wives, one of them a sister, were waiting. And he, too, Herzog, was waiting, light-headed with anticipation. Could this really be Carlotta from the Glee Club who sang the contralto solo in *Once More with Joy* (from Wagner)? It was not impossible.

At this moment Madeleine arrived. She came in, saying, "Where is my child!" Then she saw June on Herzog's lap and crossed the room quickly. "Come here to me, baby!" She lifted the milk container and put it aside, and took up the girl in her arms. Herzog felt the blood beating in his eardrums, and a great pressure at the back of the head. It was necessary that Madeleine should see him, but her look was devoid of intimate recognition. Coldly she turned away, her brow twitching. "Is the child all right?" she said.

The sergeant motioned to the Vice Squad to make way. "She's fine. If she had even a scratch on her we'd have taken her to Michael Reese." Madeleine examined June's arms, her legs, felt her with nervous hands. The sergeant beckoned to Moses. He came forward, and he and Mady faced each other across the desk.

She wore a light-blue linen suit and her hair fell loose behind her. The word to describe her conduct was *masterful*. Her heels had made a commanding noise clearly audible in this buzzing room. Herzog took a long look at her blue-eyed, straight, Byzantine profile, the small lips, the chin that pressed on the flesh beneath. Her color was deep, a sign with her that consciousness was running high. He thought he could make out a certain thickening in her face—incipient coarseness. He hoped so. It was only right that some of Gersbach's grossness should rub off on her. Why shouldn't it? He observed that she was definitely broader behind.

"Is this the girl's daddy, lady?"

Madeleine still refused to grant him a look of recognition. "Yes," she said, "I divorced him. Not long ago."

"Does he live in Massachusetts?"

"I don't know where he lives. It's none of my business."

Herzog marveled at her. He could not help admiring the perfection of her self control. She never hesitated. When she took the milk from Junie she knew precisely where to drop the container, though she had been only an instant in the room. By now she had certainly made an inventory of all the objects on the desk, including the rubles, and gun, of course. She had never seen it, but she could identify the Ludeyville keys by the round magnetic clasp of the ring, and she would realize the pistol belonged to him. He knew her ways so well, all her airs, her patrician style, the tic of her nose, the crazy clear hauteur of the eyes. As the sergeant questioned her, Moses, in his slightly dazed but intense way, was unable to restrain associations. That personal sweet-and-sour fragrance of hers, and her fire-blue eyes, her spiky glances and her small mouth ready with any wickedness would never again have the same power over him. Still, it gave him a headache merely to look at her. The pulses in his skull were quick and regular, like the tappets of an engine beating in their film of dark oil. He saw her with great vividness—the smoothness of her breast, bared by the square-cut dress, the smoothness of her legs, Indian brown. Her face, especially the forehead, was altogether too smooth, too glabrous for his taste. The whole burden of her severity was carried there. She had what the French called *le front bombé;* in other terms, a pedomorphic forehead. Ultimately unknowable, the processes behind it. See, Moses? We don't know one another. Even that Gersbach, call him any name you like—charlatan, psychopath, with his hot phony eyes and his clumsy cheeks, with the folds. He was unknowable. And I myself, the same. But hard ruthless action taken against a man is the assertion by evildoers that he is fully knowable. They put me down, ergo they claimed final knowledge of Herzog. They *knew* me! And I hold with Spinoza (I hope he won't mind) that to demand what is impossible for any human being, to exercise power where it can't be exercised, is tyranny. Excuse me, therefore, sir and madame, but I reject your definitions of me. Ah, this Madeleine is a strange person, to be so proud but somehow not quite clean—so beautiful but distorted by rage—such a mixed mind of pure diamond and Woolworth glass. And Gersbach who sucked up to me. For the symbiosis of it. Symbiosis and trash. And she, as sweet as cheap candy, and just as reminiscent of poison as chemical sweet acids. But I make no last judgment. That's for them, not me. I came to do harm, I admit. But the first bloodshed was mine, and so I'm out of this now. Count me out. Except in what concerns June. But for the rest, I withdraw from the whole scene as soon as I can. Good-bye to all.

"Well, he give you hard time?" Herzog who had been listening subliminally heard the sergeant put this question.

He said tersely to Madeleine, "Watch it, if you please. Let's not have unnecessary trouble."

"I thought you had this timed to the second."

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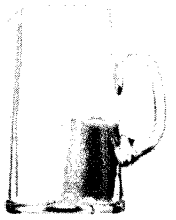

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Herzog Visits Chicago

She ignored this. "He bothered me, yes."

"He make any threats?"

Herzog waited, tense, for her reply. She would consider the support money—the rent. She was canny, a superbly cunning, very canny woman. But there was also the violence of her hatred, and that hatred had a fringe of insanity.

"No, not directly to me. I haven't seen him since last October."

Madeleine's color was very high, her throat flushed, like pink—like rose quartz, and the curious tinge had come into her eyes. He knew what this moment was to her—happiness!

"Do you recognize this gun?" The sergeant held it in his yellow palm, turning it over with delicate fingers like a fish—a perch.

The radiance of her look as it rested on the gun was deeper than any sexual expression he had ever seen on her face. "It's *his, isn't it?*" she said. "The bullets, too?" He recognized the hard clear look of joy in her eyes. Her lips were pressed shut.

"He had it on him. Do you know it?"

"No, but I'm not surprised."

Moses was watching June now. Her face was clouded again; she seemed to frown.

"Did you ever file a complaint against Moses, here?"

"No," said Mady. "I didn't actually do that." She took a sharp breath. She was about to plunge into something.

"Sergeant," said Herzog. "I told you there was no complaint. Ask her if I've ever missed a single support check."

Madeleine said, "I did give his photograph to the Hyde Park police."

He warned her that she was going too far. "Madeleine!" he said.

"Shut up, Moses," said the sergeant. "What was that for, lady?"

"In case he prowled around the house. To alert them."

Herzog shook his head, partly at himself. He had made the kind of mistake today that belonged to an earlier period. As of today it was no longer characteristic. But he had to pay an earlier reckoning. When will you catch up with yourself! he asked himself. When will that day come!

"Did he ever prowl?"

"He was never seen, but I know damn well he did. He's a jealous man and a troublemaker. He has a terrible temper."

"You never signed a complaint, though?"

"No. But I expect to be protected from any sort of violence."

Her voice went up sharply, and as she spoke, Herzog saw the sergeant take a new look at her, as if he were beginning to make out her haughty peculiarities at last. He picked up the Ben Franklin glasses with the tablet-shaped lenses. "There ain't going to be any violence, lady."

Yes, Moses thought, he's beginning to see how it is. "I never intended to use that gun except to hold papers down," he said.

Madeleine now spoke to Herzog for the first time, pointing with a rigid finger to the two bullets and looking him in the eyes. "One of those was for me, wasn't it!"

"You think so? I wonder where you get such ideas? And who was the other one for?" He was quite cool as he said this, his tone was level. He was doing all he could to bring out the hidden Madeliene, the Madeleine he knew. As she stared at him her color receded and her nose began to move very slightly. She seemed to realize that she must control her tic and the violence of her stare. But by noticeable degrees her face became very white, her eyes smaller, stony. He believed he could interpret them. They expressed a total will that he should die. This was infinitely more than ordinary hatred. It was a vote for his nonexistence, he thought. He wondered whether the sergeant was able to see this. "Well, who do you think that second imaginary shot was for?"

She said no more to him, only continued to stare in the same way.

"That'll be all now, lady. You can take your child and go."

"Good-bye, June," said Moses. "You go home now. Papa'll see you soon. Give us a kiss, now, on the cheek." He felt the child's lips. Over her mother's shoulder, June reached out and touched him. "God bless you," he added, as Madeleine strode away, "I'll be back."

"I'll *finish bookin' you now*, Moses."

"I've got to post bond? How much?"

"Three hundred. American, not this stuff."

"I wish you'd let me make a call."

As the sergeant silently directed him to take one of his own dimes, Moses still had the time to note what a powerful police-face he had. He must have Indian blood—Cherokee, perhaps, or Osage; an Irish ancestor or two. His sallow gold skin with heavy seams descending, the austere nose and prominent lips for impassivity, and the many separate, infinitesimal gray curls on his scalp for dignity. His rugged fingers pointed to the phone booth.

Herzog was tired, dragged out, as he dialed his brother, but far from downcast. For some reason he believed he had done well. He was running true to form, yes; more mischief; and Will would have to bail him out. Still, he was not at all heavyhearted but, on the contrary, felt rather free. Perhaps he was too tired to be glum. That may have been it, after all—the metabolic wastes of fatigue (he was fond of these physiological explanations; this one came from Freud's essay on Mourning and Melancholia) made him temporarily lighthearted, even gay.

"Yes."

"Will Herzog in?"

Each instantly recognized the other's voice.

"Mose!" said Will.

Herzog could do nothing about the feelings stirred by hearing Will. They came to life suddenly at hearing the old tone, the old name. He loved Will, Helen, even Shura, though his millions had made him remote. In the confinement of the metal booth the sweat burst out instantly on his neck.

"Where've you been, Mose? The old woman called last night. I couldn't sleep afterward. Where are you?"

"Elya," said Herzog, using his brother's family name, "don't worry. I haven't done anything serious, but I'm down at Eleventh and State."

"At Police Headquarters?"

"Just a minor traffic accident. No one hurt. But they're holding me for three hundred bucks bond, and I haven't got the money on me."

"For heaven's sake, Mose. Nobody's seen you since last summer. We've been worried sick. I'll be right down."

He waited in the cell with two other men. One was drunk and sleeping in his soiled skivvies. The other was a Negro boy, not old enough to shave. He wore a

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fawn-colored expensive suit and brown alligator shoes. Herzog said hello, but the boy chose not to answer. He stuck to his own misery, and looked away. Moses was sorry for him. He leaned against the bars, waiting. The wrong side of the bars—he felt it with his cheek. And here were the toilet bowl, the bare metal bunk, and the flies on the ceiling. This, Herzog realized, was not the sphere of *his* sins. He was merely passing through. Out in the streets, in American society, that was where he did his time. He sat down calmly on the bunk. Of course, he thought, he'd leave Chicago immediately, and he'd come back only when he was ready to do June good, genuine good. No more of this hectic, heart-rent, theatrical window-peering; no more collision, fainting, you-fight-'im-'e-cry encounters, confrontations. The drone of trouble coming from the cells and corridors, the bad smell of headquarters, the wretchedness of faces, the hand that turned the key of no better hope than the hand of this stuporous sleeper in his urine-stained underpants—the man who has eyes, nostrils, ears, let him hear, smell, see. The man who has intellect, heart, let him consider.

His brother observed, as they were leaving police headquarters, "You don't seem too upset."

"No, Will."

Above the sidewalk and the warm evening gloom the sky carried the long gilt trails of jets, and the jumbled lights of honky-tonks, just north of 12th Street, were already heaving up and down, a pale mass in which the street seemed to end.

"How do you feel?"

"I feel fine," said Herzog. "How do I look?"

His brother said discreetly, "You could do with a little rest. Why don't we stop and have you looked at by my doctor?"

"I don't think that's necessary. This small cut on my head stopped bleeding almost immediately."

"But you've been holding your side. Don't be a fool, Mose."

Will was an undemonstrative man, substantial, shrewd, quiet, shorter than his brother but with thicker, darker hair. In a family of passionately expressive people like Father Herzog and Aunt Zipporah, Will had developed a quieter, observant, reticent style.

"How's the family, Will—the kids?"

"Fine . . . What have you been doing, Moses?"

"Don't go by appearances. There's less to worry about than meets the eye. I'm really in very good shape. Do you remember when we got lost at Lake Wandawega? Floundering in the slime, cutting our feet on those reeds? That was really dangerous. But this is nothing."

"What were you doing with that gun?"

"You know I'm no more capable of firing it at someone than Papa was. You took his watch chain, didn't you? I remembered those old rubles in his drawer and then I took the revolver too. I shouldn't have. At least I ought to have emptied it. It was just one of those dumb impulses. Let's forget it."

"All right," said Will. "I don't mean to embarrass you. That's not the point."

"I know what it is," Herzog said. "You're worried." He had to lower his voice to control it. "I love you too, Will."

"Yes, I know that."

"But I haven't behaved very sensibly. From your standpoint . . . Well, from any reasonable standpoint. I brought Madeleine to your office so you could see her before I married her. I could tell you didn't approve. I didn't approve of her myself. And she didn't approve of me."

"Why did you marry her?"

"God ties all kinds of loose ends together. Who knows why! He couldn't care less about my welfare, or my ego, that thing of value. All you can say is, 'There's a red thread spliced with a green, or blue, and I wonder why.' And then I put all that money into the house in Ludeyville. That was simply crazy."

"Perhaps not," said Will. "It is real estate, after all. Have you tried to sell it?" Will had great faith in real estate.

"To whom? How?"

"List it with an agent. Maybe I'll come and look it over."

"I'd be grateful," said Herzog. "I don't think any buyer in his right mind would touch it."

"But let me call Doctor Ramsberg, Mose, and have him examine you. Then come home and have some dinner with us. It would be a treat for the family."

"When could you come to Ludeyville?"

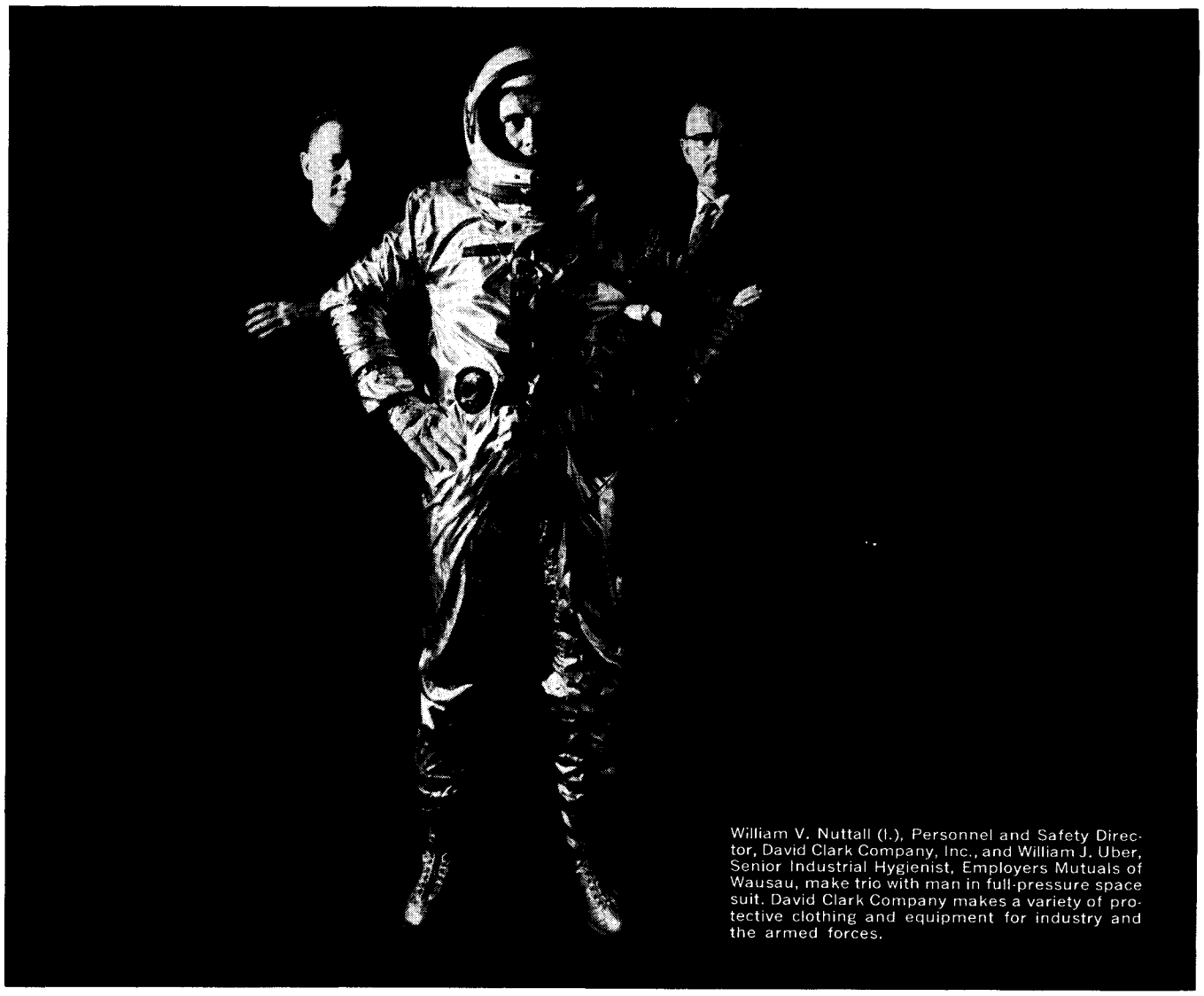
"I've got to go to Boston next week. Then Muriel and I were going out to the Cape."

"Come by way of Ludeyville. It's close to the turnpike. I'd consider it a tremendous favor. I have to sell that house."

"Have dinner with us, and we can talk about it."

"Will—no. I'm not up to it. Just look at me. I'm stinking dirty, and I'd upset everyone. Like a lousy lost sheep." He laughed. "No, some other time when I'm feeling a little more normal. I look as if I'd just arrived in this country. A D.P.

Two men behind the man in the air-conditioned coveralls



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Herzog Visits Chicago

Just as we arrived from Canada at the old Baltimore and Ohio Station. On the Michigan Central. God, we were filthy with the soot."

William did not share his brother's passion for reminiscence. He was an engineer and technologist, a contractor and builder; a balanced, reasonable person, he was pained to see Moses in such a state. His lined face was hot, uneasy; he took a handkerchief from the inner pocket of his well-tailored suit and pressed it to his forehead, his cheeks, under the large Herzog eyes.

"I'm sorry, Elya," said Moses, more quietly.

"Well ——"

"Let me straighten myself up a bit. I know you're concerned about me. But that's just it. I'm sorry to worry you. I really am all right."

"Are you?" Will sadly looked at him.

"Yes, I'm at an awful disadvantage here—dirty, foolish, just bailed out. It's just ridiculous. Everything will look a lot different in the East, next week. I'll meet you in Boston, if you like. When I've got myself in better order. There's nothing you can do now but treat me like a jerk—a child. And that's not right."

"I'm not making any judgments on you. You don't have to come home with me, if that embarrasses you. Although we're your own family. . . . But there's my car, across the street." He gestured toward his dark-blue Cadillac. "Just come along to the doctor so I can be sure you weren't hurt in the accident. Then you can do what you think best."

"All right. Fair enough. There's nothing wrong. I'm sure of it."

He was not entirely surprised, however, to learn that he had a broken rib. "No lung puncture," the doctor said. "Six weeks or so in tape. And you'll need two or three stitches in your head. That's the whole story. No heavy lifting, straining, chopping, or other violent exercise. Will tells me you're a country gentleman. You've got a farm in the Berkshires? An estate?"

The doctor with grizzled backswept hair and small keen eyes looked at him with thin-lipped amusement.

"It's in bad repair. Miles from a synagogue," said Herzog.

"Ha, your brother likes to kid," Dr. Ramsberg said. Will faintly smiled. Standing with folded arms he favored one heel, somewhat like Father Herzog, and had a bit of the old man's elegance but not his eccentricities. He had no time for such stuff, thought Herzog, running a big business. No great interest in it. Other things absorb. He's a good man, a very good man. But there's a strange division of functions that I sense, in which I am the specialist in . . . in spiritual self-awareness; or emotionalism; or ideas; or nonsense. Perhaps of no real use or relevance except to keep alive primordial feelings of a certain sort. He mixes grout to pump into these new high-risers all over town. He has to be political, and deal, and wangle and pay off and figure tax angles. All that Papa was inept in but dreamed he was born to do. Will is a quiet man of duty and routine, has his money, position, influence, and is just as glad to be rid of his private or "personal" side. Sees me spluttering fire in the wilderness of this world, and pities me no doubt for my temperament. Under the old dispensation, as the stumbling, ingenuous, burlap Moses, a heart without guile, in need of protection, a morbid phenomenon, a modern remnant of otherworldliness—under that former dispensation I would need protection. And it would be gladly offered by him—by the person who "knows-the-world-for-what-it-is." Whereas a man like me has shown the arbitrary withdrawal of proud subjectivity from the collective and historical progress of mankind. And that is true of lower-class emotional boys and girls who adopt the aesthetic mode, the mode of rich sensibility. Seeking to sustain their own version of existence under the crushing weight of *mass*. What Marx described as that "material weight." Turning this thing, "my personal life," into a circus, into gladiatorial combat. Or tamer forms of entertainment. To make a joke of your "shame," your ephemeral dimness, and show why you deserve your pain. The white modern lights of the small room were going round, wheeling. Herzog himself felt that he was rotating with them as the doctor wound the medicinal-smelling tapes tightly about his chest. Now, to get rid of all such falsehoods. . . .

"I have an idea my brother could do with some rest," said Will. "What's your opinion, doctor?"

"He looks as if he's been going pretty hard, that's true."

"I'm going to spend a week at Ludeyville," Moses said.

"What I mean is complete rest—bed rest."

"Yes, I know I seem to be in a state. But it's not a bad state."

"Still," said Herzog's brother, "you worry me."

A loving brute—a subtle, spoiled, loving man. Who can make use of him? He craves use. Where is he needed? Show him the way to make his sacrifice to truth, to order, to peace. Oh, that mysterious creature, that Herzog! Awkwardly taped, helped into his wrinkled shirt by brother Will.

He reached his country place the following afternoon, after taking a plane to Albany, from there the bus to Pittsfield, and then a cab to Ludeyville. Asphalter had given him some Tuinal the night before. He slept deeply and was feeling perfectly fine, despite his taped sides.

The house was two miles beyond the village, in the hills. Beautiful, sparkling summer weather in the Berkshires, the air light, the streams quick, the woods dense, the green new. As for birds, Herzog's acres seemed to have become a sanctuary. Wrens nested under the ornamental scrolls of the porch. The giant elm was not quite dead, and the orioles lived in it still. Herzog had the driver stop in the mossy roadway, boulder-lined. He couldn't be sure the house was approachable. But no fallen trees blocked the path, and although much of the gravel had washed down in thaws and storms, the cab might easily have gotten through. Moses, however, didn't mind the short climb. His chest was securely armored in tape and his legs were light. He had bought some groceries in Ludeyville. If hunters and prowlers had not eaten it, there was a supply of canned goods in the cellar. Two years ago he had put up tomatoes and beans and raspberry preserves, and before leaving for Chicago he had hidden his wine and whisky. The electricity of course was turned off, but perhaps the old hand pump could be made to work. There was always cistern water to fall back on. He could cook in the fireplace; there were old hooks and trivets—and here (his heart trembled) the house rose out of weeds, vines, trees, and blossoms. Herzog's folly! Monument to his sincere and loving idiocy, to the unrecognized evils of his character, symbol of his Jewish struggle for a solid footing in White Anglo-Saxon Protestant America. I too have done my share of social climbing, he thought, with hauteur to spare, defying the Wasps, who, because the Government gave much of this continent away to the railroads, stopped boiling their own soap circa 1880, took European tours, and began to complain of the Micks and the Spicks and the Sheenies. What a struggle I waged!—left-handed but fierce. But enough of that—here I am. How marvelously beautiful it is today. He stopped in the overgrown yard, shut his eyes in the sun, against flashes of crimson, and drew in the odors of catalpa bells, soil, honeysuckle, wild onions, and herbs. Either deer or lovers had lain in this grass near the elm, for it was flattened. He circled the house to see whether it was much damaged. There were no broken windows. All the shutters, hooked from within, were undisturbed. Only a few of the posters he had put up warning that this property was under police protection had been torn down. The garden was a thick mass of thorny canes, roses and berries twisted together. It looked too hopeless—past regretting. He would never have the strength to throw himself into such tasks again, to hammer, paint, patch, splice, prune, spray. He was here only to look things over.

The house was as musty as he had expected. He opened a few windows and shutters in the kitchen. The debris of leaves and pine needles, webs, cocoons, and insect corpses he brushed away. What was needed, immediately, was a fire. He had brought matches. One of the benefits of a riper age was that you became clever about such things—foresightful. Of course he had a bicycle—he could ride to the village to buy what he had forgotten. He had even been smart enough to set the bike on its saddle, to spare the tires. There was not much air in them, but they'd get him down to the Esso station. He carried in a few pine logs, kindling, and started a small blaze first, to make sure of the draft. Birds or squirrels might have nested in the flues. But then he remembered that he had climbed out on the roof to fasten wire mesh over the chimneys—part of his frenzy of efficient toil. He laid on more wood. The old bark dropped away and disclosed the work of insects underneath—grubs, ants, long-legged spiders ran away. He gave them every opportunity to escape. The black, dry branches began to burn with yellow flames. He heaped on more logs, secured them with the andirons, and continued his examination of the house.

The canned food had not been touched. There were fancy goods bought by Madeleine (always the best of everything), S. S. Pierce terrapin soup, Indian pudding, truffles, olives, and then grimmer-looking victuals bought by Moses himself at Army-surplus sales—beans, canned bread, and the like. He made his inventory with a sort of dreamy curiosity about his onetime plan for solitary self-sufficiency—the washer, dryer, the hot-water unit, pure white and gleaming forms into which he had put his dead father's dollars, ugly green, laboriously made, tediously counted, divided in agony among the heirs.

Herzog's present loneliness did not seem to count because it was so consciously cheerful. It was odd, the tour he made through his property. In his own room he found the ruins of his scholarly enterprise strewn over the desk and the shelves. The windows were so discolored as to seem stained with iodine, and the honeysuckles outside had almost pulled the screens down. The books, muslin-covered, were undisturbed. He lifted the cloth and glanced at them with no special interest. Visiting the little bathroom, he was entertained to see the lavish fittings Madeleine had bought at Sloane's, scalloped silver soap dishes and flashing towel racks too heavy for the plaster, even after they were fastened with toggle bolts. They were drooping now. The shower stall, for Gersbach's convenience—the Gersbachs had had no shower in Barrington—was thoughtfully equipped with a handrail. "If we're going to put it in, let's make it so Valentine can use it," Mady had said. Ah, well—Moses shrugged. A strange odor in the toilet bowl attracted his notice next, and raising the wooden lid he found the small beaked skulls and other remains of birds who had nested there after the water was drained, and then had been entombed by the falling lid. He looked grimly in, his heart aching somewhat at this accident. There must be a broken window in the attic, he inferred from this, and other

"It's terribly complicated . . . somehow you got custody of your ex-mother-in-law."

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birds nesting in the house. Indeed, he found owls in his bedroom, perched on the red valances, which they had streaked with droppings. He gave them every opportunity to escape, and, when they were gone, looked for a nest. He found the young owls in the large light fixture over the bed. Unwilling to disturb these flat-faced little creatures, Herzog pulled the mattress of his marriage bed into June's room.

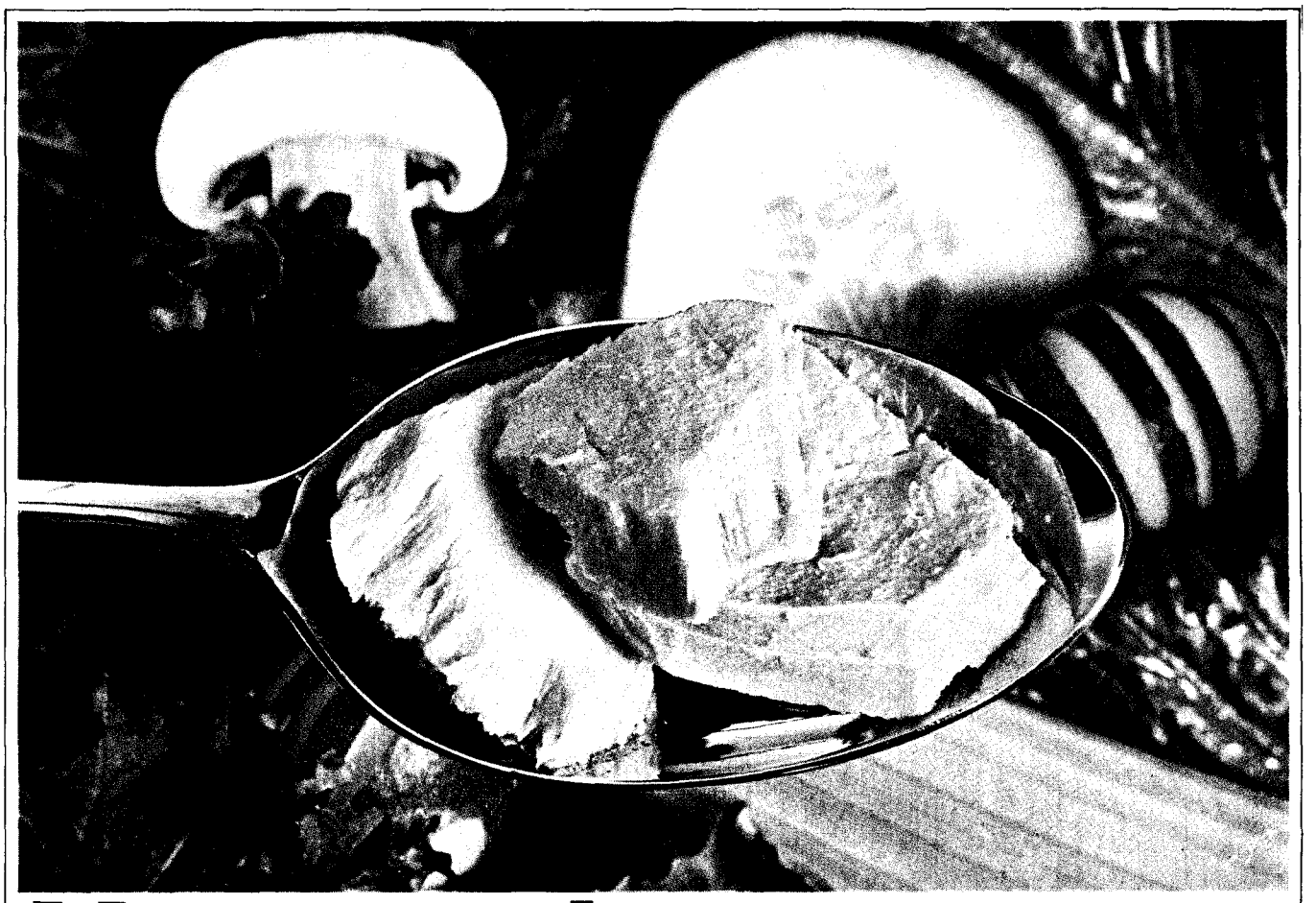
He opened more windows, and the sun and country air at once entered. He was surprised to feel such content- ient . . . contentment? Whom was he kidding, this was joy! For perhaps the first time he felt what it was to be free from Madeleine. Joy! His servitude was ended, and his heart released from its grisly heaviness and encrustation. Nothing more than the fact of her absence was simply sweetness and lightness of spirit. To her, at 11th and State, it had been happiness to see him in trouble, and to him, in Ludeyville, it was a delicious joy to have her removed from his flesh, like something that had stabbed his shoulders, his groin, made his arms and his neck lame and cumbersome. Those strange lights, Herzog's brown eyes, so often overlaid with the film or protective chitin of melancholy, the by-product of his laboring brain, shone again.

It cost him some effort to turn over the mattress on the floor of June's old room. He had to move aside some of her cast-off toys and kiddie furniture, a great stuffed blue-eyed tiger, the potty chair, a red snowsuit, perfectly good. Herzog, lying under the open window with the sun in his face, rested on the mattress. Over him the great trees, the spruces in the front yard, showed their beautiful jag- edness and sent down the odor of eated needles and gum.

Despite the hours he spent in the open he believed he still looked pale. Perhaps this was because the mirror of the bathroom door into which he stared in the morning reflected the massed green of the trees. No, he did not look well. His excitement must be a great drain on his strength, he thought. And then there was the persistently medicinal smell of the tapes on his chest to remind him that he was not quite well. After the second or third day he stopped sleeping on the second floor. He didn't want to drive the owls out of the house and leave a brood to die in the old fixture with the triple brass chain. It was bad enough to have those tiny skeletons in the toilet bowl. He moved downstairs, taking with him a few useful articles, an old trench coat and rain hat, his boots made to order at Gokey's in St. Paul—marvelous, flexible, handsome snakeproof boots; he had forgotten that he had them. In the storeroom he made other interesting discoveries, photographs of the "happy days," boxes of clothing, Madeleine's letters, bundles of canceled checks, elaborately engraved wedding announcements, and a cipe book belonging to Phoebe Gers- ach. The photographs were all of him. Madeleine had left those behind, taking the others. Interesting—her attitude. Among the abandoned dresses were her expensive maternity outfits. The checks were for large sums, and many of these were paid to cash. Had she secretly been saving? He wouldn't put it past her. The announcements made him laugh; Mr and Mrs Pontritter were giving their daughter in marriage to Mr Moses E Herzog Ph D.

In one of the closets he found a dozen or so Russian books under a painter's dropcloth. He read a few pages of Rozanov's *Solitaria*. Then he looked over the paint situation—old brushes, thinners, evaporated, crusted buckets. There were several cans of enamel, and Herzog thought, What if I should paint up the little piano? I could send it out to Chicago, to Junie. The kid is really highly musical. As for Madeleine, she'll have to take it in, the bitch, when it's delivered, paid for. She can't send it back. The green enamel seemed to him exactly right, and he wasted no time but found the most usable brushes and set himself to work, full of eagerness, in the parlor. He painted the lid of the piano with absorption; the green was light, beautiful, like summer apples.

The enamel covered well but it would probably need a second coat, and he might not have enough paint for that. Putting down the brush, he gave the piano lid time to dry, considering how to get the instrument out of here. He couldn't expect one of the giant interstate vans to climb this hill. He would have to hire Tuttle from the village to come in his pick-up truck. The cost would amount to something like a hundred dollars, but he must do everything possible for the child, and he had no serious problems about money. Will had offered him as much as he needed to get through the summer. This was just what she needed, just what he should send her, he thought, a piano, a green piano, the green of Ludeyville, a piano from the Berkshires. THE END



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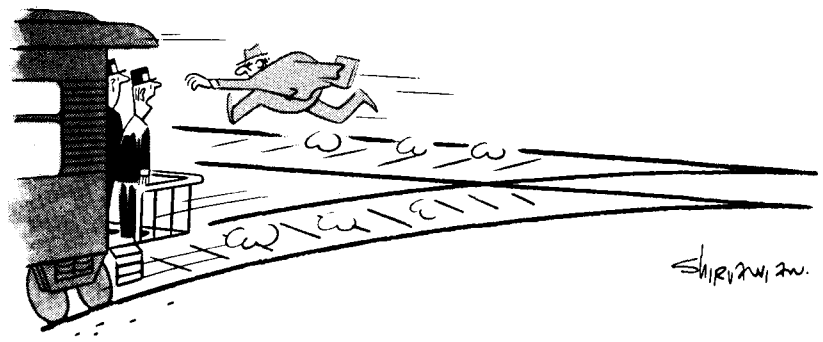
post scripts

"Yeah, yeah, yeah!"



"For a minute there I thought he was going to make it."

"It's terrific, Mr. J.! I got there hours before my appointment, had a few to pass the time, got smashed, blew the deal and I'm back all in the same day!"

"Which of you gentlemen is the woodpecker?"

"You and your crummy parking meters! When are you gonna knock over a bank?"

"Help!"

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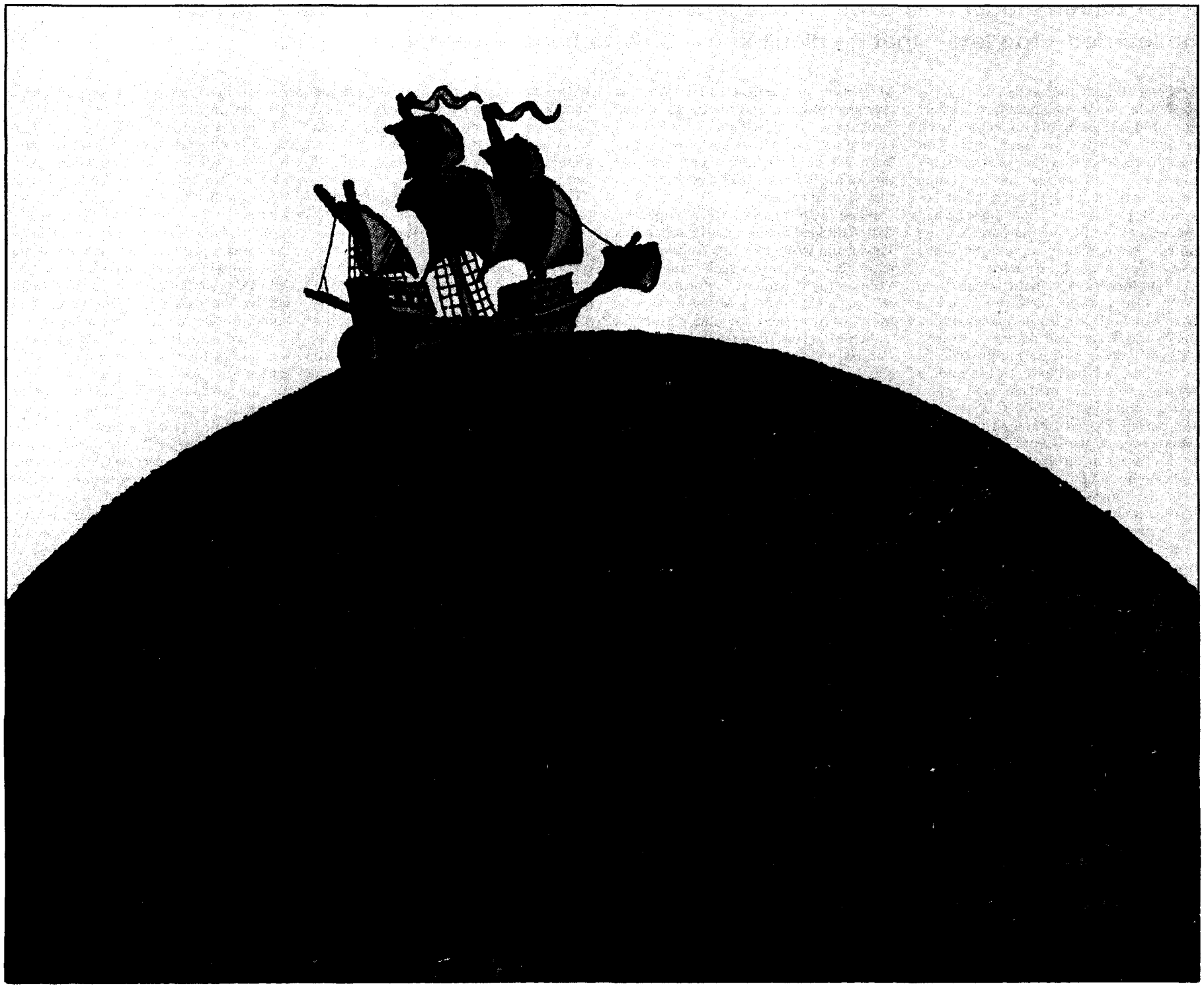

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HAVE ZOO, WILL TRAVEL

Peter Batten thought his exotic menagerie had found a home in Santa Barbara, but he learned—too late—that he didn't know how to handle the natives.

Peter Batten, accompanied by his wife, infant son and approximately 150 rare birds and animals, arrived in Santa Barbara two years ago. This wealthy resort city has one of the best art museums in California, an interesting Museum of Natural History, good botanical gardens, but no zoo. Since he had the animals and Santa Barbara had the money, it was Batten's notion that some sort of deal might be arranged.

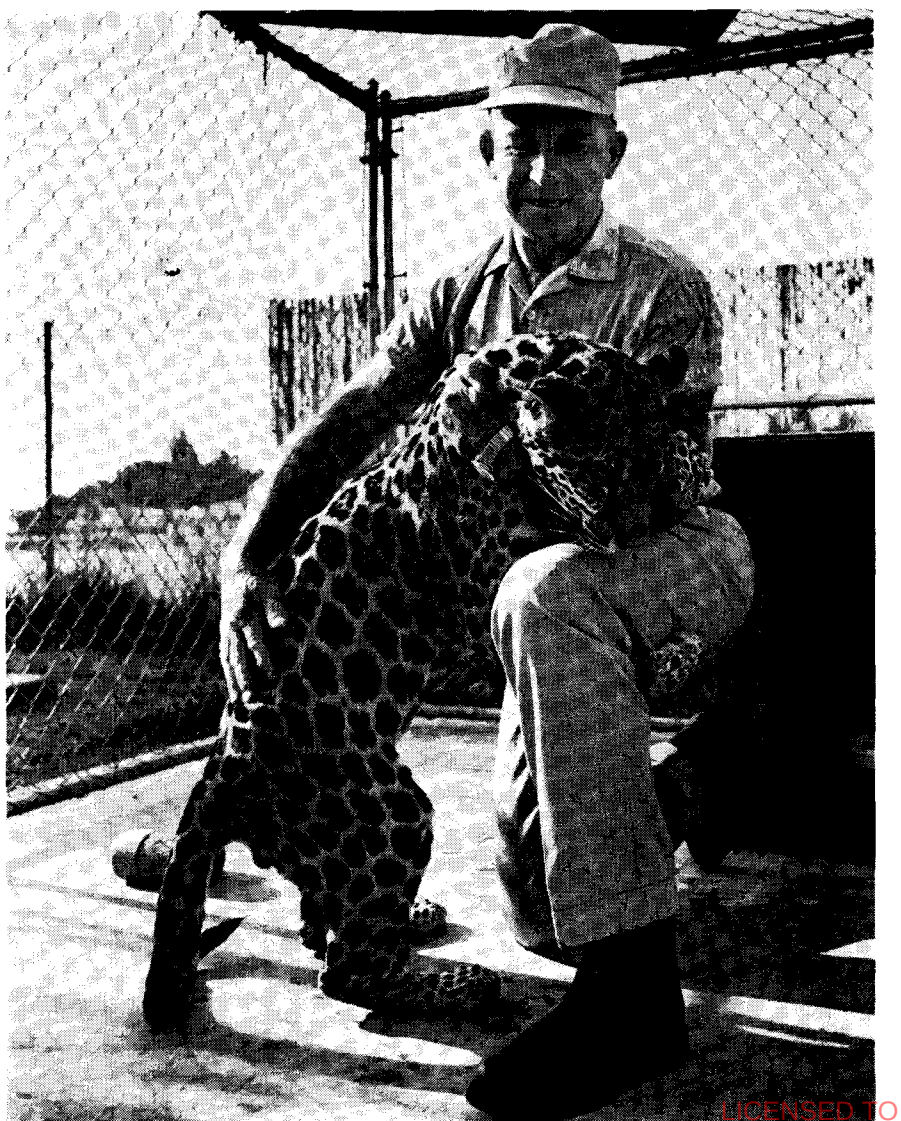
In another era Peter Batten might have been called a soldier of fortune. He was born of British parents in Shanghai during World War I and reared in various cities of the Far East during the twilight years of the British empire. He has studied zoology, veterinary medicine and engineering, and speaks both Chinese and Indonesian. He has been a Flying Tiger, an engineer on the Burma Road, a pilot for a Venezuelan airline and a jack-of-all-trades at oil camps around the world.

In the jungle he is a man who has learned how to take care of himself. But the citizens who make up the established order in Santa Barbara are bland, smiling, conventional. Their manner is guarded and ambiguous. Batten is abrupt, candid and undiplomatic, and he has been known to act on impulse.

The tragicomedy began in 1958, when he was working for Shell Oil at Lake Maracaibo in Venezuela. His job was teaching physics and math to native mechanics. "I enjoyed that, you know," he recalls. "The natives really wanted to learn. I think it might have been the only time in my life I was telling people things they wanted to hear."

Filled with unaccustomed euphoria, Batten decided to buy a plastic top for his Jaguar and wrote to a Los Angeles company that advertised such gadgets. In addition to the requested information, he received a letter from a Miss Adu Hasenfratz, who worked for the plastic-top maker. Miss Hasenfratz said she had long wanted to visit South America and asked if Lake Maracaibo might not be a good place to begin. Batten replied characteristically that in all of Latin America he could think of few worse places, but he was intrigued enough to pursue the correspondence and, eventually, the girl. Adu and Peter were married in Los Angeles in 1959 and returned to Lake Maracaibo.

Two years later they bought a house in Hemet, a town in the desert southeast of Los Angeles, where Adu had a baby boy. Then they were off on another engineering job with Shell Oil, this time at Tandjung, buried 300 miles in the jungles of Borneo. There were only 15 or 20 white families in a population of about 1,500.



Batten purchased this young jaguar in Venezuela. His "wild" beasts are pets.

With Peter's encouragement Adu began to collect and tame wild animals. He had made pets of many wild animals when he lived in Venezuela and had often regretted not becoming a veterinarian. "I had a couple of vultures once," he says. "They were quite tame, but people seemed to find them upsetting."

The jungles around Tandjung were filled with exotic creatures and the Batten collection grew swiftly. The animals ranged from Malayan sun bears to a giant monitor lizard, which an anonymous donor had banged on the head and dragged over to the Batten residence as a gesture of friendship. Adu bottle-fed the sun bears and many of the other animals. "Without them," she says with feeling, "I would have gone stark raving mad out there."

It soon occurred to Adu and Peter that their collection might provide them with a livelihood in surroundings which Adu, at least, would find more congenial. The birds, reptiles and other curious animals could form the nucleus of a zoo that some city in the United States would welcome, along with two enthusiastic curators. "Looking back, I suppose it was very naïve," says Adu. "But I did think we had something quite unusual that somebody, somewhere, would want."

On this hope they set about collecting with increased determination. Rare specimens were shipped to the Jakarta zoo for safekeeping until they were ready to leave. It took nine months to acquire additional beasts and to fight their way through the red tape required to get the menagerie out of the country. But at last all was arranged. In July, 1962, Batten quit his job and flew out of Jakarta with Adu, son Marc, and over 100 assorted birds, bears, reptiles and orangutans.

On the first leg of the trip several hornbills died in the plane's cargo hold, which was supposed to have been pressurized and heated and was neither. In Honolulu the Battens had to stage a three-day sit-down strike to protect the lives of four Indonesian deer, which, a U.S. official told them, not only could not enter the U.S. because they might be carrying hoof-and-mouth disease, but had to be destroyed on the spot. (Previously, Batten had received official U.S. assurances to the contrary.) After $200 worth of phone calls to the Department of Agriculture in Washington, Batten was allowed to send his deer back to Indonesia. On the return trip, two of them died.

In California, the only place the Battens had was the house in Hemet. Here the dry temperatures rose to well over 100 every day, and more of the tropical birds died. Seeking a better home for his animals, Batten started driving up the California coast. In Santa Barbara he found that the Junior Chamber of Commerce was raising money for a project called A Child's Estate.

"From the very first a zoo had been made an integral part of our plans," says Arthur Henzell, a nervous young man who is president of the Child's Estate Foundation. "But an earlier attempt to start a zoo drew some awfully nasty letters from ladies in the community. One of them was a bird lover, and she was afraid there would be snakes and they would be fed wild fowl. So we felt we had to tread lightly. We called it a Pet Park. You know, rabbits and that sort of thing."

According to Henzell, A Child's Estate was one of the first large projects to be started by someone other than the wealthy old Santa Barbara families. "Our support," he declares, "came from the little people." Either there were not enough little people, or else they were too little, for the project was floundering when Batten came along with his ready-made zoo. He was promptly hired to supervise construction of A Child's Estate, with the understanding that his zoo would be displayed there. He sold the house in Hemet and moved to Santa Barbara, where the family occupied a trailer on the park grounds. "We had to have animals, and here they were," said a public-relations spokesman for the project.

The plan was to build the park with as much volunteer labor as possible—Jaycee members, their wives and friends, working together on weekends. The volunteers had plenty of goodwill, but not much skill in the building trades, and Batten found them almost useless. "Peter was accustomed to working with natives," Arthur Henzell explains, "and you can't treat Santa Barbara volunteers that way. Some people thought he was very rude and didn't come back after the first day." Batten insists he was as pleasant as he could be, "unless I saw them poking at the birds with a stick or something."

During construction Batten was paid $400 a month, with the understanding that this would go up to $1,500 a month when the park was open and admission was charged. After food and vitamin bills for the animals, the Battens would have some $800 a month left. This agreement, unfortunately, was oral. Child's Estate later took the position that $500 of each monthly payment was contingent upon gate receipts. "It was stupid of me not to have insisted upon a written contract," Batten says now.

The park was to have opened May 19 last year, but the erratic performance of the volunteers plus a run of bad weather delayed this event until early August. By that time much of the summer business was lost. On opening day 40 of Batten's animals were on display; several, particularly an orangutan named Briggs, became instant favorites with the children of Santa Barbara. Business was good in August and September, and the Battens were paid the monthly $1,500

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By William Trombley

which had been agreed upon. There was even another $300 which went to an assistant. But in October the children were back in school, and the tourists were gone. Batten's November check was for $1,000, out of which he had to pay the assistant and feed the menagerie. In addition, the Battens' life savings of $25,000 had by now nearly all gone toward shipping the animals to California, feeding them, and buying others, such as lions, that Batten thought essential to a zoo.

In these circumstances, Batten explained to Child's Estate officials that he could not break even at $1,000 a month. They were sorry, they told him, but they were short of funds at the moment and hoped to make up the difference out of next summer's receipts. Batten's standing was not improved when he protested the killing of two of his peacocks by two young boys. "I thought this park was for children," their mother replied. "For human children!" cried Batten. Instead of supporting their zoo keeper, officials of Child's Estate began writing him frosty letters, urging him to build up a "day by day aura of friendly relations with the public." Finally, on December 27, Batten resigned.

By this step, instead of remaining and suing for the money owed him, Batten, as his lawyer points out, "locked the door behind him." Henzell and his colleagues at Child's Estate went back to their Pet Park scheme. They claim to have spent over $80,000 in two years, yet all they have to show for it are some common animals like ponies and goats, and a few picnic benches and rest rooms.

After the resignation, because Batten needed money immediately, his lawyer worked out a settlement with officials of Child's Estate whereby Batten was paid $1,600, plus legal fees, in settlement of his claims. Adu and Peter rented an inexpensive house in Santa Barbara and moved their animals into a defunct children's park called "Pixie Village." Lacking a license to charge admission, he had to sell about $1,000 worth of beasts to buy food for the rest. "We've tamed these creatures ourselves," Peter says, "and we got some of the birds before they had feathers. We still hope something will work out."

So far, the only "something" is another small group of Santa Barbarans who hope to establish a permanent zoo under Peter's direction, using his animals for a start. If this fails, the Battens will probably sell out and leave. "Every day we go on like this," says Adu, "we get deeper in debt. That's not very cheery."

Peter believes that all the squabbling was more or less bound to happen. "I do like animals better than people," he admits, "and nothing that has happened here has done much to change my mind. If you treat an animal well, chances are he'll do the same. But I can't figure out these people." THE END

The Battens have to board many of the animals in their home; here they rescue a South American boa that got stuck under a sofa.

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THE WHIP WHO PUT SNAP IN THE PHILLIES

In five years as manager, Gene Mauch has shamed, threatened and juggled an oddball baseball team from last place into a hot fight for the pennant.

By MYRON COPE

Every large city has its share of citizens with a perverted sense of humor, but on an August night in 1961, Philadelphia arose and claimed the championship. Hundreds of Philadelphians converged, spontaneously, on the airport to cheer home a baseball team which had just won a game after losing a record-breaking 23 straight.

Frank Sullivan, a Phillies pitcher then nicely on his way to a 3–16 won-lost record, studied the airport crowd from his seat in the plane and concluded, "They're selling rocks at five dollars a pail. Leave at five-yard intervals, men, so they don't get us all with one burst."

Today, only three years later, the Phillies are happily scrapping away in the thick of the National League pennant race, prompting people to wonder what caused the great change. Maturity and shrewd trades are two answers, but mostly the Phillies are rehabilitated because Gene Mauch, their relentlessly ambitious young manager, wouldn't let them have a moment's peace. Mauch has cussed them and sweet-talked them and, literally, thrown their post-game clubhouse supper at them. He has ordered them to play positions they had never played in their lives, and when the results have not brought victory he has underscored his irritation by smashing his office door with a fungo bat or seizing a pay telephone with both hands and tearing it off a clubhouse wall.

Apparently the Phillies have got their manager's message. He became their boss in 1960, and they finished last. They were last again the following year, then inched up to seventh and last year rose all the way to fourth. "I want to be the best manager in baseball," declares Gene Mauch, and if his team wins the pennant this year—well, who will say he isn't?

At 38 Mauch looks more like an Ivy League backfield coach than a baseball manager. His well-groomed hair is turning a nice country-club gray around the edges. A pearl-white smile lights up his tanned face when he is not glowering or chain-smoking cigarettes. His figure, overhauled by a recent crash diet, is that of a college halfback, and so is his faith in the virtues of team spirit and all that sort of thing. Indeed, he traces the Phillies' resurgence back to that 23-game losing streak, claiming it endowed them with togetherness. "No one who hasn't gone through something like that can know how awful it was," Mauch says. But it turned a bunch of individuals into a team.

Now that the Phillies are pennant contenders, Mauch is as much a topic of conversation around the league as the Phillies themselves. Depending on the point of view, he is either the most glittering baseball genius of the '60's or an overgrown brat. Ex-Phillie Don Hoak, though released by Mauch in May, declares, "This guy might be the greatest manager baseball's ever had." On the other hand, St. Louis manager Johnny Keane, after watching Mauch's pitchers knock down batters early this season, raged, "There's no place in baseball for knockdowns and beanballs, and anyone who thinks so is a sonofabitch."

In one sense Mauch is a throwback to old-time managers, for in modern baseball it is a maxim that it's best to let sleeping dogs lie—to do nothing to anger opponents—yet Mauch goes out of his way to boil their blood. Nobody since Leo Durocher has heckled opponents from the sidelines as Mauch does. Furious because St. Louis second baseman Julian Javier had gotten two hits off fastballs, Mauch once announced, "Tomorrow night he's not going to see anything but curves and he'll strike out three times." Javier, thus informed he could not hit a curve ball, struck out three times on nine curves.

National League president Warren Giles has had to suspend Mauch three times for insulting umpires (the latest a six-foot-six target named Lee Weyer), but what this dugout hellion really is, his wife Nina Lee solemnly swears, is an amiable, lovable husband and father. "I can't remember him ever really losing his temper around the house," she says.

The house is a $45,000 job with swimming pool in Hacienda Heights, a suburb of Los Angeles. The Mauchs live there in the off-season with their only child, Leanne, 15. Gene Mauch's idea of a big time, says his wife, is splashing around in the pool with Leanne or arguing with the neighborhood kids that Glenn Miller's sound was better than rock 'n' roll.

With Leanne he whips up breakfast—"he thinks he's the greatest pancake cooker in the country," says his wife—and he enjoys tossing parties and playing golf. Except for this touch of suburban domesticity, baseball obsesses Gene Mauch. He reads little else but box scores and *The Sporting News*, and rarely goes to a movie. Summing himself up, Mauch says, "I'll talk baseball for twenty-four hours a day and enjoy the hell out of it."

By that, Mauch means he will discuss the game itself, but if the conversation turns to, say, Mauch's latest clubhouse tantrum, the blood flushes hotly into his face. "Nothing would please me more than if I never again saw the name Gene Mauch in print," he suddenly snaps.

Controversy seems to follow Mauch around. Some opponents even suspect that he plunges into hassles for theatrical effect. The fact is, his quick temper is authentic and his gibes are so well phrased that half a dozen words from Mauch is all that's needed to spark headlines. But happily most of the headlines today are about his merry squad of individuals who have jelled into a pennant-contending team. In the vernacular of the ball field, these Phillies are "flakey," which is to say, oddball. Behold a few samples from Mauch's pitching staff:

Left-hander Dennis Bennett, a dimpled, grinning giant of 24, is surely God's answer to baseball fans who yearn for another Dizzy Dean. He describes himself as "cocky, self-positive and sincere." He won nine games last year, coming on strong after an auto crash, and has declared this season that he intends to win at least 20 in each of the next 10 years.

"There's no way they can stop me—no way," he proclaimed.

Dennis Bennett may very well win 20 games (by mid-July he had won nine), providing the Phillies can keep him alive. To date he has survived five auto crashes, which he breaks down into "three major ones and two skirmishes."

Another curiosity on Mauch's pitching staff is six-foot-four Chris Short. In 1960, Short's first big-league season, a sportswriter described him as "the stylish lefthander." A teammate promptly nicknamed him Styles—for the same reason that people call a fat man Slim. Short boards airplanes wearing a frumpy sweater and tieless shirt with the tails out. He denies he once went on a road trip carrying his clothes in dry-cleaner's bags, but when Phillies' players see a discarded newspaper on the floor, they say, "Somebody pick up Short's suitcase."

Relief pitcher Jack Baldschun is a muscular, jaunty redhead, who last year pitched in eight straight games. This is exactly the pace he likes to work because he figures that a day off makes him—of all things—too strong.

"Feel that forearm," he says, displaying a chunk of granite. "And I haven't even got my fist balled up." Baldschun is not, however, afraid he will throw the ball right through his catcher's abdomen. On the contrary, he has muscles but not speed, and is forced to rely on a repertory of slow and medium-speed pitches. His constant dread is that he will cut loose with a fastball that is not quite fast enough to blaze past the batter and not quite slow enough to tantalize him.

Actually, the Phillies' adherence to the cult of the individual seems to lift them above their past performance records, which are scarcely those of pennant contenders. The roster includes no pitcher who won as many as 15 games in the majors last year, nor any hitter who drove in 85 runs. Moreover, the Phillies are defensively questionable in left field and center field. Center fielder Tony Gonzalez set a big-league record by playing 205 consecutive games without an error, but only because it is impossible for an outfielder to be charged with an error on a ball he hasn't touched. Of left fielder Wes Covington, former teammate Ryne Duren once remarked, "You've heard of outfielders chasing balls down. Well, Wes Covington walks 'em down."

Still, the Phillies command respect. The pitching is good, the infield crackerjack, the hitting not dangerous but adequate, and the bench deep with such useful people as Ruben Amaro, a Mexican who plays every position in the infield. Altogether, the Phillies are just a trifle short of true first-place class, which means their pennant hopes fall right back on Gene Mauch's scheming brain.

The son of a onetime oil-fields roughneck, Mauch has been itching for success ever since he left his Los Angeles home as an 11th-grader to begin a 17-year playing career. As a player he shuttled between the minors and majors, playing shortstop and second base adequately but not brilliantly. His lifetime big-league batting average was a frail .239. No major-league club kept him more than two years. Says Milwaukee manager Bobby Bragan, "He wasn't fast, he didn't have a great arm, he didn't have a lot of power. But he got the most out of what he had."

Frequently riding the bench, Mauch would sit beside managers and study their tactics and, by his own testimony, say to them, "Why the hell did you do that?" So far as is known, no manager resented him. "I imagine I had as many friends in baseball as anybody," insists Mauch, while admitting that his scrappy playing style led to many appointments with opposing players under the grandstands.

In 1952, Mauch's 10th season, New York Yankees general manager George Weiss fetched him from the minors, slashing his salary for the privilege of wearing Yankee pinstripes. In spring training Mauch restlessly rode the bench, watch-

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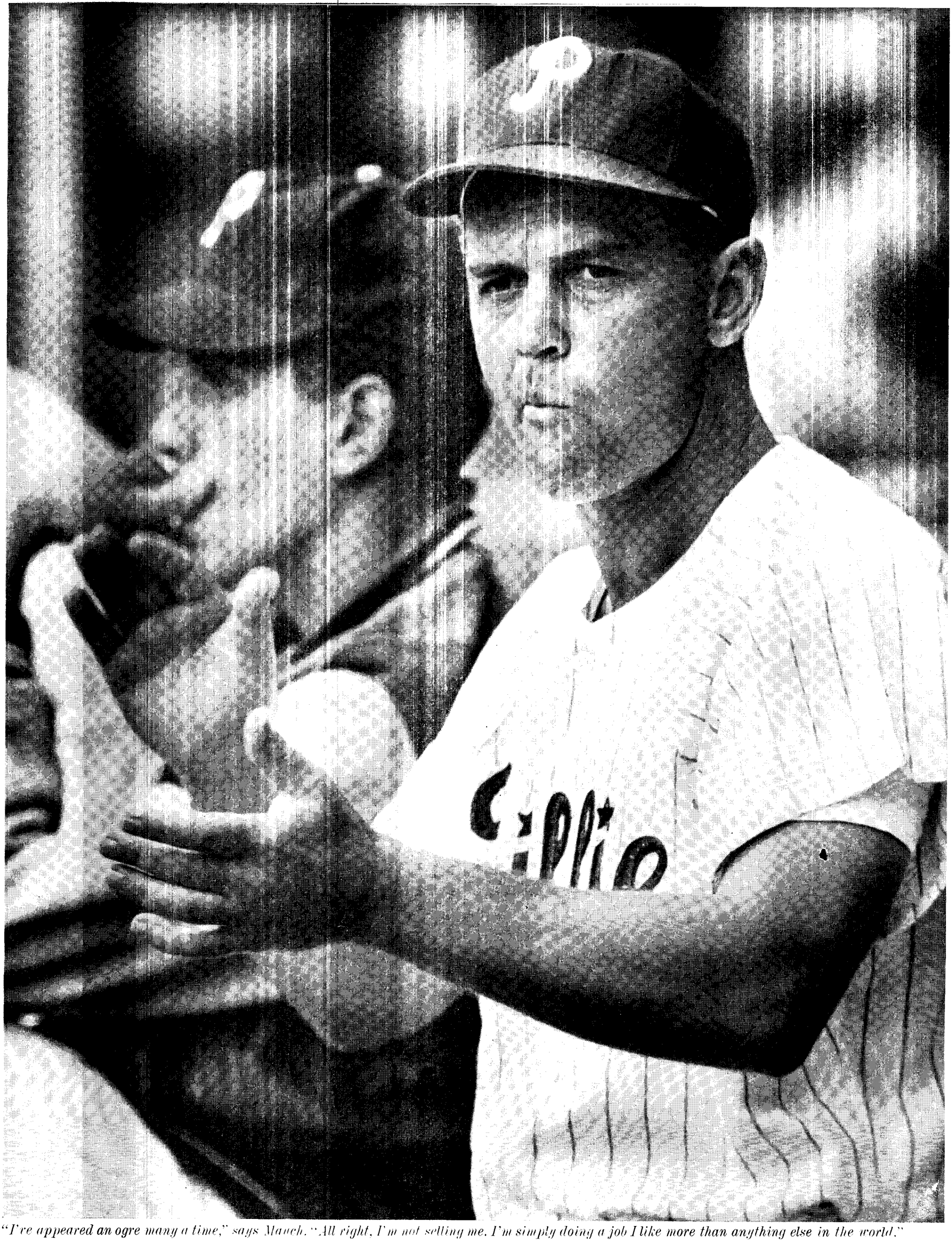

"I've appeared an ogre many a time," says Mauch. "All right, I'm not selling me. I'm simply doing a job I like more than anything else in the world."

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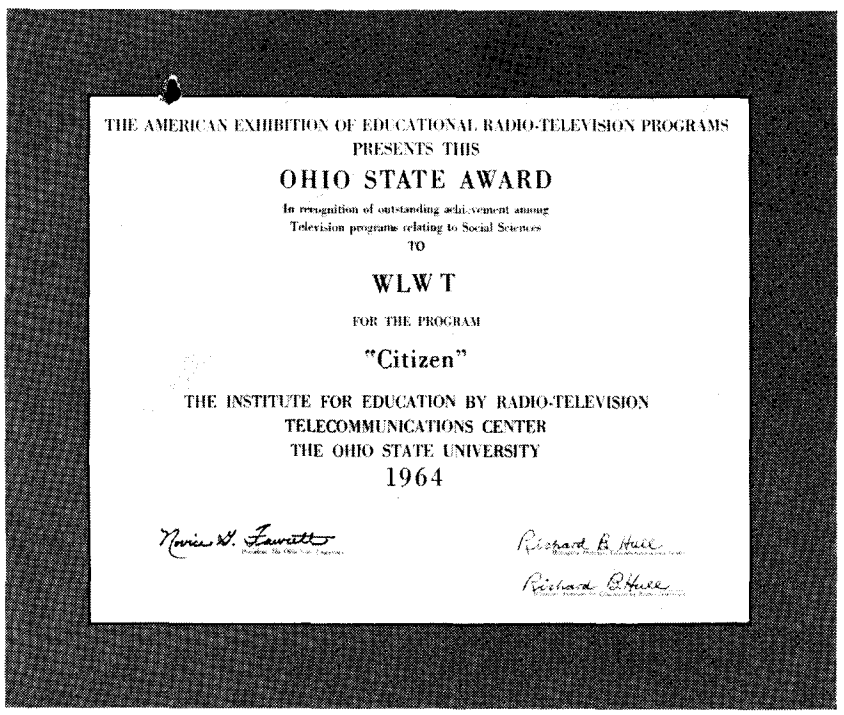
WLW TELEVISION and RADIO Receive 8 Major Awards!

McCALL'S MAGAZINE GOLDEN MIKE AWARD to Ruth Lyons for outstanding woman in Radio and Television for many reasons—including her annual Christmas Fund which has raised over $2,750,000 for children in 80 hospitals.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HONOR MEDAL from the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge to WLW Television documentary program — "Citizen" — powerful story on an immigrant becoming an American citizen.



OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY AWARD to WLW Television documentary program—"Citizen"—for meritorious achievement in educational and public service broadcasting.

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY AWARD to WLW Television documentary program—"The Last Prom"—as a powerful example of what local television can achieve.

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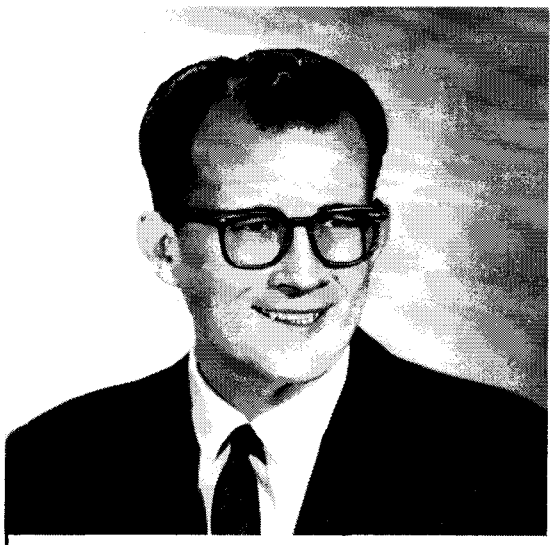
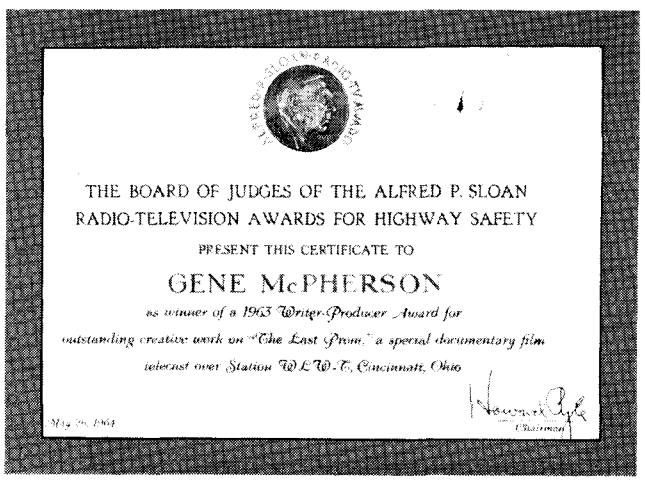
EMMY AWARD nomination, as one of 9 regional Station Award winners, for WLW Television documentary program — "The Last Prom" — powerful story on teenage driving.



GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY RADIO AWARD for Education from University of Georgia and the ENCASED GEORGE WASHINGTON HONOR MEDAL, the highest Award for Radio given by the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge, to WLW Radio program — "Government Under Law" — endorsed by J. Edgar Hoover as a study of our American freedoms under the Constitution for a greater appreciation of our American heritage. Above left, Jack Gwyn, emcee and program coordinator. Below right, Ed Mason, program guest, head of Cincinnati office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.


THE BOARD OF JUDGES OF THE ALFRED P. SLOAN
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GENE McPHERSON
as winner of a 1963 Writer-Producer Award for
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ALFRED P. SLOAN AWARD (right) for creative excellence to Gene McPherson as writer-producer of WLW Television documentary — "The Last Prom."

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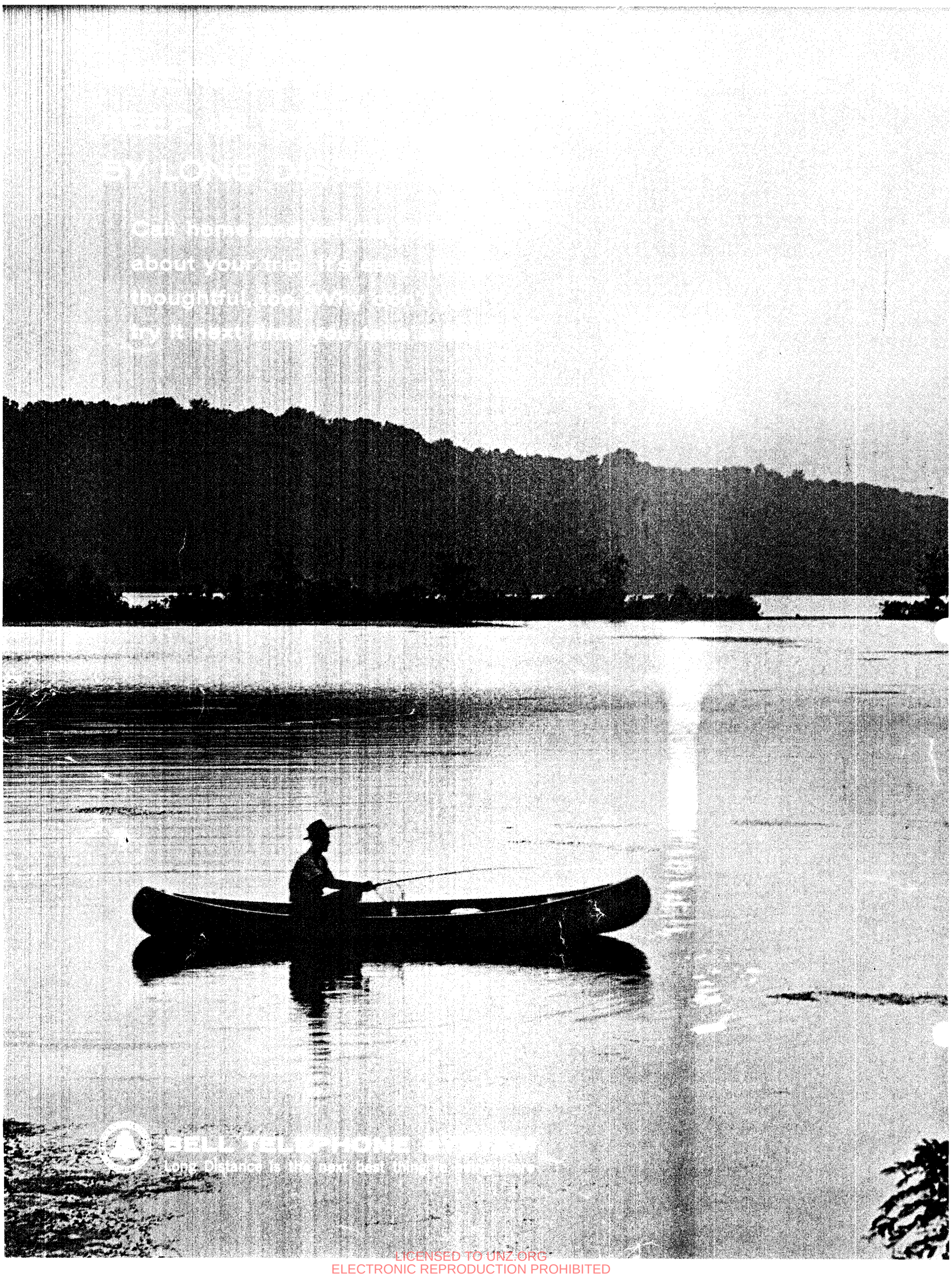

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ing the magnificent Phil Rizzuto play the shortstop position he wanted. Finally he told manager Stengel, "I wanna play!"

"Well, go tell Weiss to trade Rizzuto so I can play you," Stengel barked back.

The next day the Yanks released Mauch on waivers to the Cardinals, who dropped him into the minors after seven games.

The following year, at the age of 27, Mauch got his first taste of managing. The owner of the Atlanta club in the Southern Association had asked John Quinn, then general manager of the Boston Braves, to recommend a player-manager. Quinn, having sized up Mauch as managerial timber, recommended the vagabond infielder; thus Mauch went to Atlanta and managed the Crackers to within three games of the pennant, whereupon he resigned at season's end.

"I wasn't ready to manage," he says today. "I expected everybody to play with as much dedication as I had. Well, everybody doesn't. I was impatient. I ranted and raved. I fought umpires, I fought opponents, I fought my own players. I determined that my ideas were sound, but I wasn't prepared to put them into execution at the age of twenty-seven."

Taking his glove to the Pacific Coast League and thence to the Boston Red Sox, Mauch waited till he was 32 to try managing again. This time he went to Minneapolis as a player-manager and set to work wrecking managerial tradition. He successfully finished one game with a pitcher playing third base and another pitcher playing first. (The final out was a spectacular third-to-first play.)

Meanwhile, during Mauch's second year at Minneapolis, there began a series of developments in Philadelphia that were to pluck the precocious tactician from the bush leagues. First, Phillies club owner Bob Carpenter, a member of the du Pont family, hired Mauch's old benefactor, John Quinn, as his general manager. Next, the day after the 1960 season opened, field manager Eddie Sawyer walked into Quinn's office and tendered the earliest resignation in baseball history. Having reviewed the talent under his command, Sawyer stated, "I am forty-nine and want to live to be fifty."

Quinn immediately sent for Mauch, who today says he felt no pessimism in taking over the Phillies, because he knew both Quinn and Carpenter to be sound baseball men.

John Quinn, who had arrived in 1959, had no program for revitalizing the Phillies—no five-year plan. He simply began dealing wherever he could. Going into this season, he had made 41 deals in five years, usually seeking youth. In Carpenter's opinion the Phillies began to fashion their new look on December 8, 1959, when Quinn traded Gene Freese, a seasoned third baseman and the club's most productive home-run hitter, to the Chicago White Sox for a 20-year-old right fielder, Johnny Callison, who last year hit 26 home runs and threw out more base runners than any other outfielder in the league. Callison, it will be remembered, was the man who hit a three-run homer with two out in the ninth to win this year's All-Star game.

The All-Star affair pointed up another Phillies paradox. Although the team was leading the National League at the midseason break, not a single Philadelphia player was voted onto the N.L. squad in the players' poll. Callison was third among right fielders in the voting and, along with Phils pitchers Bunning and Short, was named directly to the squad by manager Walt Alston.

Quinn kept dealing and the farm system began producing, but under Mauch the Phillies kept going nowhere—noisily. First, Mauch tangled with pitcher Robin Roberts, one of Carpenter's favorites, who had lost his fastball yet was reluctant to develop a new assortment of curves and slow stuff. The first day Mauch saw Roberts pitch, he snapped, "He was throwing like Dolly Madison."

Roberts demanded to be traded, and eventually was sold into the American League where he won 14 games for Baltimore last year. Says Mauch today: "I failed my first big test when I was incapable of saying the right things to help Roberts make the transition he ultimately made on his own."

Mauch's hitters, meanwhile, struck out so often they became known as the Whiff Kids. Catching their manager's mood, they slammed batting helmets against the dugout steps so frequently that they are believed to have set a record for most helmets broken in one season.

In the meantime, Bob Carpenter was selling out generous amounts of cash to build up the farm system, but not without embarrassment. "We signed a lot of boys," he says, "but I guess our judgment was no good." One young flop, who accepted a $75,000 bonus on entering the farm system, installed an ice chest in the rear of the team bus and sold snacks to his teammates. One of them decided the prices were too high and registered disapproval by breaking the young entrepreneur's jaw.

Energetically piloting the Phillies to last-place finishes in his first two seasons, Mauch appeared to have a short future. Yet from the beginning he'd been piecing together a winning team. In his first season he'd fashioned two key players for the future—catcher Clay Dalrymple and second-baseman Tony Taylor.

Dalrymple, a bald, sallow-faced man of 27, vividly recalls a night in Pittsburgh when, in mid-game, Mauch descended on him in the dugout, loudly denouncing him. Earlier, Mauch had instructed Dalrymple to see that his pitcher gave Pirate hitter Bill Mazeroski no pitch in the strike zone; Dalrymple had called for an outside pitch, but the pitch had come over the plate and Mazeroski had doubled in two runs. Yet Mauch, instead of tongue-lashing the pitcher, turned on Dalrymple.

"I was embarrassed," says Dalrymple today. "I was burned up at Mauch. But now I can see that Gene wanted to find out if I had the intestinal fortitude to come back or if I would put my tail between my legs and run. I decided that the next time a pitcher didn't put the ball where I wanted it, I'd go out to the mound and straighten him out.

"In fact," Dalrymple goes on, "Gene later told me, 'If you want to go out and slap your pitcher's face, go slap him. I'll tell the sportswriters I told you to.'"

While providing himself with a catcher, Mauch also cast a covetous eye in the direction of Chicago, where a fat little Cuban was playing second base poorly for the Cubs. Tony Taylor covered his position like a turtle, so Mauch and Quinn had little trouble persuading Chicago to include him in a four-player deal. "Gene convinced Taylor to be high class," says Quinn. "He convinced him to get the chorus girl's waistline."

Taylor has since formed a peppery double-play combination with Bobby Wine, a tall, bony sophomore shortstop whose fielding is being hailed as a close approximation of Marty Marion's, but whose hitting to date has been as thin as Wine himself. This year Mauch installed a rookie outfielder, 22-year-old Richie Allen, on third base and another rookie, John Herrnstein, on first base. Both have demonstrated that they can hit major-league pitching, particularly Allen, who may be the league's Rookie of the Year.

Mauch and John Quinn have also acquired a couple of proven pitchers to provide a steadying influence. From the Washington Senators they purchased Ed Roebuck, a onetime Dodger hero whose salary demands had rankled the Senators. Then Mauch and Quinn worked out a deal with Detroit to obtain Jim Bunning, a right-handed starter who was expendable because—according to Bunning—Detroit attendance was down "and the Tigers were getting rid of salary." Bunning promptly demonstrated his skills by running up a record of 9–4 to mid-July, including three shutouts—one of them a perfect game.

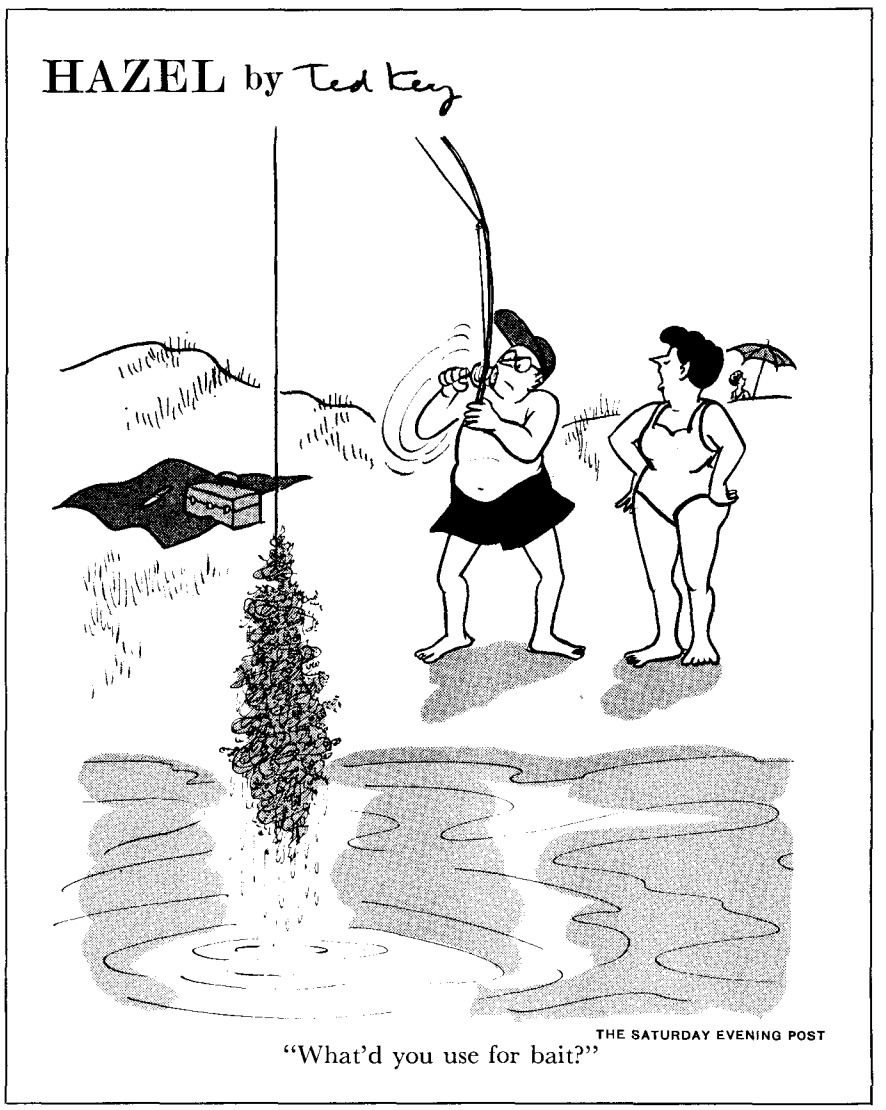
In another month or so, the National League pennant contenders will be in the home stretch, and it is reasonable to expect that Gene Mauch will hit it acting like Bill Hartack going to the whip, for only last year it was a dazzling Mauchian tantrum that goosed the Phillies from seventh to fourth place. As they set out on a nine-game western road trip that would conclude the '63 season, Mauch calculated that they would need six more victories to finish fourth—and in the money. "First, we wanted to sweep three games in Houston," Mauch explains, noting that the remaining six games were against the difficult Dodgers and Giants.

Sadly, the Phillies lost the first game of the Houston series, then blew the third game in the ninth inning. Mauch sensed they had given up on themselves. He told himself, Well, the season might be over in their minds, but if it's over, it's going to be noisy.

In the clubhouse a buffet supper of barbecued spareribs, broiled chicken, potato salad, watermelon and canteloupe awaited the players. While they watched, jaws agape, Mauch yanked a tablecloth from beneath the watermelon and cantaloupe. He flung a pan of spareribs across the room, splattering grease on a suit hanging in Wes Covington's locker. He bounced a tray of chicken into Tony Gonzalez's locker. In short he redecorated the clubhouse with smorgasbord.

Mauch's rage cost him $155, the amount Covington charged him for ruining his suit, but the Phillies woke up and won five of their last six games (against the two top teams in the league) and finished fourth.

Flying spareribs to the contrary, anyone who thinks Gene Mauch has a quick temper is dead wrong. Pointing to the word PHILLIES on his shirt, he says, "I've appeared as an ogre many a time for the purpose of getting this thing imprinted on our players' minds. The Houston business last year—people said, 'This is an impulsive thing this fellow did.' Nobody took time to delve into the why." Actually, reporters did ask Mauch why, but were barked at. Mauch says they should have figured out his motive on their own. "So there's the picture you paint of yourself," he sighs, "and reporters want to know about it and I tell them, 'What goes on in our clubhouse is our business,' so I'm a hardnosed, impulsive sonofabitch. All right, I'm not selling me. I'm not selling me one minute. I'm simply doing a job I like to do more than anything in the world." THE END



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Moments after convention followed his wishes and picked Miller, Goldwater congratulates new running mate.

BILL MILLER: THE G.O.P.'s TOUGH, SHREWD PRO

When the Republicans could have balanced their ticket and unified their party by picking a liberal, why did they choose a little-known, small-town conservative? Because Bill Miller is "a man who can handle trouble."

By ROGER KAHN

He has barely checked out of his convention suite, with its spiral staircase and veined marble fireplace, barely finished mouthing those first phrases about a crusade to reestablish law and freedom, but already much has come clear. We know the kind of campaign William E. Miller, the Republican candidate for Vice President, is most likely to mount, and we know some of the reasons why Barry Goldwater turned to this bright and hard-eyed lawyer.

Often between now and November Bill Miller is going to have to make statements that begin, "What Barry really meant was. . . ."

The clue came quickly. At the San Francisco Cow Palace Goldwater made his statement praising "extremism in defense of liberty." Then he backstroked through waves of applause and disappeared. Here it was, a day later, the press and the party were restless, and somebody had to explain.

"Well," Bill Miller began easily, as he stood before a Maxfield Parrish mural in the St. Francis Hotel, "you first have to understand what the senator means by extremism. There's the crux of it." Miller smiled briefly. "Extremism is significant and praiseworthy in things for which we feel deeply. I, uh, hope my wife loves me." Again the quick, thin smile. "I hope she loves me extremely," Miller said.

Bill Miller is glib and fast and sharp. He convinces people. There is even some chance Miller can convince voters that when Barry Goldwater speaks of extremism, he is actually talking about love.

To many, Miller, a congressman from western New York State since 1950 and Republican National Committee chairman since 1961, was a startling vice-presidential choice. His selection would have prompted more questioning had not the entire Republican convention been so startling.

Supposedly a vice-presidential candidate gives the ticket complementary appeal, as say, Kennedy-Johnson. Thus the potential veep should have a distinctive political stripe of his own. Miller, like Goldwater, is a conservative, and the best that a Republican spokesman can offer is, "Well, where Barry is arch-right, Bill is just plain right."

A vice-presidential candidate, according to tradition, also has proven vote-getting ability of his own. Right now Bill Miller is the champion vote getter of Lockport, N.Y., but, one suspects, this election will be decided elsewhere. Miller is a Roman Catholic,

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"Those Rockefeller liberals had better learn to like him, because we own the ball, and they can either play it our way or forget it."

which does supplement his partner's background, but he is a small-town Catholic. The Niagara Falls area, where Miller has lived, is as alien to great urban Catholic concentrations, such as New York City, as is Billings, Mont.

A candidate, traditionally, is prominent. Miller, as national chairman, was respected by many Republican Party workers, but ultimately their votes aren't decisive. They need no wooing. They will vote, through tornadoes, for a Republican. Outside the party Miller is little known, nor is even his name distinctive. (There are more than 20 William Millers in the San Francisco phone book.)

Finally, a vice-presidential candidate should have as few local enemies as possible. Yet on the opening night of the convention, when Miller marched to the microphone to speak, local enemies made themselves visible coast to coast. Most delegates stood to give Miller an ovation, but the delegation from New York remained seated, and a few refused to stand even after a TV cameraman bawled, "C'mon, New York. Wassa matter, New York? Why don't ya get up?"

Despite all these things Barry Goldwater and his advisers wanted conservative, small-town, little-known, controversial Bill Miller for a partner. They wanted him so badly that they would not permit a contest for the Vice Presidency. Miller was chosen on the first ballot with no "nays" and just a handful of abstentions.

Party moderates promptly charged that there had been a deal. "What things came down to," one said, "was this: If Miller, as chairman, would tilt—not rig but tilt—the convention toward Goldwater, then he could have second spot." Miller denies the charge and insists that before the convention he resisted all kinds of pressure from all sides.

"I didn't come to San Francisco as a candidate," he says. "I came as national chairman. To have been candidate and chairman both would have been a conflict of interest and unthinkable. What I was thinking about, until recently, was retiring from public life. I even made a down payment on a home in Lockport a few months back, a place for us to go after we leave Washington."

Miller claims his decision to quit Washington was based on what press releases usually call "family considerations." His children fall into two divisions: Elizabeth Ann, 20, and Mary Karen, 17, plus "my second family," William Jr., 5, and Stephanie, 2½. Politics, Miller has been confiding, "kept me from being as close as I wanted to the older girls, and I damn well don't intend to miss my second family too."

Serious thoughts of the Vice Presidency do not seem to have crossed Miller's mind until late spring, when it became clear that Goldwater could be the presidential nominee. Then, on being given a set of golf clubs, Miller remarked that he did not know whether a set of clubs, in his case, symbolized country-club obscurity or national Republican fame.

Goldwater followers now suggest that Miller is not only the best but the inevitable choice. They try to act surprised to find anyone else surprised that he is the candidate for Vice President.

"Sure," one says, "he's little known, but who the hell was Bill Scranton awhile back? These days you can make a political impact overnight. Miller talks well and hits hard. We figure people are going to notice and say, 'Where have they been keeping this guy?' So in the end his being little known will be an advantage."

"Controversial?" another asks. "What do you mean by that? That Rockefeller's liberals don't like him? Well, listen, they better learn to like him, because we own the ball, and they can either play it our way or forget it. Whether they like it or not, we have an all-conservative ticket."

Finally, the Goldwater people point out, Miller is a completely professional politician. James Righter, publisher of the Buffalo Evening *News* and a friend of Miller, says, "Bill knows how to handle trouble in politics and, though I'm not predicting trouble ahead, that's one reason why he was selected."

If there is no trouble ahead, there need be no election in November. Unless Republicans can make both noise and trouble, they have little chance of unhorsing what they call "the party in power." Of course there will be trouble, two kinds of trouble, and Bill Miller is a specialist at both.

The first variety comes when Goldwater speaks out carelessly, which is his nature, and possibly his destiny. That kind of trouble is part of the adventure of a Goldwater campaign. When next it occurs, enter Bill Miller, talking fast.

The second kind is the wild swapping of charges that comes with every presidential election. This one promises to be wilder than most, and Bill Miller has already begun charging. Here are samples of his brand of partisanship:

- "Bobby Baker is going to write a book entitled *Somebody Up There Likes Me—Or At Least I Thought He Did.*"
- "I demand that Lyndon Johnson consent to a television debate. Integrity is an issue, and I'd like to get this man under circumstances in which he can only look one way at one time."
- "I read in the paper that Dean Rusk had finally decided to stop off at South Vietnam. He finally put it on his itinerary. It has been on the itinerary of American soldiers for quite a long time. As a matter of fact, over a thousand of them have had a one-way ticket."

Significant here are not merely Miller's wit and acerbity, both considerable. Each of these little statements is something on which all Republicans will agree. Each is, in a sense, a subtle call for party unity.

And they are calculated to draw Democrats into argument. In each instance the Democrat begins on the defensive, and once Miller has hit somebody with his right, he follows up with little mercy.

"Bill," says his wife Stephanie, a handsome brown-haired woman of 41, "is half Irish and half German. When he's kidding us and joking, we say that's the Irish in him coming out. But when he's the other way, you know, kind of stern, why we say then that's the German."

Face to face with a reporter, Miller is part Irish, part German and all professional. He is doing a job, and he knows the reporter is doing a job. He is neither warm nor cold. He is working.

During the convention Miller, his wife and the two older daughters lived at the top of the new San Francisco Hilton in a suite befitting the Republican national chairman. Miller was budgeting time carefully and apologizing. Some interviews ran through lunch, and he had to orate and chew simultaneously. "If I had known this vice-presidency thing would come up," he grumbled, swallowing bacon and tomato, "I wouldn't have stayed on as chairman. These last few days have been a mild form of insanity."

Miller gulped a container of milk, then led the way up his spiral staircase to a vast room commanding a blue-and-white view of San Francisco Bay. He dropped into a chair before the fireplace, which was dark marble, streaked with gold.

Bill Miller's hair is black, as are his eyes, which dart restlessly. His face tends toward sharpness, and his smile—at least his working smile—is too thin and too brief. But Miller is candid. Ask and he will answer, to the point.

"Since becoming national chairman," he said before the black fireplace, "I've been in every state but Alaska, logged 150,000 miles, made 579 speeches, held 157 press conferences and appeared on TV, oh, about fifty times."

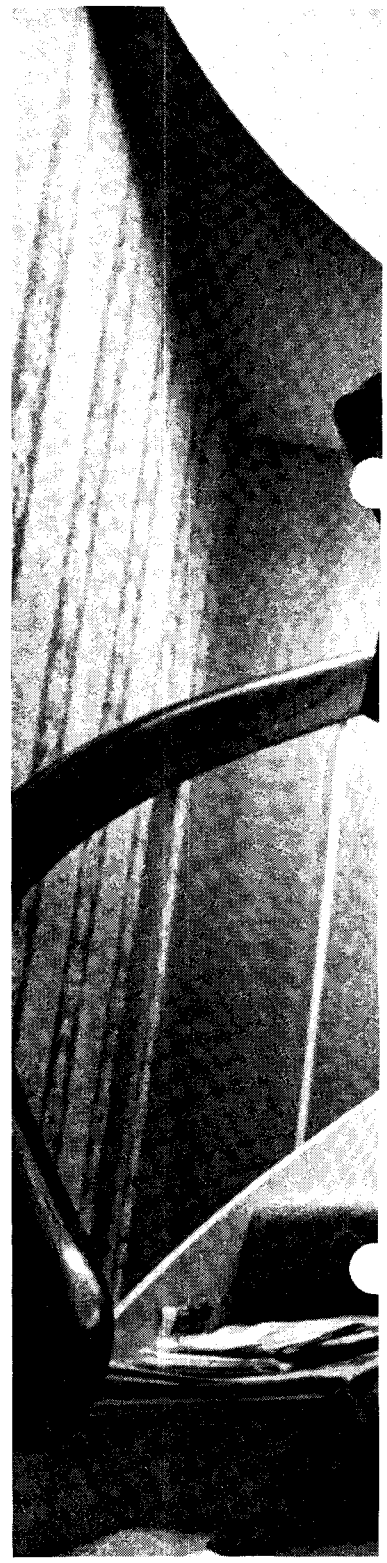
He looked toward Oakland while he spoke, not really interested in his own words. He was half-bored until the conversation reached civil rights. "I'm not convinced there is any such thing as a civil-rights vote," Miller said, wheeling in his chair, "nor a Negro vote either, for that matter. The Negro vote is mostly economic. Where the Negro is most pressed—in the South—what does he do when he gets to vote? Goes Democratic. So I don't think the civil-rights issue is that burning among Negro voters."

The blue bay, the vagueness of clouds were forgotten now. Miller's strong baritone rang through the lofty room. "Did you know," he said, "that Lyndon voted for poll taxes twelve times while he was in the House and Senate? Don't you think if civil rights was really such a burning issue Dick Nixon would have done better among Negro voters than he did?"

Was Miller forgetting that dramatic phone call that President Kennedy had his brother Robert make to Mrs. Martin Luther King, whose husband was jailed during the 1960 campaign?

No, Bill Miller, the professional, was not forgetting. He sat straight up in his chair and his frame grew rigid. "Ha!" he said. "Gestures! If you're talking about empty gestures, then we can't compete with Democrats. Franklin Roosevelt was master of the meaningless gesture in all fields, especially civil rights. When it comes to gestures, you have to give it to the Democrats. When it comes to legislation, which means something, as the record shows, you have to go with the Republican Party."

Some of Bill Miller's words are not so much conversation as extracts from many of those 579 speeches. On civil rights, a point of confusion within his party, he was pliable—ad-libbing, responding to stimuli. But on Communism Miller offered a repetitive, if well-intended, line.



"In my opinion Communism is not a political philosophy at all. It is a religion. I make no distinction between Chinese Communism and Russian Communism. A Communist is a Communist, and his religion is to communize the world, by infiltration, by subversion and, if necessary, by war.

"What, then, can lie ahead to give us hope? If we have war," Miller said, detached, "there will not be enough people left to rebuild the world. We conservatives do not advocate war. We say that it is not a question of weakness, which is our policy now, nor of nuclear war. We submit that there is a third choice. That is a hard line against Communism. Why not recognize a Cuban government in exile? And stop sending wheat to Russia, and maintain a vast military deterrent, including not only missiles but manned bombers. Press, press, press the Communists until ultimately Communism collapses under the weight of its own godless ideology." He slumped back in his chair, tired, and it was hard to tell whether Bill Miller was tired from considering the destiny of the human race or tired because he was a politician working hard.

Now 50, Miller has worked at politics

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From the spiral staircase in his convention suite, candidate Miller beams happily at daughters Elizabeth Ann and Mary Karen, and wife Stephanie.

for most of his adult life. "Always had the natural flair, you know," says someone who knew him in his childhood. "Won speaking contests as a boy."

Miller was born in Lockport on March 22, 1914, the start of the last Victorian spring. His mother ran a millinery shop, and his father was a janitor in a factory. When Miller finished high school, there was enough money for him to attend Notre Dame, "but not gloriously." He won a B.A. at South Bend in 1935 and an LL.B. three years later in New York State's Albany Law School. The Republican National Committee prints an official biography which states that soon afterward "he was appointed U.S. Commissioner for the Western District of New York."

"What does that mean?" someone asked not long ago.

Miller shrugged, a little embarrassed. "It pretty much amounts to that I was a federal justice of the peace," he said. "Not a very big job."

In 1940, while handling what he recalls as a routine civil case for a lady named Mary Wagner, Miller noticed that Mrs. Wagner's daughter, Stephanie, was more than routinely attractive. On their third date he took Stephanie, nine years his junior, to a yacht club, pausing in the parking lot to announce that they were to be married. "That," Mrs. Miller says, "was the first time I knew for sure the kind of aggressive man Bill is." They were married on Feb., 26, 1943, when Miller was in the Army. "He had a three-day pass," Stephanie remembers.

He remembers the Nazis

Miller began his military service as a private and finished on the staff of Army lawyers prosecuting a conspiracy count against Nazi leaders at Nuremberg. The German experience hit Miller hard. Unlike many extreme conservatives, he is inclined to use Nazism rather than Communism as a symbol of ultimate evil. Recently asked about the Conservative Party, an archreactionary group in New York State, Miller said, "I don't approve of splinter parties. I saw what splinter parties made possible in Germany."

After his return from Nuremberg, he was elected district attorney of Niagara County, New York, and in 1950 he was sent to Congress, where he has stayed ever since. Miller has run for public office eight times and, as his friends point out, Miller has won eight times.

Rather quickly, Miller became chairman of the congressional campaign committee and, in the words of a Republican congressman who does not like him, "Miller was the best at that we've ever had." So successful was Miller at helping Republicans get elected to Congress that, after the Nixon debacle of 1960, he was named National Chairman. Recalling the 1960 vote-counting dispute in Cook County, Ill., he likes to promise, "In 'Sixty-four we Republicans won't only be able to vote—we'll have our votes counted too."

One of Miller's most dedicated admirers is Merle H. Boyce, a florid-faced physician from Redondo Beach, near Los Angeles. Boyce has given up many hours of medical practice to campaign for Miller. "Bill," Boyce says, "is articulate without being talky, astute without being pedantic. He is an absolutely fair man, and his ethics are impeccable. His grasp of issues and his ability to set them forth are lessons in political wisdom and clear speech."

One Republican legislator takes a somewhat different view. "Bill," he says, "is bright. That's his greatest asset. His liabilities are that he's cynical—who knows what he really believes?—and lazy. He can simplify a great issue fast because he is so damn bright that he never bothers to think it through."

The campaign and his own significant role in it may work changes with Bill Miller. In the past, at his worst, he has been shallow and slick. At his best he has shown a genuinely consistent outlook, plus a thorough understanding of political realities. If the Goldwater movement is to gain serious consideration from American independents, without whom it cannot win, then it must offer, among other things, consistency and a sense of understanding. The image now is too much of neurotics shrieking obscenities at television newscasters and of bigots who would not silently let Nelson Rockefeller speak a faltering credo.

For whatever reasons, Bill Miller, sharp as a stainless blade, is Goldwater's club pro. He also stands out as a man who breaks from the hard-set line. He volunteers that all is not well with Negroes. He concedes that however highly refined our missile systems may be, atomic war will end civilization.

To moderates this may not be much. But in the strange, chaotic camp of Barry Goldwater, Bill Miller's voice may be the strongest of all for caution.

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AN EVENT OF ENORMOUS BEAUTY

By William Saroyan

Invited to the Republican convention, the writer tried to stay away. In the end, he went, and found himself strangely attracted by the spectacle—and also by the second loveliest girl in the world.

California delegate, in Goldwater hat and tunic, blares forth his reaction to a speech.

The winner was asked by an unseen reporter to say in his own words precisely why he wanted to be President. The wording of the question was rude, but the winner was on television, somewhere in suite 1524 at the Mark Hopkins Hotel on Nob Hill, and the whole world, as they say, was watching, so he thought a moment and then said something.

It was late at night in San Francisco, July 15, 1964. This was his first television appearance since he had become the winner, which he had planned and worked to become for four years. It was an historical moment, and he seemed determined not to blow it—by being annoyed, by making an angry, or even a truthful reply. For a few seconds, during which he considered the question, a variety of answers suggested themselves to anybody who happened to be watching:

1. "I don't know."
2. "I want to be as big as possible."
3. "The nation needs me."
4. "It's my destiny."

Instead, he said he wasn't sure it was a matter of wanting, it was more a matter of duty, or responsibility, and then he forgot the question, or put it aside, and spoke about the voters and their right to choose between the two candidates—the man now in office, and himself.

His reply was disappointing, cautious, evasive, but possibly clever in that he could build on it during the election campaign ahead. He certainly hadn't said anything his opponent could use against him. Apparently on cue, his wife arrived off-camera and he rose to his feet and said, "Hello, honey." She came on camera, he hugged her lightly, kissed her first on one cheek, and then almost as an afterthought on the other.

The conventions of the Democratic and Republican parties are enormous events of enormous beauty, in spite of their inevitable shabbiness and absurdity, because the only alternatives are even worse. All candidates, all delegates, all alternates, all wheelers and dealers, are in themselves, one by one, opportunists, double-talkers, double-believers, double-performers—with this difference: In the end, the people choose from among them, by vote. The multitude, or if you prefer, the mob, cry out a name, and for four years live with it. The choice is a narrow one, but then the choice has always been narrow. The people allow, generally by a very small margin, one or another of the men and machines to perform a little more of their participation in the mysterious drama of life.

Now, more than ever, American history is a kind of big show, a television program, a series of features for magazines, a comic strip for newspapers, a day-to-day spectacle by which the people are comforted, since the substance and style of the show are even more confounded than their own.

Twenty-four years ago at lunch in his home on Hollins Street in Baltimore, H. L. Mencken urged me to go to at least one political convention, because only at such a convention is the American revealed in all of his pitiful grandeur, but I didn't hurry to take his advice.

At first I followed this convention on television and in the newspapers, even though I had a press badge and a ticket to the Cow Palace. I deliberately stayed away from the noisy arena, in order to follow the thing pretty much as everybody else in the country followed it.

I finally went out, after all, driving six miles from the house I stay in when I am in San Francisco to the parking lot adjoining the Cow Palace. I thought I had better compare the real with the photographed. The six-mile drive at three o'clock in the afternoon was pleasant, through sunlight, and over the car radio came the voices of the leading performers—candidates, delegates, reporters, as well as singers of songs, such as *Where Did Our Love Go*, The Supremes, one of the best of the new groups, apparently three young Negro girls making musical art out of stuff which in itself doesn't even constitute a song, as such: a kind of strangely moving and meaningful fugue-harmony not so much about a breaking love affair as it is about the sorrow of failure, including the failure of the law itself, in civil rights, for instance.

You put your car where they tell you to put it because if you don't they run and shout, waving their arms. You walk down the marked path from the parking lot to the entrance, going slowly because you're early and the sunshine's good to be in. It's a hundred yards or more to where the ticket-takers are, and before you get there 50 or 60 people wearing badges of all kinds and special hats and carrying miscellaneous kinds of junk hurry past, talking to one another—rather gladly, in a way. In the area where demonstrations are possible and permitted a small crowd has gathered around a man who is talking religion. The key word I overheard was "unless." He said it three times while I was passing and glancing at his face and at the faces of the members of his audience. "Unless" is one of those words. All of the candidates had used it pretty much as he had too. It is a threatening word.

A Republican hot dog

Inside the gates of the Cow Palace the action was lively. I was happy to see so many people ordering and eating hot dogs, so I had one too. And a cup of black coffee, beside me a delegate from Kansas whose badge told me his name but not that he was a lawyer from Topeka, which he told me.

"My first convention," he also said. "And my last too."

"Did you vote for the winner?"

"I did not."

"Will you vote for him in November?"

"I will not."

"Will he win?"

"He will not."

"Will he be the party's nominee in 1968?"

"He *may* be, but if he is, he'll lose again, and then we'll hear no more from him."

"What don't you like about him?"

"As a Negro?"

"No, of course not."

"Thanks, but I don't mind. As a Negro, I don't trust him. As an American, I think I'm afraid of him. I *know* I don't like him."

I went in and was shown my seat by an usher. It was in one of the rows where the press sits. I sat down, and there it was right in front of my eyes: the living convention, dying fast. A great big barn of a room full of cameras of all kinds, with all kinds of special lenses, and all kinds of walking photographers, and high up above two enormous fishnets holding in readiness a thousand or more toy balloons for spilling down at the appropriate moment. I looked forward to missing that. The balloons had color but I had to read in the paper the next day that they were red, white, and blue—and of course everybody knows what that means.

From the row behind mine came a sober voice in greeting, and there was an old friend—the expression of his face serene, intelligent, and patient, as always.

"I've stayed away until this minute," I said. "On purpose. It was a great show on TV, but I thought I'd better see the set, at any rate."

"Will you go to Atlantic City for the other one?"

"No, I'm looking for a muscat vineyard in Fresno. I'd rather harvest grapes and make wine than write any day, if I can ever afford it."

A band composed mostly of Asiatics marched down the aisle to the speaker's stand, playing something—was it something Hawaiian? A moment later, although it may have been half an hour later, the great-grandson of the author of the Pledge of Allegiance gave the pledge, and then a tenor sang *The Star-Spangled Banner*. After which, or was it before, a young fellow from one of the lesser sects

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of the Christian religion said a prayer. Where was Fong, who had been nominated for President, from Hawaii? I liked his having been nominated very much. Even more than I liked the nomination of the lady, which I also liked.

Then, I heard the horns I had heard so frequently on TV but hadn't seen, so I looked around and saw six or seven of them. What they are is very interesting, and a new invention. Something like a beer can with a small nickel-plated klaxon t the top, and a button or trigger to ress—it's a bogus horn. The young men wit the horns pressed the buttons or triggers, the horns made the shrill noise, and then the young men shook the cans to stir up a little more pressure. In my day any young man interested in the world, in life, in everything, didn't fool with a bogus horn, in a barn full of people who had been born confused and were working desperately at the job of becoming still more confused, he walked and looked and tried to figure out how best not to add to the confusion—but times change, and one day one of the boys with one of the horns would surely become President.

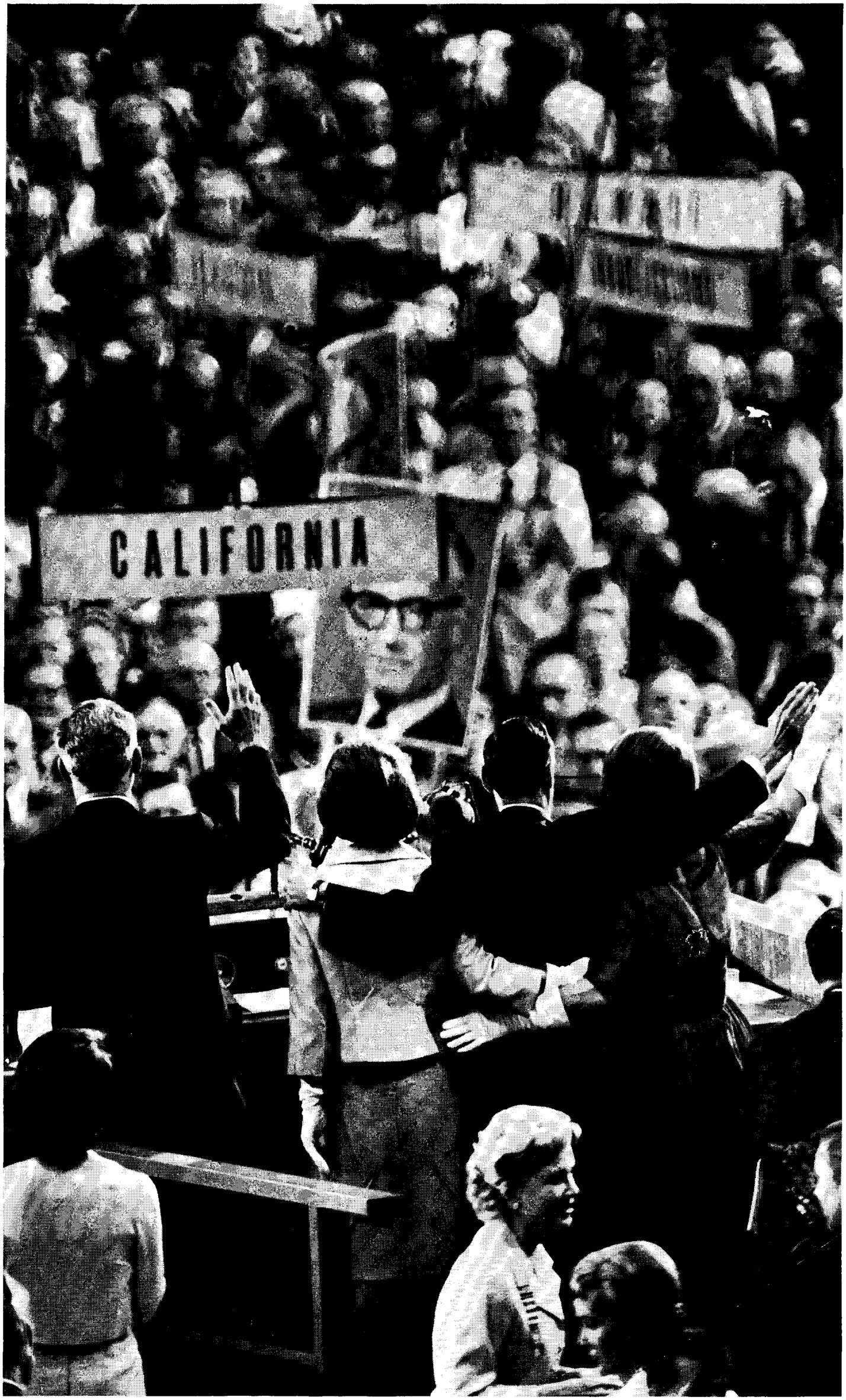
My friend and I decided to go down to the main floor, where the delegations sit. On our way we were overtaken by Susan Scranton, the second most beautiful girl in the world, no longer in tears, but with a sweet sorrow deeply engraved on her child's face. A few minutes later she was where her father was seated, and he immediately rose to his feet, smiling only as a proud father is permitted to smile, a very nice man but not very likely ever to be President.

I wandered around on the floor look- g at the delegates and at the TV work- rs with their heavy paraphernalia strapped on their backs, little microphones in their hands, a receiver clapped over an ear, their eyes wild.

The young fellow who had spoken against two of the three platform amendments that had been voted down was up there now making a new speech, a winner's speech, his name Sperry, or Sherry, or something like that. He said something about it being exciting to be a Republican, exciting to be an American, and somebody nearby said, "It's exciting to be *anything*, isn't it?" He was probably a spy, upon whom in due time extremist measures would be appropriately taken. "Unless."

We went to a place where they were serving beer to the press, and even though we didn't have the right kind of authorization to go in, the man at the door let us through. It was a great room with seven or eight tall Negroes passing among the visitors, offering them nice big cool glasses of beer and all kinds of little sandwiches. The room had five or six televisions going so I saw the loser of the last election, and heard his familiar voice in his usual emphatic speech.

That was it, as far as I was concerned. had been there. The fact is I had seen everybody—and in person. Not a photograph. Not a shadow on a television screen. I had seen them where they were working hardest for whatever it might have been that they had for so long had in mind. I couldn't guess what it was that they did in fact have in mind, but that didn't matter too much. When I went out, the sun was still shining at seven o'clock in the afternoon, now the demonstrators were walking and chanting, while the man on the platform inside was still saying something I was sure I didn't need to hear. THE END



By the time the nominees and their wives bade the crowd farewell at the convention's close, the author had already gone home.

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GOLDWATER: REBUKE AND CHALLENGE

Is Barry Goldwater going to be the Republican Harry Truman?

We are by no means equating Goldwater with the former President, but we are impressed by some obvious similarities between them. Like Truman, Goldwater was fought by most of the top leaders of his party. Like Truman, he won in spite of their opposition. Like Truman, now that he has been nominated, the polls indicate that he can't win. But Stewart Alsop (p. 13) convincingly ticks off the reasons why he might just do it—chief among them a personal magnetism and infectious charm, which could make some tremendous inroads over television. Whether he wins or not, he is going to let the Democrats know they have been in a fight.

That fight is going to put some interesting old theories to the test. For years the Old Guard Republicans have insisted they could beat the Democrats anytime, if only they could nominate "a true conservative like Taft."

The Old Guard's successors got their way this year. The San Francisco convention was a historic event that marked the Republican right wing's recapture of the party power apparatus it surrendered to Willkie in 1940. But winning a test of national popularity in the broad electorate is quite a different matter from prevailing in a power struggle within a political party. To win in November, the right-wing Republicans not only must appeal to the conservative elements within their own party but also must win over the traditionally conservative Democratic South. The test at the polls will indicate whether the right wing can attract a sufficient number of conservative Democratic voters to cause a future realignment of our two major political parties along liberal and conservative lines.

The clarity of the test is muddled because Goldwater is not a true conservative at all, and not at all like Taft.

It is further muddled because what Goldwater represents is, by and large, not the Taft Old Guard, which had both money and manners and was socially responsible with its wealth. He represents, to a considerable extent, a quick-rich New Guard from the Southwest and the Far West. As it demonstrated at the Cow Palace, his following is often so lacking in manners that its tactics sometimes called up uncomfortable memories of storm troopers. The New Guard shows little social responsibility with its wealth. One of the many ironies that attend the New Guard is that much of its wealth rises out of the beneficence of the same Federal Government it so savagely denounces—that is, the mushrooming air-space industries, oil-depletion allowances, and reclamation works like the Salt River irrigation project, which helped Goldwater's own area's land values to skyrocket from a few dollars an acre to $30,000 since the war.

As for Goldwater, he is not a true conservative, because he seeks to profit by, and exacerbate, the forces of insecurity, fear and hostility that so characterize his followers in the "fringe" groups. A true conservative seeks to find a consensus on which reasonable men can unite. A true conservative seeks, like Taft, not to prevent or destroy, but to lead those social changes that are necessary for true conservation of the public health and welfare.

Taft, like most Old Guard Republicans, was a true isolationist to the end. Goldwater, though not an internationalist, is an ardent interventionist, willing to use force in Cuba while enlarging its use in Vietnam, and "going to the brink" with thermonuclear bombs. He would cut most federal expenditures to the bone while at the same time building an even mightier armed force—one that already takes 55 cents out of every federal dollar spent. The most striking difference between Taft and Goldwater is their attitude toward the rule of law. Taft was so unswerving in his belief in the supremacy of law that he was willing to take a merciless hiding from so-called liberals—and some anti-labor conservatives too—for telling President Truman it was against the law for him to draft striking railroad workers.

Goldwater, by contrast, is quite willing to be suspected of defending Ku Kluxers and John Birchers, for no reason of principle at all, but simply to avoid losing their votes. Far from affirming the supremacy of law, he was willing deliberately to undermine it by his famous statement on "extremism."

Even as the remark was still ringing, events in Harlem were demonstrating how subversive to law and order its application would be. Egged on by extremists, Negro rioters were using extremism, in the form of bottles thrown at police, to fight for the liberty that has unquestionably been circumscribed for them, even in the North. The genuine leaders who were counseling them that this was the wrong way to pursue justice were obviously acting with virtue.

Goldwater is not at all like Taft, for other reasons. Taft cheerfully led reforms he believed in, like federal housing. Goldwater would sell the TVA and turn Social Security over to private insurance firms—or at various times has said he would. It is hard to keep track of his positions because he keeps changing or rescinding them.

However, he is not an evil man. In many ways he is an attractive man, as Charles Mohr's discerning article (p. 16) makes clear. A year ago he told Stewart Alsop (*Post*, Aug. 24, 1963) that if he were a Negro in Alabama he would be "damned impatient" with the progress the South is making in guaranteeing civil rights. The paradox of this decent attitude and his extremism statement sums up Goldwater's dilemma. If he follows this decent instinct, he will not be able to play upon the so-called "white backlash." He will focus, instead, on the genuine and laudable issues he has also seized—the Democratic corruption reflected in the Bobby Baker and Billie Sol Estes cases, the desirability of turning back federal giantism, and the encouragement of individual initiative and self-reliance. But he cannot have it both ways.

A man worthy to be President will not seek to turn America inward upon the baser and darker sides that lurk in every man's dualistic nature. A man worthy of Lincoln's party will heed Lincoln's own words: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." Those words are both a rebuke and a challenge to Barry Goldwater.

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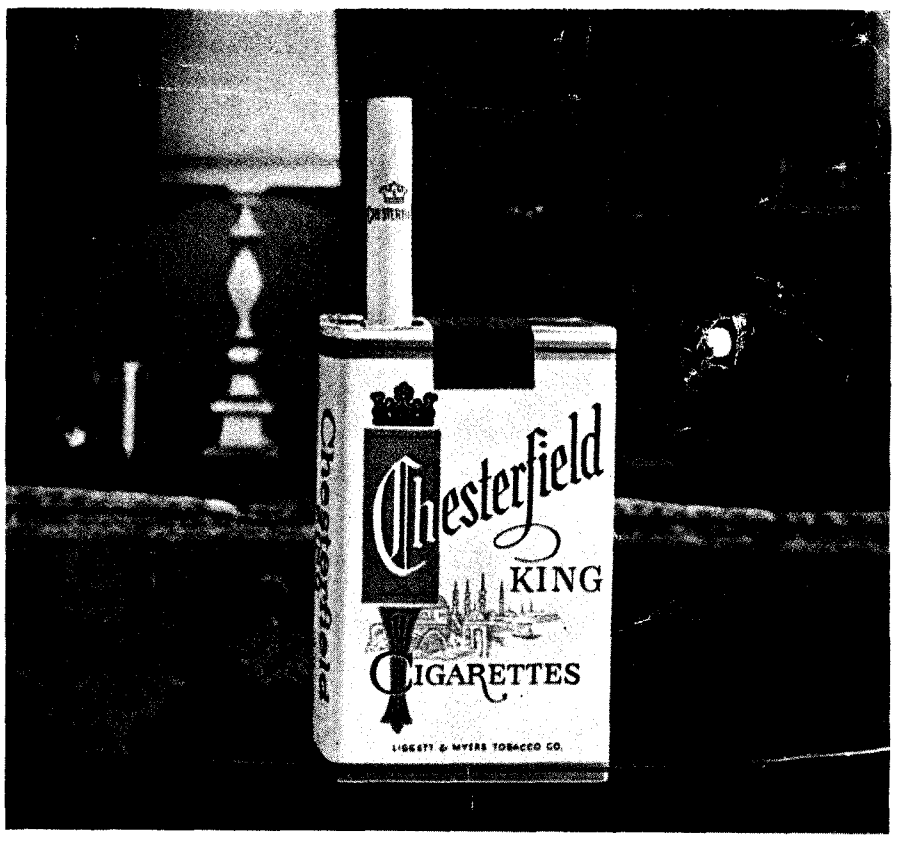
Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)

Mary Percy Schenck, costume designer, Pennsylvania

James S. Thompson, optical physicist, California

Charles Feingarten, art gallery director, Illinois



If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters, try today's Chesterfield King—mildest-tasting Chesterfield in 51 years. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...yet it smokes so mild!

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Meet your friends at the Coca-Cola Tower at the World's Fair

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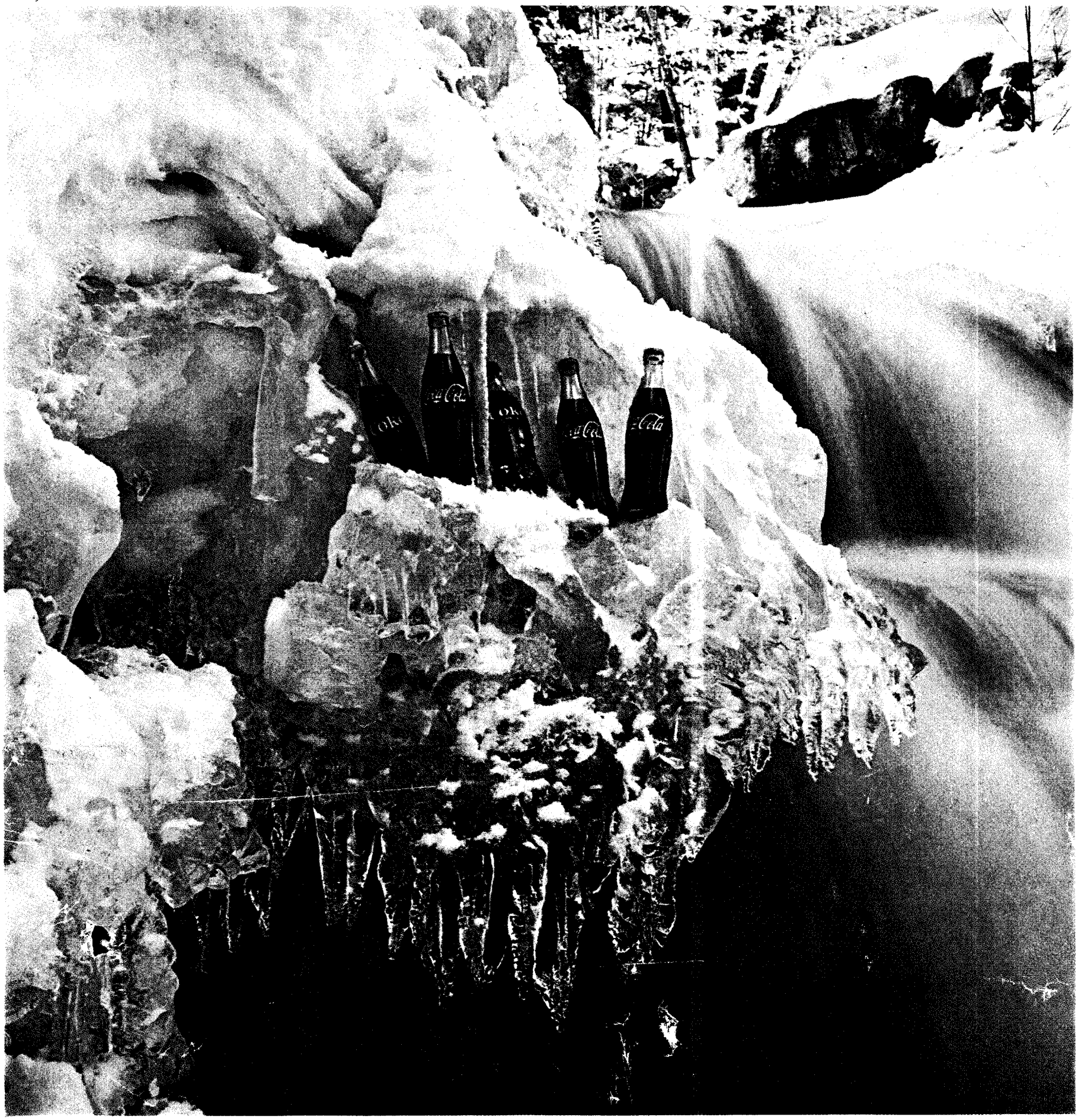

You'll go better refreshed. Coca-Cola, cold and crisp...gives that special zing...refreshes best.

things go better with Coke

Drink Coca-Cola

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